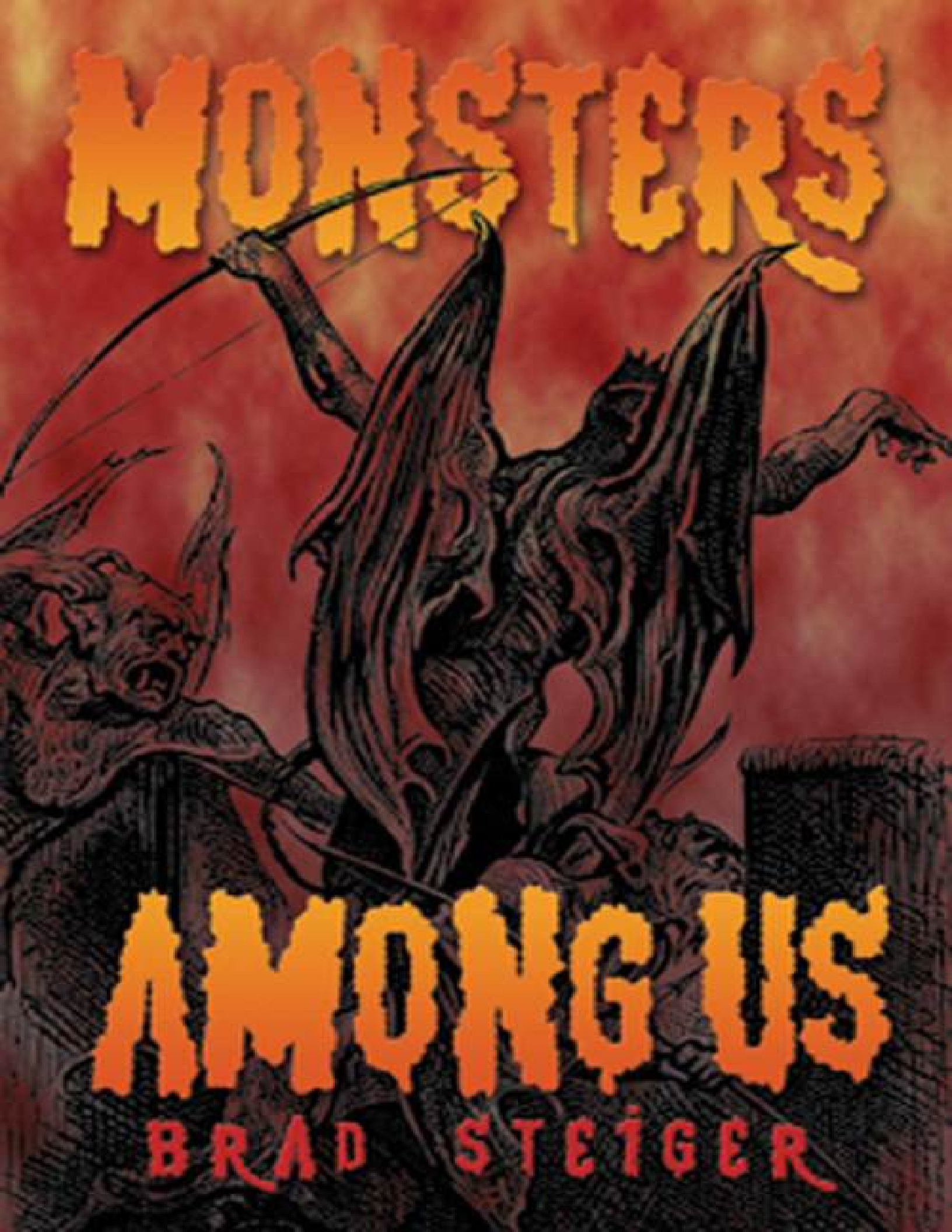
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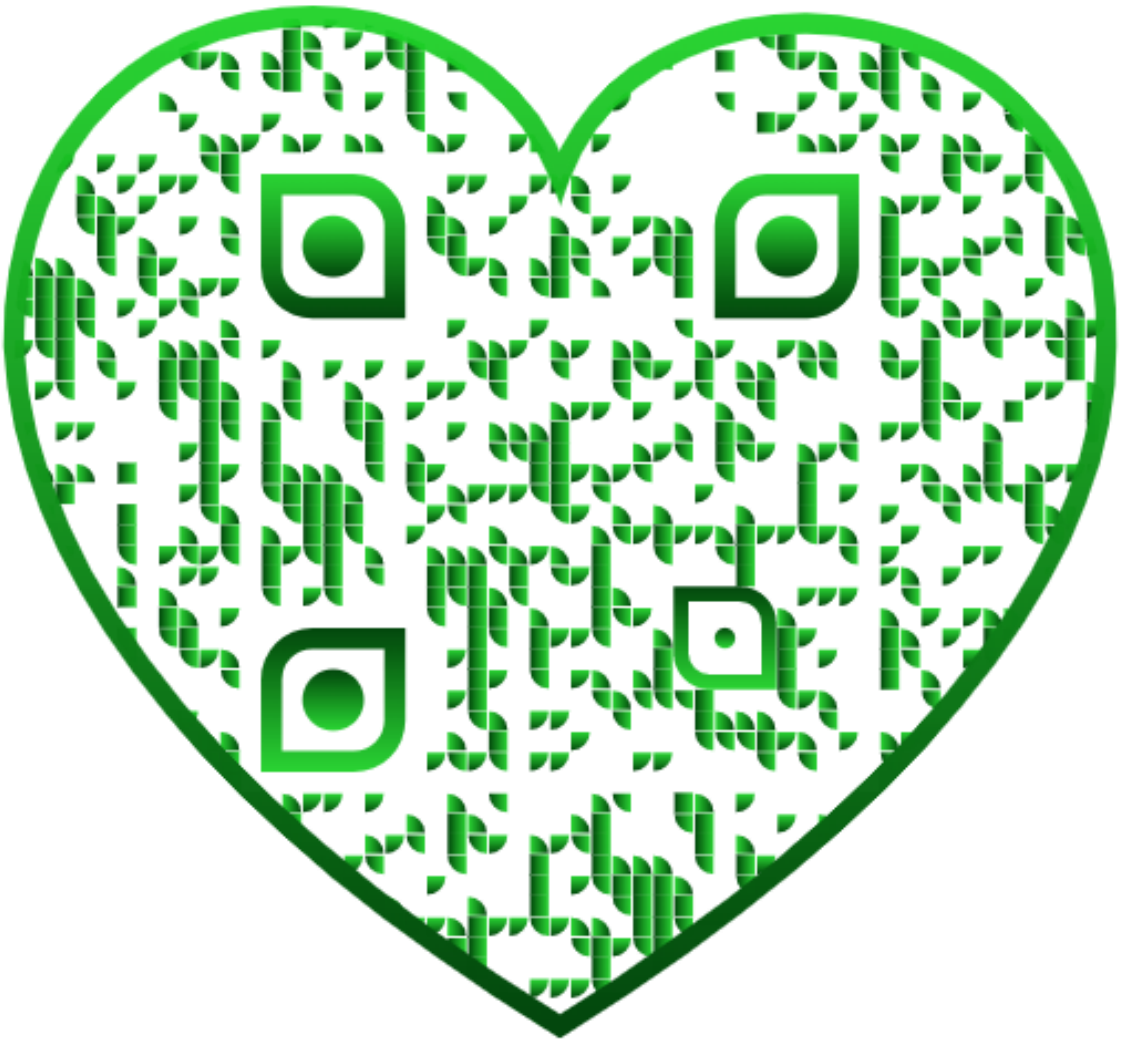

Monsters Among Us

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2006
Galde Press, Inc.
Lakeville, Minnesota, U.S.A.

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Chapter One

The Pursuit of Monsters

For the skeptics who believe that the only monsters which exist are the ones that terrorize the kids at the drive-in movies, it may come as some surprise that between February 1975 and December 1976 more than sixty separate sightings of Bigfoot-type creatures were reported in the New Jersey counties of Morris, Warren, Hunterdon, and Sussex.

That's correct. Just forty or so miles northwest of New York City, through the clustered megalopolis of cities and suburbs that make New Jersey our most densely populated state, monsters are prowling the marshes and the undeveloped forestland that exist an hour away from the Big Apple.

Dr. C. Louis Wiedemann, an officer of Vestigia, an organization that investigated the reports in New Jersey, wrote that they accumulated individual sightings of hovering UFOs, seven-foot-tall hairy manbeasts and a frightening reptilian humanoid with bulging, froglike eyes and a broad, lipless mouth.

Before shrugging off the New Jersey monster reports as a bizarre madness due to stress, commuter-living and pollution, consider these recent accounts of similar phenomena from around the world:

Lumberton, North Carolina: A sheriff's dispatcher disclosed that half a dozen sober, responsible citizens had reported seeing a strange, unearthly being wearing a silver spacesuit.

Maysville, Kentucky: A Mason County family stated that a seven-foot creature with long, white hair and glowing animal eyes tried to make off with some of their roosters.

Mineral Point, Wisconsin: Police officers attempted to capture an elusive vampire, “a huge person with a white face, wearing a dark cape,” who was frightening people in the local cemetery.

Sitting Bull Falls, New Mexico: An eight-foot tall Bigfoot with eerie white eyes and jet-black hair terrified a group of campers with its “hair-raising screams.”

Morenci, Arizona: A crew on a cooper smelting plant and one hundred members of the high school marching band all got a good look at a massive UFO with flashing red and white lights.

Charleston, South Carolina: A strange, unexplainable light, which appeared almost nightly in the barracks of a famed military academy, drove the cadets to seek other lodging.

Camaracu Island, Brazil: A farmer testified that two humanoid beings emerged from a glowing flying saucer to interrogate him about the people in the nearby village.

Brookfield, Connecticut: In court, an attorney alleged that his client was innocent of murder because he had been possessed by a demon.

Granger, Wyoming: Several law-enforcement officers described a mysterious brilliant blue light that illuminated the countryside and looked like the light from a giant spotlight.

Tucson, Arizona: University of Arizona scientists announced that a color photograph of the Lake Champlain, Vermont, lake monster appeared to be authentic.

Menemonee Falls, Michigan: Numerous eyewitnesses expressed their belief that the “spooklight” that has been haunting Michigan’s Upper Peninsula comes from the lantern of a ghostly engineer who died in a train wreck.

Gansu Province, China: The head of China’s official UFO investigating committee told his government that they had spotted the UFO believed responsible for the mysterious disappearances of Australian aviator Frederick Valentich.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania: Several residents, pilots and air control officials reported a gigantic fireball, simultaneous sonic thunder and immense cigar-shaped objects.

Bophubatswana, South Africa: Officials of a professional golf tournament called upon a well-known local sorceress to curse away the

impending rain that would have spoiled the event.

This small sampling of reports, all of which occurred in recent months, prior to the writing of this book (March 1982), clearly indicates that monsters, vampires, ghosts, UFOs and spooklights are still very much a part of the collective consciousness of contemporary men and women. Such weird and eerie entities are by no means relegated to the pages of horror novels, the illuminated celluloid of motion pictures or the superstition-riddled, scienceless past.

It has been fashionable for at least the last fifty years to discard all such sightings and accounts as being due to psychological aberrations, intentional or unintentional hoaxes, or the misinterpretation of natural phenomena and perfectly natural animals. I wish to make clear at the outset of this book that I certainly recognize that one or more of the above factors could explain at least 90 percent of all alleged monster reports.

That point declared, I want to get on with the business of what constitutes the remaining 10 percent, for I have come to believe that a good many creature reports exist in a reality external to the percipients who reported them. That doesn't necessarily mean that I fear all those monsters among us out there in the darkness, but I do maintain that there may exist various levels of reality that interact with our own from time to time.

It has long been observed that "anything is possible," and I am of the opinion that more impossible possibilities are being realized each day. The laws of our physical universe are being modified, adapted, amended and restructured with each passing year. Respected physics of professors speak of parallel universes, in between universes, and effects preceding causes in strange echoes of physics professors who previously inhabited only science fiction movies. Therefore, I think it is also quite possible that as yet unidentified creatures and as yet unexplained phenomena are very much a part of life on this planet.

Because I have been collecting data about monsters and strange, unexplained phenomena and pursuing both in one way or another for more than a quarter of a century, I have, quite understandably, developed a number of theories about what monsters and their kind could really be. At the same time, I have been mindful of the theories of other researchers in this admittedly "far-out" field of endeavor.

Some years ago, I compiled a list of the most popular theories that had been formulated to explain the UFO phenomenon. In what is not at all an unusual coincidence, I am able, with modifications here and there, to present several of the same hypotheses explaining the wide range of monster, creature and things-that-go-bump-in-the-night phenomena:

Monsters as Archetypes: Bigfoot, sea monsters, werewolves and the like, may be quasi-real creatures that are manufactured by the human collective unconscious.

Educator-author John White interprets Jungian archetypes as "energetic thought fields" accessible through "dreams, meditations and altered states of consciousness." He suggests that there may be large, previously unrecognized dimensions of physical events in which there may be highly evolved entities, existing to "influence and guide human affairs."

There may also be a host of nightmarish entities, which intrude upon our human attempts to order reality.

Monsters as Players from the Magic Theater: Monsters, as well as other entities, such as elves and fairies, may be members of a paraphysical tribe that have coexisted with us on Earth as a companion species.

Somehow, humankind participates with these creatures according to some as yet unglimpsed evolutionary design.

Monsters as Supernatural Beings: The frightening creatures are the same entities as the demons, which are described in the scriptures of many world religions as the messengers and legions of Satan.

The more malignant of these entities seek to do harm to humankind, while the more benign are content to provide frightening harassment.

Monsters as Unknown Terrestrial Life: The wide variety of monsters may actually be unrecognized and unidentified life indigenous to Earth.

They could be plasmic, electrical, nearly pure energy forms which possess the ability to assume a variety of guises.

Or they may be exactly what they appear to be—bizarre animals.

Monsters as Inhabitants of the Hollow Earth: According to this theory, the Earth is honeycombed with vast underground caverns and the creatures that we term "monsters" are the fauna—or the citizens—of this interior kingdom.

Monsters as Creatures out of Time and Space: The giant reptiles are victims of time warps. As they lumber about their primeval world, they are

transported into modern historical periods where they appear decidedly out of place.

The same may be true of the Bigfoot, perhaps a missing link in our own evolution, which walks the corridors of time into the present.

Monsters from Other Dimensions: The ghosts, ghouls, and long-legged beasts originate in an adjacent space-time continuum, which actually coexists on Earth with us. Because they share this planet with us, but on another vibrational level, we can see them—and presumably, they, us—only under extraordinary circumstances and conditions.

Monsters as Manifestations of a Planetary Poltergeist: A poltergeist is a noisy, destructive "ghost," a chaotic collection of energies, usually centered around a child entering puberty, which proceeds to make shambles of a home.

In this theory, monsters are seen to be the result of some as-yet-unknown physical law that can at times activate (or be activated by) the unconscious mind.

The law—or energy—might not itself be intelligent, but it would be able to absorb, reflect and imitate human intelligence—and human fears.

Monsters as Answers to a Psychic Need: Researchers Jerome Clark and Loren Coleman have speculated that certain of our basic psychic needs are able to tap psychokinetic and other psychic energies and fashion fairies, apparitions or holy figures, UFOs and abominable creatures—archetypes that we can experience only as images and symbols.

The forms these manifestations assume are ancient in the sense that they always have been intrinsic parts of the human psyche, yet they remain modern in the context of contemporary ideas, which the conscious mind has acquired.

Monsters as Extraterrestrial Experiments: Certain theorists have suggested that the various kinds of bizarre creatures have been planted here by extraterrestrial scientists and psychologists who are interested in observing our reactions to such entities.

Others theorize that the strange animals might have been placed here to test our atmosphere and to gather miscellaneous data about our planet, as if they are living biocomputers.

Still other UFOlogists have stated their concern that the monsters are only distractions devised by extraterrestrial intelligences to provide a

"cover" for undisclosed activities on Earth.

Monsters as Programmed Deceit and Delusion: This hypothesis maintains that the eerie creatures are not actually real in the physical sense, but are something similar to holographic projections or elaborate special-effects created by some unknown agency for an ulterior, and probably sinister, motive.

Monsters as Genetic Misfits from Atlantis: It is a popular bit of metaphysical folklore that scientists from the lost continent of Atlantis had mastered genetic engineering.

The "sleeping prophet," Edgar Cayce, channeled information that several new species were created from the animals of Atlantis, and Mother Nature was violated in numerous ways that wantonly spawned grotesque mutants. Cayce said that the pig was one of the animals that had been fashioned by the Atlanteans, and the monsters of mythology were some of the less productive experiments.

According to exponents of this hypothesis, the various apemen and creatures that still prowl the night are the hideous byproducts of those long-vanished super scientists.

Monsters as Teaching Mechanisms: The various "children of the night," to appropriate the venerable Count Dracula's reference to howling wolves, may be peculiar elements in a teaching game, which a Higher Intelligence is utilizing to gradually alter our concept of reality.

It was in my *Mysteries of Time and Space* that I first offered my Reality Game theory to explain such matters as UFOs, incredible archaeological artifacts, and the appearance of monsters. I noted that:

> It may be that mankind has been invited to participate in a bizarre kind of contest with some undeclared cosmic opponents. Man may have been challenged to play the Reality Game; and if he can once apprehend the true significance of the preposterous clues, if he can but master the proper moves, he may obtain a clearer picture of his true role in the cosmic scheme of things. The rules of the Reality Game may be confusing, extremely flexible and difficult to define, but play man must—for it is the only game in the Universe.

In the teasing fashion of a Zen riddle or a Sufi joke, I theorize, a Higher Intelligence may use such highly improbable teaching aids as monster sightings to provoke us into a higher consciousness—and a much broader view of reality.

As you read the accounts that I have collected for this book, I am certain that you will eventually decide which of the above theories is your own favorite. Or you might wish to combine a few, or even come up with a new one of your own.

There is one thing that I am quite certain the great majority of the readers of this book will decide: It is better to be an armchair participant than an eyewitness when it comes to monster hunting.

The tales in this volume will probably keep you indoors for several nights to come. And don't bother to buy a new lock for your door. Any self-respecting monster can easily smash right through the wood panels, regardless of how firmly the bolt might hold it in place. And a demon or a phantom can ooze right through the keyhole.

Everyone enjoys a good scare now and then—especially while snug at home, vicariously experiencing another's fear through the pages of a book. I cannot guarantee that this book will make you believe in monsters, but I am quite confident that I can guarantee a few good chills up the spine, some dandy tingles in the solar plexus and more than one cautious look over your shoulder. You might even go so far as to check beneath your bed before you crawl under the covers.

Chapter Two

Giant Reptiles, Sea Monsters, and Lake Longnecks

The moon was big and almost full as it rose over the town beach of Clearwater, Florida, on the evening of February 27, 1948. The trees on either side of the parked car were lit silver-white, and a light breeze moved the topmost branches in a hypnotic rhythm.

Temporarily, the young couple in the automobile had created their own little dream world. They talked of their lives and their hopes. He put out his arm and she slid across the seat and fell against his shoulder.

"What's that in the water?" the girl asked after an embrace.

"Who cares?" the boy sighed, moving his head toward hers again.

She pulled away. "I've never seen anything like it."

Reluctantly he directed his attention away from her and squinted into the water in front of the car. A long, dark shape glided in and out of the reflection of the moon. The young man had never seen anything like it, either.

There was a loud splash from the water, and the young couple was soon speeding over the short driveway that led to the picnic area.

Down the road a filling station's lights glowed into the sky. The tires squealed as the car slid to a stop next to the pumps. The two young people jumped out and ran for the door and the phone inside.

"Hello! Can you give me the police station?" The operator gave him the number and he dialed it.

"Hello, Clearwater main division." The all-night officer on duty was obviously sleepy.

"Can a private citizen borrow a high powered rifle? There's this thing in the water, and it's big, and…"

"Wait a minute! Slow down. Where are you and what have you seen?"

"Across from the town beach. It's a sea monster I tell you. Someone ought to shoot it." His voice had lost none of the excitement.

"Fella, why don't you go and sleep it off?"

The phone clicked in his ear. He looked over at his girlfriend, the excitement draining from his face.

To the police he was just another drunk, looking at his own special brand of pink elephant. The only trouble was that this pink elephant left tracks.

The tide had washed the beach clean of human footprints from the day before, but early comers to the beach that next morning were greeted by an expanse of sand crisscrossed by enormous three-toed footprints.

If this had been the only evidence of the mysterious beast, the footprints might have been written off as a hoax. But from February until October 1948, sightings of an incredible creature, which left identical tracks, were reported from Tampa all the way up the coast to the Suwannee River.

The three-toed footprints gave evidence of webbing between the toes. The stride of the beast averaged twenty-five inches, and the longest toe measured thirteen and one-half inches. The tracks were especially strange because they strongly resembled the fossilized imprints of certain dinosaurs, which were supposedly extinct sixty million years ago!

The longest single set of tracks was found along the swampy banks of the Suwannee River. The tracks moved over varied terrain for a distance of two hundred yards, giving investigators an opportunity to determine how the beast moved. It was obviously a two-legged creature, whose weight was estimated at being close to three tons.

Always suspicious of a hoax, the investigators tried to determine how such a deception could have been carried off. Intrigued by the stories of strange tracks and weird sightings that he had been hearing all summer, Ivan T. Sanderson, world-famous zoologist, came to the area around the Suwannee in October to check the validity of reports. After carefully

examining the tracks, he found that if the whole business were a hoax the tracks would have to have been made by a machine that could:

> …be transported by a small boat up a river on which people fish for a living every day and night, without being seen and which could be brought by open sea from some port not less than 150 miles away; be unloaded on a 6-foot-by-3-foot sand shelf, then trundled through a forest, leaving imprints such as we have described, alter its stride either from side to side or both together, rise on its toes alone or move on its heels at will, have toes that move reciprocally both in and out and up and down, individually, pass under a tangle of dead bushes making a hole no more than 8 feet high and 4 feet wide, enter and return from a deep, muddy swamp, carry at least one man, weigh between one and three tons, and walk around small sticks and herbs without crushing them, but flatten a fallen tree.

Three engineers were contacted and asked to design such a machine on paper. They came up with an apparatus that could do most of the things required by Sanderson's list, but the thing would have to be so complex that its physical stability and mobility would be highly questionable.

Sightings had come from many sources and from people in all walks of life. Fishermen, tourists, and residents had all claimed to have seen a huge, blunt-nosed, short-necked creature.

The clinching description was made by flyers from the Dunedin Flying School; Mr. Mario Hernandez, the school's director; and Mr. George Orsanides, the head of a sponge fishing fleet, who had seen the thing from the air. These men had intimate knowledge of the area and its wildlife and were able to give an exact description of the beast.

Further sightings were made by a minister and his wife, an old fisherwoman, and a professional hunter. All described the same thing. A creature that, according to all previous evidence, had not walked the earth for several million years.

There are probably many animals in the natural world that have not been seen regularly enough to be named and categorized. Much of the land area of the globe has not been explored, and the almost incomprehensible area of the sea, which has an average depth of between two and two and a

half miles and covers almost three-fourths of the surface of the planet, remains basically uncharted and unsurveyed. A very rare sea beast could exist for centuries without a human eye falling on it.

Many secrets are shrouded in the sea water off inhabitable shores and only rarely—as in Florida in 1948—may we get any idea of what is under the surface.

A Sea Monster Dies in Tasmania

Ben Fenton, Jack Boote, and Ray Anthony are all cattlemen with spreads on the northwest coast of the island of Tasmania, located off the southeastern tip of Australia. Working together is a necessity in the rugged land, and the three men were riding down a deserted stretch of beach together when one of them spotted a curious, unnatural-looking hump sticking out of the sand.

The three men rode over to investigate the inert mass that mounded out of the beach. To their astonishment, it was clearly the form of what once had been a living thing.

Considering it from all angles, the men decided that it was no form of animal or fish that they had ever seen. The surface of the creature was tough and covered by a ragged, hair-like substance. The dimensions were guessed to be twenty-eight feet long and eighteen feet wide. Jack Boote estimated the weight of the thing to be between five and ten tons.

The men spread the news of the monster in August of 1960, but nobody seemed very much interested. They drew pictures of the thing that the sea had coughed up on the shore near their ranches, and although a few people looked, nobody did more than that until a representative of the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organization (CSIRO) gave ear to some of the rumors.

Bruce Mollison, who was an employee of CSIRO, saw some of the sketches of the strange creature and became interested in it. Although he was leaving his job with the organization, he urged that an expedition be financed for an investigation of the monster. Two years later, in March 1962, it was Mollison who gave credibility to the story of the Tasmanian Sea Monster.

Tasmania is a land of many strange creatures. Two of the land animals—the Tasmanian tiger and the Tasmanian devil—are considered the

most elusive creatures on earth. New species of fish have been found in its coastal waters, and it is not unlikely that more will be found.

Partly because of this, and partly because it is his job as curator of vertebrate mammals for the Tasmanian Museum to keep track of the animals within the island's bounds, Bruce Mollison took a special interest in the reports of the monster first sighted in the winter of 1960.

Mollison was amazed that the creature had not deteriorated into nothingness over the two years that it had lain exposed to the air and sea. When he walked on the beach in 1962, the humped shape that had greeted the ranchers in their first ride past the spot remained intact to greet him.

His first concern was to establish whether the thing was of some known species. After carefully examining it for a day, taking into consideration all varieties of whales, squids, rays and the like, Mollison became convinced that the thing he studied was not of any known species of fish or mammal. Though much of the creature had rotted away, the curator was able to estimate that the creature had been almost circular in shape with a diameter of nearly twenty feet.

The surface was hard and rubbery, covered with a greasy, straggly kind of hair. Before any deterioration had set in, the cattlemen, who had first seen it, described six gill-like openings and four lobes, which were suspended from the front. Between these lobes was a mouthlike aperture. Several rows of spines, mounted on flanges, skirted the rear of its form.

Where had the monster come from? Mollison could only guess.

From the spot where he stood on the beach, the sea stretched fifteen hundred miles south of Antarctica and three thousand miles west of Africa. Such monsters could reside in underground caverns in the untraveled waters of these oceans and come to the surface of the sea only at death.

There were several unexplainable things about the Tasmanian monster that bothered the men who looked at it. They wondered how a dead creature could survive so long while being directly exposed to the rough climate on the coast of the island. However, the dimensions that Mollison estimated were not those given by the ranchers in the earlier sighting. The possibility that there had been two monsters became apparent to them.

Ben Fenton, one of the first men to have seen the monster, said that a few months after the first sighting, the ranchers could no longer find the

huge corpse. When it had reappeared on the beach, they had reasoned that the sea had covered it with sand, and that it was slowly being uncovered.

Determined not to let the opportunity pass, the curator took samples of the flesh of the creature to the CSIRO. He was disappointed when the researchers announced that the samples were too small for any definitive conclusions.

Without hesitation, Mollison headed back for the spot on the beach where he had examined the monster. This time he took an axe and a photographer. He hacked off several healthy chunks of flesh, wrapped them in plastic, and packed them back to civilization again.

When he had returned, Mollison found that he and the monster were in the news and creating quite a stir. Newspapermen from Sydney and Melbourne were waiting to find out what new evidence there was in the attempt to identify the mystery beast.

Meanwhile, the excitement raised by the stories of the monster stirred some old memories, and an account of a similar creature that had been found on the beaches of Tasmania in the year 1936 was recalled. Another description of such a monster came from Rottnest Island, off the coast of Western Australia.

Reactions from scientific stations around the world were communicated to the island, and as was to be expected, most of them were skeptical.

Experts at the Royal Prince Albert Hospital had been unable to identify the flesh of the monster as belonging to any known species, but this still was not enough to satisfy CSIRO officials. Even with the added samples, they decided that a field expedition was necessary to establish conclusive facts about the creature and its identity.

The team of scientists that was selected to make the field tests on the monster was headed by an eminent mammalogist from Zeehan. They were flown in by helicopter and set up a temporary laboratory within a canvas tent. After a day of hacking and testing, their immediate report was that they were not able to identify the creature.

Mollison was shocked when, sometime later, the official CSIRO report described the flesh as being somewhat like blubber, making the entire discovery sound as if it were part whale. The ranchers, who had first seen

the creature, were irate at this report and declared that they knew what a whale looked like, and that this beast did not even resemble one.

What mammoth sea creatures live off the coast of Australia is only a matter of speculation, but that a strange and unexplainable monster was washed up on the shore of Tasmania is an undeniable fact.

Dinosaurs in the Twentieth Century

Could dinosaurs survive in remote, isolated jungle areas and in the seas? Are there any of those incredible, nightmarish, and yet marvelous, giant reptiles still living today?

Ever since I was a high school student in 1953, I have been cheering for the discovery of *mokele-mbembe*, the legendary dinosaur of the Ubangi-Congo basin of central Africa.

For at least two hundred years, stories have emerged from the swampy African jungles that there is a brownish-gray, elephant-sized creature with a reptilian tail and a long, flexible neck. The natives call it *mokele-mbembe*, (the one who stops the flow of rivers) or *emela-ntuka* (the one who eats the top of palms); that's enough local African color to fire the imagination of someone who always wished that he could be the one to bring a dragon back alive.

Dr. Roy Mackal, among the most academic and erudite monster hunters in the world today, is a University of Chicago biologist, who led an expedition to the African swamps that are "Mokey's" home. In December 1981, Dr. Mackal told the press that the natives' description of the creature would fit that of a sauropod, a giant plant-eating reptile that supposedly became extinct about sixty million years ago.

J. Richard Greenwell, an expedition member from Tucson, told of having found huge tracks along a swath of strangely flattened and bent vegetation. The gigantic impressions were made near a tiny village called Djeke, and led into the Likouala River.

Greenwell stated his opinion that no creature smaller than an elephant could have left such a path through the thickets near the river. Additionally, he noted that when elephants enter rivers, they also leave an exit trail. The expedition found no such sign of an exit made by Mokey, which may indicate that he is more a marine animal than an elephant. Sonar soundings

of the rivers turned up nothing, which may mean that the creature inhabits the swamps most of the time, using the rivers only occasionally.

Dr. Mackal, who has also pursued Scotland's Loch Ness Monster and "Champ" in Lake Champlain, admitted that he is convinced now more than ever that Mokey exists. He referred again to the tracks (about the breadth of elephant feet) that they had discovered, and the fact that the brush appeared to have been broken by the tail of a reptile. A reptile that would have to be much larger and much taller than any known crocodile.

On November 28, 1981, Herman Regusters, an aerospace engineer from South Pasadena, and his wife, Kia, claimed to have seen and to have photographed a dinosaurlike creature in a remote African lake. Mrs. Regusters said that the gigantic reptile was dark red with a long, thick neck, and longer than two hippopotami.

Unfortunately, the photograph was quite fuzzy, and the Regusters' tape recording of the "huge, roaring, trumpeting noise" heard frequently around Lake Tele, was impossible to identify.

In a letter to John Sack, a spokesman for the expedition, Regusters wrote that a huge animal resembled a brontosaurus.

> It is thirty feet long. Its body is smaller than an elephant and larger than a hippopotamus. The skin appears slick and smooth. It has a long neck and a small snakelike head.

On July 26, 1970, the London *Sunday Express* reported that troops and police were hunting a huge reptilian monster in the woods near Forli in Central Italy. According to the *Sunday Express*:

> The monster—some call it a dinosaur—was first seen last Tuesday by Antonio Samorani, a 48-year-old peasant. He reported that he had been chased by a "huge scaly thing at least 15-feet long. It walked on thick legs and its breath was searing hot. I ran for my life and it followed me for a couple of hundred yards."
>
> Police were skeptical at first, but changed their minds when they saw large footprints in a glade near where Samorani says he saw the monster.

> Police Chief Dr. Pedoni said: “We are convinced some sort of creature of colossal size is hiding in the woods. Three other people have seen it. We are combing the area with armed police and soldiers with nets. If possible we want to catch it alive. Over a thousand guns will be out looking for this animal when the hunting season opens on August 1. If the local hunters reach it first, we will be powerless to stop them.”

Police Chief Pedoni did not have to worry about local hunters slaughtering some saurian creature that had awakened from a sleep of aeons in a remote cave. As is the pattern in so many of these monster sightings, the fearsome beast is clearly seen by numerous witnesses, is found to leave footprints and an occasional mauled domestic animal and then disappears, apparently by finding its way back into the “hole” in space and time from which it arrived.

In the summer of 1946, a high school student at Frederick, South Dakota, Don Neff, found some strange-looking teeth on the banks of the Elm River. After doing some investigating, the inquisitive student found the remains of a giant, twenty-eight-foot marine lizard in the shale and mud along the river.

When this discovery was brought to his attention, Professor James D. Bump, director of the museum of the State School of Mines, in Rapid City, South Dakota, said that the remains had probably been there for “several million years.” This first estimate was later revised when the species was identified as *mosasaur*, which had been extinct for 130,000,000 years.

Though the excavation was considered a great archaeological find, the residents have some misgivings about the evidence that such huge creatures are long extinct.

In 1934, a farmer reported that he had had to “take to the ditch” when his tractor was forced off the road by a four-legged serpentine monster that moved down the road at him. No estimated dimensions of the creature are given, but if it were of the size that could force a tractor off the road, it is not of any known variety.

The tracks of the monster were followed across a muddy field until they came to the edge of Lake Campbell. Here the monster eased itself into the water and disappeared. Similar tracks have been seen frequently since

the 1934 sighting of the monster, and disappearances of many lambs and pigs have occurred in the community for years without any explanation.

Although the lochs (lakes) of Scotland are most renowned for their monsters, in central Minnesota the community around Big Pine Lake has one of its own. The creature, which resides in the lake, is affectionately known as Oscar, and many of the residents of the community have seen him on or near the surface.

Many hypotheses have been given concerning his appearance, including the idea that he might be a giant sturgeon. (The largest sturgeon ever taken weighed 360 pounds.) But this theory has proven unconvincing to many of the residents, as it does not completely fit the descriptions of those who have seen "Oscar."

Reptilian monsters have been described in many forms. On June 9, 1946, Orland Parker, from Kenton, Ohio, was thrown from his horse in a small section of woods near his house when his horse became frightened at the sight of a gigantic snake, eight feet long and four inches in girth. The snake wrapped itself around the leg of the prostrate man and broke his ankle. It then bit his horse. A search party was formed and went in pursuit of the snake, but it had disappeared in the dense cover.

This proved to be just a taste of what was to come in the Midwest, for in July 1946, Willard Tollinger of Flat Rock, Indiana, along with several members of his family, saw a snake about twenty feet long coiled up in the shallow water of a river.

In the fields of the Indiana town, the trail of a large and heavy snake was often seen. Pigs and other small animals mysteriously disappeared. A snake this large has not been thought to be native to the North American climate, but perhaps in the lowlands along the Midwestern rivers, such monsters have lived and died for centuries.

Science and the Sea Serpent

When the yacht *Valhalla* spotted a sea monster off Parahiba, Brazil, on December 7, 1905, it was fortunate enough to have among its passengers two expert naturalists who were taking part in a scientific expedition to the South Atlantic and Indian Ocean.

E.G.B. Meade-Waldo and Michael J. Nicoll were two Fellows of the Zoological Society of Britain who were not given to rash conclusions or

improper observations.

Meade-Waldo prepared a paper on the sighting, which he presented to the Society at its meeting on June 19, 1906:

> …My attention was drawn to a large brown fin or frill sticking out of the water, dark sea-weed-brown in color, somewhat crinkled at the edge. It was about six feet in length and projected from eighteen inches to two feet from the water. I could see, under the water to the rear of the frill, the shape of a considerable body—a great head and neck did not touch the frill in the water, but came out of the water in front of it, at a distance of certainly not less than eighteen inches, probably more. The neck appeared to be the thickness of a slight man's body, and from seven to eight feet was out of the water….
>
> …The head had a very turtlelike appearance, as had also the eye. I could see the line of the mouth, but we were sailing pretty fast, and quickly drew away from the object…It moved its neck from side to side in a peculiar manner; the color of the head and neck was dark brown above, and whitish below…Since I saw this creature I consider on reflection that it was probably considerably larger than it appeared at first, as I proved that objects, the size with which I was well acquainted, appear very much smaller than they really are when seen on the ocean at a similar distance with nothing to compare them with.

Nicoll discussed the incident two years later in his book *Three Voyages of a Naturalist*: "I feel sure that it was not a reptile that we saw, but a mammal…the general appearance of the creature, especially the soft, almost rubberlike fin, gives one this impression."

Captain R.J. Cringle, master of the steamer *Umfuli*, spotted his sea monster in that fertile area for serpent sightings off the west coast of Africa. He was not fortunate enough to have expert zoologists on board to substantiate his account.

"I've been so ridiculed about this that I've many times wished that someone else had seen that sea monster rather than me," he later wrote. "I've been told that it was a string of porpoises; that it was an island of seaweed; and I don't know what besides. But if an island can travel at the

rate of fourteen knots, or if a string of porpoises can somehow stand fifteen feet out of the water, then I give in!"

The *Umfuli's* mate, Mr. C.A.W. Powell, logged the sightings as follows:

> 5:30. Sighted and passed about five hundred yards from ship a Monster Fish of the serpent shape, about eighty feet long with slimy skin and short fins at about twenty feet apart on the back and in circumference about the dimensions of a good-sized whale. The jaws appeared to me about seven feet long with large teeth. In shape it was just like a Conger Eel.

Captain Cringle ordered the steamer to give chase, but later said that the monster was "rushing through the sea at great speed and was throwing water from its breast as a vessel throws water from her bows." The head and neck were about fifteen feet long and sprouted from an enormous body with three discernible humps. After a twenty-minute race, the monster had far outdistanced the steamer.

Skeptics often ask: "Why doesn't someone catch a sea serpent, bring it back to civilization for study, and prove its existence once and for all?

In 1852, two whaling vessels attempted to do just that—unfortunately, the ship carrying the huge trophy in a picking vat never made it back to shore.

Captain Seabury, master of the *Monongahela*, was brought out of his early morning reverie on January 13, 1852, by the lookout's shout of "something big in the water, half-mile off port bow."

Seabury turned to the bow. A little excitement would be welcome. The Monongahela had been drifting slowly to the Pacific doldrums. If it was a whale, the longboats would have to take care of it. There wasn't enough wind to fill the sails of the ship.

When the captain brought his telescope to bear on the object, he could distinguish only a monstrous living creature, thrashing about in the tepid water as if in great agony. Seabury's immediate conclusion was that they had come upon a whale that had been harpooned by another whaler, had escaped, and was now surrendering to its death throes.

He ordered three longboats over the side to end the beast's pain and their own boredom. With fresh supplies of blubber to render, the men would not fret so much about the doldrums. Seabury himself was in the first boat as it pulled alongside the huge "whale." He drove the harpoon deep in its flesh, and the crewmen pulled on the oars to get the longboat out of reach of the pain-maddened creature.

Almost as the harpoon struck home, a nightmarish head ten feet long rose out of the water and lunged at the boats. Two of the longboats were capsized in seconds. The terrified whalers realized that they were dealing with a creature the likes of which they had never seen, but they were too busy escaping from its violent lungings to theorize about what it was.

Then the monster sounded. The heavy line smoked over the bow as the creature dove for the bottom. Seabury was able to tie on the spare coil with only seconds to spare. More than a thousand feet of line were out before the sea monster ceased its descent.

The *Monongahela* had managed to creep alongside the longboat and pick up the frightened seamen who were bobbing about in the water. The line was made fast on the whaling vessel even though Seabury could not be certain that his prey was still impaled by the harpoon. *The Rebecca Sims*, under the command of Captain Samuel Gavitt, pulled alongside her sister ship; and the crews of the two New Bedford ships, with wide-eyes and wild speculations, began discussing the strange beast.

The next morning, Captain Seabury ordered the line taken up. The crewmen had pulled in only about half of the line when the massive carcass suddenly popped to the surface. The great sea beast seemed as if it were from another time—a time long before *Homo sapiens* had even begun to emerge as a species.

It was much greater in length than the *Monongahela*, which was over one hundred feet from stem to stern, and it had a thick body about fifty feet in diameter. Its neck was ten feet in diameter and supported a head that was ten feet long and shaped like that of a gigantic alligator. The astounded crewmen counted ninety-four teeth in its jaws. The saberlike teeth were each about three inches long and hooked backward like those of a snake.

The color of the beast was a browning gray with a light stripe about three feet wide running its full length.

Ever the practical Yankee, Captain Seabury tried to render the creature as if it were a whale. He was disappointed to learn that the monster was possessed only of tough skin and no blubber.

Fully aware of the ridicule that readily attached itself to sailing masters who saw "sea serpents" without any verification, Seabury ordered the men to chop off the hideous head and place it in a huge pickling vat so that it would be preserved until they reached land. In addition, Seabury wrote out a detailed report on the *Monogahela's* capture of the beast and a complete description of the creature that they had landed. He gave the report to the homeward-bound Captain Gavitt.

The account of Captain Seabury arrived safely and was entered into the records along with the personal oath of Captain Gavitt, but the Monongahela never returned to New Bedford with its incredible cargo. Years later her nameboard was found on the shore of Umnak Island in the Aleutians. If Seabuty had transferred the grisly head to Gavitt's vessel along with his report, the world would have had its first mounted sea serpent's head over one hundred years ago. The sea was not yet ready to yield up the answer to its most stubborn riddle.

There is a sea serpent that has been praying periodic visits to the Cape Ann area and Gloycester, Massachusetts for more than 320 years. The marine beast does not appear to have yet been blessed with a nickname, but it has done it share of startling those who would traffic in the sea in that region.

The first recorded sight of the Cape Ann Sea Serpent was made by an Englishman named John Josselyn, who was returning to London. The monster, according to Josselyn, "was coiled like a cable upon a rock at Cape Ann."

British seamen would have slain the creature, but two Indians aboard protested such an act, stating that all on board would be in danger of their lives if the thing were killed.

On August 6, 1817, Amos Lawrence, founder of the mills which bore his name, sighted the sea serpent and issued a pronouncement to that effect.

Col. Thomas H. Perkins, one of Boston's wealthiest citizens, also saw the creature and testified to its reality.

That August day was reported as having been very calm and pleasant, and a good many people must have been attracted to the harbor. A group of fisherman spotted the monster near Eastern Point and shouted that it was making its way between Ten Pound Island and the shore. The creature's backbone was seen clearly, moving vertically up and down as it appeared to be chasing schools of herring around the harbor.

Nearly every citizen of Gloucester was said to have sighted the sea beast at least once during August of 1817, when it returned to the harbor every day for two weeks.

In response to a questionnaire later prepared by the Linnaean Society of Boston, Col. Perkins wrote: "…As he came along, it was easy to see its motion, almost forty feet long. I saw a single horn nine to twelve inches long on the front portion of its head…."

Shipmaster Solomon Allen testified: "I should judge him to be between eighty and ninety feet in length, apparently having joints from his head to his tail…."

Seaman Amos Story was sitting on the shore when he saw the creature about twenty rods from him in the harbor: "His head appeared shaped much like that of a sea turtle, and he carried his head from ten to twelve inches above the water…."

Matthew Gaffney, a ship's carpenter and local sportsman, tried to shoot the sea serpent, but in spite of his testimony that he had hit the creature, it appeared none the worse for the strike.

The captain of the *Laura* issued his report in the official records that one of his seamen had sighted the serpent heading northeast. In response to his excited shouts of alarm, the captain and all of the crew had a good look at the beast from not more than thirty feet away.

The Cape Ann Sea Monster retreated into the mists of local folklore until 1886, when it was spotted in July near Rockport, off Gully Point, near Gap Head. It was a hot, clear day, with calm seas, when Albert W. Tarr, a banker, together with his family and some friends, saw the creature. A Judge York described the thing as being seventy to eighty feet long, brown in color and moving in a vertical fashion.

Nineteen days later, on August 12, the sea beast was sighted by Granville Putnam, a Boston educator. He said that the body of the serpent was about one hundred feet in length and moving in a vertical manner. "Its

head was the size of a ten gallon keg," he remembered, "and the thickest part of the body was about like a large flour barrel."

Matt Mateja, who did research on the historical sightings of the Cape Ann Sea Serpent for Gloucester's *Inn Harbor Magazine*, writes that the next recorded sighting was made sometime in 1947 by a Medford man who was accompanied in the experience by his two daughters. They said that they had been frightened by what they thought was a huge snake.

On July 9, 1960, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Luapot of Great Neck, Long Island, said that they had seen the creature while on the charter boat *The Julyntha*. While they were on their way back to the harbor, the Laupots, together with five others, saw the sea serpent just off Cape Ann. They estimated its length at seventy feet, and they stated that it "slithered" across the top of the water. They saw a head "like a big snake" and black, sail-like projections atop its spine.

Mrs. Laupot affirmed that she knew the thing to be "…a sea serpent…some form of primordial life. It had these 'sails' on top of it with yellow dots. Its head was like a dinosaur's."

On October 9, 1970, Henry E. Cooper, Jr., of Rockport and North Andover, a seaman with over twenty years experience in the Massachusetts Bay Area, stated that he and five friends had been sailing toward Plymouth when they had sighted some strange creature that, from a distance, "looked like a dog swimming in the water." The thing would submerge at five minute intervals, then reappear. It never permitted the craft to approach nearer than fifty feet. It seemed to be about thirty feet in length and to have a "huge head."

As of this writing, the most recent report of the Cape Ann Sea Serpent was in April of 1975.

For some weeks fishermen had been spotting a large, dark object, which they had at first taken to be a whale. However, the thing did not exhibit any of the normal whalelike characteristics, nor did it ever spout. Some fishermen were able to get close enough to see that it had a pointed tail, as well.

Captain John Favazza said that he decided to go after the creature, together with his father, Salvatore, John Testaverde, and Pete Ventimiglia. They had it on their starboard side, about eighty feet away, when, according to Favazza:

"The serpent saw us and turned right around, heading southwest right for the boat. My father started screaming, 'Let's get the hell out of here!' For fifty years he's been fishing, and he's never seen anything like it. He was scared. We all were scared!"

Favazza told reporters that the sea serpent was black, smooth rather than scaly, with a pointed head and a white line around its mouth. It had small eyes and large barnacles on its head. It swam sideways in the water like a snake. It was somewhat longer than his boat, which was sixty-six feet long. The creature, he estimated, was about fifteen feet around.

A popular theory of the sea monster is that it may be a survivor of one of the giant sea reptiles of the Mesozoic Age. No one has ever offered a satisfactory explanation for the "race extinction" of the giant reptiles: dinosaurs on the land; pterodactyls in the air; and huge ichthyosaurs, plesiosaurs, and mosasaurs in the sea.

Philip Gosse, the famous nineteenth century naturalist was an avid exponent of the plesiosaur theory. While the Mesozoic Age ended tens of millions of years ago. Gosse argued that there was no *a priori* reason why some of the descendants of the great sea reptiles could not have survived.

Gosse's theory has been given added credence by the discovery, in our own century, of coelacanth (crossopterygian fish) off southeast Africa, which have survived almost unchanged for seventy million years, from a time even before the Age of Reptiles.

Other scientists maintain that the sea serpent stories may be attributed to sightings of giant eels. In his book *Living Fossils*, Dr. Maurice Burton points out that in recent years eel larvae three feet long have been discovered. Comparing the relative sizes of the larvae and adults in eels of normal size, Burton states that there is no reason why the giant larvae should not reach a length of thirty-six feet when full grown.

Topping the figures of Burton's eel larvae report, Dr. Anton Brunn has recently announced the capture of an eel larvae more than six feet long with 450 vertebral plates. The only known eels have only 105 plates. Again, working on the comparative sizes of larvae and adults in eels of normal size, the larva could grow into a monster ninety feet long that would weigh several tons.

Still other marine zoologists favor the undiscovered existence of an aquatic mammal related to the whales as their candidate for the sea monster

mantle. They argue that the mane often reported on sea serpents would be an unlikely appendage for a reptile; and, quite convincingly, they maintain that only a warm-blooded mammal would be able to survive in the cold water of the North Atlantic where so many sea monster stories have had their origin.

Certain zoologists have expanded the theory of the monstrous sea mammal and combined it with another theory of possible prehistoric survival. They argue for the survival of the ancient species of whale known as Aeuglodon or Basilosaurus, whose fossil remains are well known.

Well equipped for the role of sea monster, the Basilosaurus was known to be a huge beast with a slim, elongated body measuring over seventy feet in length. The skull was long and low and the creature propelled itself by means of a single pair of fins at its forward end. This creature is known to have survived into the Miocene Epoch just over thirty million years ago.

If the coelacanth has survived for seventy million years, it seems possible that the comparatively "young" Basilosaurus could still be inhabiting our oceans.

Champ, America's Loch Ness Monster

Interestingly enough, the first white man to see "Champ," the Lake Champlain Monster, was the explorer Samuel de Champlain, for whom this lake, which separates Vermont and New York, is named. In his journal entry for July 1609, he describes his observation of a serpentine creature about twenty feet long, as thick as a barrel, with a horselike head. The Indians, according to Champlain, referred to the creature as *chousarou*.

In the 373 years since the French explorer had his strange encounter with an unknown beast, there have been hundreds of sightings of Champ.

Some argue that the monster is a giant sturgeon, a group of otters swimming in file or the misidentification of such objects as buoys, tree stumps or oil barrels. Others believe that the true origin of Champ lies in the fevered brains of pranksters and liars.

Junior high school teacher Joseph W. Zarzynski is a thirty-year-old visionary who believes that "something dwells in that lake, something strange and wonderful." He admits to having become obsessed with Champ

and of having spent a great deal of time and his personal income seeking the creature over the past seven years.

In the Pittsburgh, New York, *Press-Republican* for December 30, 1980, Zarzynski called for decisive measures that would protect such creatures as Champ:

> Many investigators and researchers in the field of cryptozoology (the study and search for unidentified living animals) have uncovered a wealth of information to suggest that these and other unknown animals may indeed inhabit part of our vast planet.
>
> Yet very little has been done to safeguard these creatures. Because of the publicity attributing monstrous qualities to these unknown animals, they are more apt to become victims of hunters, thrill seekers, the effects of uncontrolled pollution or any of the other equally dangerous man-made perils.
>
> …Recently [the serpentlike creatures of Lake Champlain] were granted protection by one small community along the shores of the 109-mile lake.
>
> On October 6, the Port Henry Village Board of Trustees passed a resolution that gave the Champ creatures limited protection….
>
> The resolution, in part, said that "all the waters of Lake Champlain which adjoin the village of Port Henry are hereby declared to be off limits to anyone who would in any way harm, harass, or destroy the Lake Champlain sea monsters."
>
> …One of the motivating factors of the Port Henry decision to give Champ protection was the report of rifle shots being fired at what was thought to be a Champ sea monster. A person with a rifle could fire at a swimmer or a diver, mistaking their body for the sinuous motion of the monsters….
>
> Port Henry has set a precedent in beginning the process for granting preservation for the Champ creatures across all Lake Champlain. The more than 100 sightings of Champ are evidence enough to label majestic Lake Champlain as "America's Loch Ness"…

Dr. Roy Mackal doesn't like to use the word "monster" when he talks about such lake creatures as Champ. In his opinion, we're talking about a perfectly normal, "if rare and elusive," animal.

Dr. Mackal, after years of researching the Loch Ness creature and similar long-necked lake monsters all around the Northern Hemisphere, believes that the animals belong to small, remnant bands of zeuglodons—a primitive ancestor of the whale, long thought to be extinct.

On June 28, 1981, Dr. Mackal told the *Boston Globe*: "I'm of the opinion that zeuglodons account for some of the more solid sea serpent sightings we've had over the centuries."

The zeuglodons, Dr. Mackal contends, migrate from oceans to lakes, following such prey as spawning salmon. Lake Champlain is linked to the Atlantic Ocean by the Richelieu and St. Lawrence Rivers of Quebec. Lock Ness is connected to the sea, and so is Lake Okanagan in British Columbia, where "Ogo Pogo" has been frequently sighted.

"The zeuglodon bear little resemblance to modern whales," Dr. Mackal explained, pointing out that remnants of the allegedly prehistoric creatures are preserved at the Smithsonian Institute. "It looks like a big anaconda [a semiaquatic boa constrictor] with a ridge down its back."

The greatest blow in the fight to prove Champ's existence was delivered by Sandra Mansi, who, with her Kodak Instamatic, snapped what appears to be a genuine photograph of the lake monster on July 5, 1977. Not wishing to be made the object of laughter and ridicule, she remained secretive about her unique accomplishment until she took courage from the outspoken defense of Champ by Zarzynski and others.

Sandra Mansi told cryptozoologist Loren Coleman (*Boston Magazine*, February 1982) that she first thought she was watching a very large fish surface in the middle of the lake. "Finally she realized it was the grayish brown head and long snakelike neck of a creature breaking the lake's surface. The thing's head seemed to be twisting around, scanning the countryside…"

Dr. Roy Mackal managed to persuade Mrs. Mansi to submit the photograph for analysis by scientists at the University of Arizona Optical Sciences Center. Dr. B. Roy Frieden, professor of optical sciences, later announced that the picture had not been tampered with, though he could not declare precisely what the object photographed might be.

"Mrs. Mansi's photograph is a high-quality print that does not appear to be a montage or a superimposition of any kind," he stated. "The object appears to belong in the picture. We don't see any evidence of tampering with the photo."

J. Richard Greenwell, a researcher at the University of Arizona, expressed his belief that the thing in the photograph looked like a "classic" *plesiosaur*, an order of sea-going reptiles thought to have become extinct millions of years ago.

The Legend of the Dragon

One of the most universal monster myths is that of the dragon. The awesome, reptilelike beasts appear in the folklore of nearly every country. And the fact that the creature was truly regarded as an actual monster rather than a myth can be demonstrated in several writings of the day.

Edward Topsell, writing in his *Historie of Serpents* (1608), commented: "Among all the kinds of Serpents, there is none comparable to the Dragon, or that affordeth and yeeldeth so much plentiful matter in history for the ample discovery of the nature thereof."

Examining the "true accounts" of dragons in the folklore and records of several cultures, one is immediately confronted with the question: Why is the dragon so universally known? Were there really dragons prowling the earth, devouring hapless villagers, receiving periodic sacrifices of young maidens, spreading terror into the hearts of all and being thwarted only by courageous knights?

What child has not been exposed to St. George's combat with the dreadful dragon? Or, on the other hand, what child has not been read tales of reluctant dragons, kindly dragons, affectionate dragons and timid dragons as well?

Behind every myth smolders some spark of truth and reality. First, let us note the theory held by many sober and responsible scientists that a few dinosaurs might have survived into the Age of Man. Pick up any book on dinosaurs and you will quickly agree that a Tyrannosaurus Rex would have made a dandy dragon in anyone's legend. Such a huge reptile thudding about the countryside of early Europe could certainly fit even the most dramatic descriptions of a dragon.

Now this is not to say that dinosaurs existed in anything approaching abundance. But even a handful of such ancient reptiles existing in isolated lakes and forested valleys would not have gone unnoticed, even in the sparsely populated Europe of 1500 B.C. The discovery of even just a few of these "monsters" would have given rise to a far-reaching legend.

Another theory, perhaps more palatable to the average reader, is that the ancient historians were actually describing huge snakes such as the python, which often reaches a length of more than thirty feet.

A number of dragon stories bequeathed to us from the Middle Ages tell how the dragon wound himself about his prey and slowly crushed it. This, of course, fits precisely the *modus operandi* of the python or the boa constrictor.

Their theory does not, however, account for the dragon's feet or his ability to walk on all fours.

Some species of giant lizards would fit this description and satisfy many theorists. There is the great lizard known as the Komodo dragon that attains a length of ten and twelve feet, but it resides in the East Indies. St. George and his fellow dragon-killers would have had quite a time venturing to the tropics at that point in Western history. In fact, fighting a dragon would probably have been much less of an ordeal than that of making the trip.

If, however, such a species of lizard once existed in Europe—as indeed it might have a few million years ago—and survived well into the Age of Man, this would nicely solve the mystery of the dragon myth.

A third theory, and a very believable one, has the adventurer of the Middle Ages coming upon a cave filled with the bones of the giant cave bear and mistaking them for the skeletal remains of a dragon. Workmen excavating earth for a cathedral might even have unearthed the fossil remains of a dinosaur. It was not until the nineteenth century that scientists realized that the age of fossil bones often ran into millions of years. Previously, the skeletons were considered to have been the remains of some giant creatures only recently dead.

If, at the time the dragon legend was flourishing in Europe, a discovery of fossil remains was unearthed or sighted in a cave, the find would seem to offer conclusive proof for the existence of dragons.

Let us theorize that some villagers unearth a cache of mammoth bones while digging a well. They instantly conclude that they have found the burial ground of the dragon. Where there are remains of one, there may be others—possibly alive!

The villagers must certainly have wondered how they could keep the huge beast from descending upon them and devouring them all? A sacrifice! The priests say such things are wrong, but sacrifices worked with the old gods!

They select a lovely young girl and tie her to a tree deep in the forest in an attempt to appease the dragon.

We can only feebly imagine her terror when, that night, wolves or bears come to end her struggles forever.

The next day, a party of the bravest men from the village venture into the forest to investigate. They were right! The "dragon" has come and devoured the maid!

A month passes. The sacrifice has worked. The beast does not come down into the village to prey upon them. The flesh of the young maid appeased it. If they continue to offer periodic sacrifice, perhaps this time a young calf or goat, the dragon will leave them alone.

It is very likely that the bones of the mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, and the giant cave bear were not that uncommon in early Europe. The tusk of the mammoth was often called for in the recipes of medieval love potions.

In the market place of the Austrian city of Klagenfurt, there is a statue of a giant killing a dragon. The dragon's head has quite obviously been modeled on the skull of a woolly rhinoceros.

The connection can be proven by the fact that old records note the discovery of a "dragon's skull" in Klagenfurt in the sixteenth century, thirty years before the statue was constructed. The skull has been preserved these many years by the city fathers and can be identified today as that of the Ice Age rhinoceros.

Chapter Three

The Abominable Snowman and Wildmen Around the World

Descriptions given by eyewitnesses to abominable snowman activity throughout the world are so similar that we could put out a police bulletin on the creature. If we did it would read something very much like this:

> WANTED: Information leading to the apprehension of the abominable snowman, more commonly known in the United States as sasquatch, bigfoot, wauk-wauk, or saskehavis. Suspect is believed to be a two-footed mammal closely related to Homo sapiens and the ape family. Suspect is wanted for interrogation or examination relative to determining its position in the evolutionary scale.
>
> DESCRIPTION: General appearance is more primitive than that of Neanderthal Man. Height: six to nine feet. Weight: four hundred to one thousand pounds. Complexion: very ruddy, dark. Eyes: black. Suspect was last seen wearing dark fur from one to four inches in length over its entire body. Palms of suspect's hands, soles of its feet, eyelids, nose, upper facial area are free of hair. Suspect wears no beard, but hair on the head is worn extremely long. Suspect is most commonly seen in the more wooded, mountainous, and remote regions of California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Canada, Alaska, South America, Australia, Africa, and Caucasus Mountains and the Himalayan mountain range.

CAUTION: Suspect avoids contact with humans and may become violent if attacked, cornered, or surprised.

Villagers of the Caucasus Mountains have legends of the apeman going back for centuries. The same may be said of the Tibetans living on the slopes of Mt. Everest.

In 1913, a Moscow scientist, Dr. V.A. Khakhlov, presented a detailed report on the wild, humanlike creatures that inhabited remote areas of eastern Asia. Khakhlov's research material was filed away where it would not attract undue attention, and the doctor was censured by his colleagues and denied additional research funds.

Censuring a scientist, however, does not do away with physical evidence, and it does absolutely nothing to prevent that evidence from going about its own business.

In 1920, the term "abominable snowman" was coined through a mistranslation of the Tibetan word for the mysterious monster. For the next two decades, reports of the creatures were common, but it was not until the close of the Second World War and the renewed interest in climbing Mt. Everest that world attention was focused on the phenomenon of the unexplained, humanlike, bare footprints that were being found at impossible heights and temperatures. The Himalayan activity reached a kind of climax in 1960 when Sir Edmund Hillary, conqueror of Mt. Everest, led an expedition in search of the elusive yeti. Hillary returned with nothing but a fur hat that had been fashioned in imitation of the yeti's crest.

Although reports of the Bigfoot are to be found in American frontier journals and early regional newspapers, especially in the northwestern states and Canadian provinces, attention was not really called to the Sasquatch accounts in North America until the late 1950s. Road building crews in the unmapped wilderness of the Bluff Creek area north of Eureka, California, began to report sightings and even to complain that the giants were tossing their oil drums and small machinery about at night. Loggers on cleanup duty were next to discover the tracks and droppings of the mysterious creatures. Then, after hunters, hikers, and tourists began to testify to the presence of something big and strange in the California forests, area residents at last came forward with a seemingly endless

number of stories about the shrill-squealing, seven-foot giant they had come to regard as a part of their existence.

With increased leisure time and an unprecedented emphasis on recreation, more and more campers, fishermen, bird watchers, hunters, and hikers came to discover nature in the beauty of the Cascades. An astonishing number of them also discovered Bigfoot. The *San Francisco Chronicle*; the Rureka, California, *Humboldt Times*; the Portland, Oregon, *Oregon Journal*; The Longview, Washington, *Times*; and the Agassiz-Harrison *Advance*, in British Columbia, along with other newspapers in the heart of sasquatch country, found themselves with an abundance of copy reporting new sightings and encounters with the giant beings.

In North America, the greatest number of sightings have come from the Fraser River Valley, the Strait of Georgia and Vancouver Island, British Columbia; the "Ape Canyon" region near Mt. St. Helens in the southwestern Washington; the Three Sisters Wilderness west of Bend, Oregon; and the area around the Hoopa Valley Indian Reservation, especially the Bluff Creek watershed, northeast of Eureka, California. The most bizarre reports have come from a valley situated at the confluence of the Liard and South Nahanni rivers at the south end of the Mackenzie Range in the Canadian Northwest Territories. In this grim valley, the unsolved murders of more than a dozen trappers and miners have been blamed on the Sasquatch.

Is it really possible for such giant creatures to exist without being fully credited and catalogued by orthodox scientists?

In recent decades we have witnessed the official "discovery" of a number of large animals, previously unrecognized by the authorities, although well known to the natives of the locales that were the creatures' natural habitat.

European scientists did not accept the existence of the gigantic carnivorous brown bear until 1898, although hunters in Kamchatka, Manchuria, and Sakhalin had long been telling excited stories about the animal.

The largest land animal—next to the African elephant—is the white rhinoceros, yet science did not officially acknowledge its existence until 1900.

The largest of the apes, the mountain gorilla, was not accepted into the ranks of bona fide creatures until 1901, “although silly native superstitions” about the powerful “giant monkeys” had been circulating for decades.

The dragons of Komodo Island, Indonesia, were considered the denizens of a strangely romantic myth conjured up by the islanders. It was not until 1912 that zoologists credited the existence of what proved to be the largest lizards on earth.

Inhabitants of Rhodesia used to regale hunters with tales of a bizarre beast of prey that was half-leopard and half-hyena. Scientists laughed at such wild stories—until 1912 when the “royal hepard” was “officially discovered.” Ironically, the British zoologist who described the unusual animal wondered how such a large animal, and one so distinct from other species, could have remained “unknown” for so long.

And since at this point no one is quite certain whether the sasquatch is animal or human, it is rather sobering to recall that no Westerner set eyes on the Pi Tong Luang people of northern Thailand until the late 1930s. Now, of course, the Pi Tong Luang people are not a new species that suddenly emerged from the Thailand jungles. All humankind belongs to the species *Homo sapiens*, and all races can intermit and produce fertile offspring. However, it is quite incredible that a people as numerous as the Pi Tong Luang were completely unknown until just a few decades ago.

Physical anthropologists have been especially fascinated by the Pi Tong Luang. A handsome people, they seem to be related to the Mongolians, but do not possess the distinctive Mongolian eyelid fold. This has led anthropologists to wonder if the fold may not be a recent evolutionary development of the Mongolian people.

The lips of the Pi Tong Luang are thick, the nose and teeth large and regular. The males have skulls with heavy orbital ridges and sharply receding foreheads, somewhat like those of the Australian aborigines. The women are described as quite pretty and childlike in physical appearance.

The Pi Tong Luang are primitive people. They possess no weapons, speak only in monosyllabic spurts, and live in small, nomadic family groups. They take great pains to avoid contact with other humans and seem concerned only with the fundamentals of survival.

It certainly did not matter to them that their existence was denied and they were relegated to the misty corridors of folk myth. It may well be that the abominable snowman might feel as unconcerned if it were aware of the controversy surrounding its existence.

Let us review an episode in the history of California, the very state where so much ABSM (abominable snowman) activity is being reported.

In 1872, the last small band of Yahi Indians gave up their fight against the ever-increasing numbers of white settlers. They did not surrender, however. Instead, they simply disappeared into a very small valley on the slopes of Mt. Lassen.

There, forgotten by the ranchers, who probably concluded that the Yahis had been annihilated, the little community dwelt in peace for twelve years. Then, in 1884, the continuous loss of hunting land forced the Yahis to raid the ranchers' cabins in search of food. Amazing as it may seem, during a decade of continuous nocturnal raiding, the Indians were seen only once!

In 1894, the last five surviving members of the Yahi tribe made their home on two pieces of land half a mile wide and three miles long. Their permanent camp and their presence remained undiscovered for fifteen years. Although they were living in an area that was becoming increasingly heavily populated, no outsider set eyes on them until some surveyors happened on their camp.

In 1911, when the last surviving Yahi walked into a small California town to "surrender," it was determined that Ishi, as he was known, had lived on the fringe of civilization for thirty-nine years. In the four decades since the cessation of their war with the United States, the Yahis had been seen on only two occasions! Yet Ishi and his people had kept permanent camps, had made daily use of fires, had foraged and raided among the white community and had even conducted elaborate cremation rituals for their dead.

By contrast, the ABSM seems to require no permanent home or camp, as yet has not mastered fire and has virtually unlimited area in which to roam; yet this hairy being has been frequently seen and reported.

A simple question arises out of all this. If the Sasquatch really exists, why is there so little physical evidence? Why haven't we found skulls and skeletons?

Any accomplished hunter will tell you that Mother Nature keeps a clean house. If you have spent any time in the forests, consider whether you

have ever found the carcass of a dead animal? Unless you have just shot it, you must answer "never." Even the bones, antlers, and hooves of the largest forest creatures are soon eaten or scattered by the forest scavengers. At the risk of becoming a bit morbid, there is nothing inherently sacrosanct about human bones, either, and if it were not for long-held customs involving rites of burial, there would be few human remains lying about to prove the existence of our species.

Ivan T. Sanderson suggests that if the Sasquatch, yeti, et al., are members of a subhuman race, they may gather up their dead for burial in special caves. Dr. Jeanne-Marie-Therese Koffman, a Russian hunter of the abominable snowman, is another who has suggested that the creatures may bury their dead in secret places. It may be, Dr. Koffman theorizes, that they throw the corpses of the deceased into the rushing water of mountain rivers or into the abysses of rocky caverns.

Then, too, it is not unusual for certain of the higher animals to hide the bodies of their dead. Stories of the legendary "elephants' graveyard" are well known, and in Ceylon, the phrase "to find a dead monkey" is used to indicate an impossible task.

Then again, there are so many stories told by hunters who have seen the abominable snowman. Why hasn't one of the monsters ever been shot?

Actually there are a number of reports of individuals having shot Bigfoot, and you will find some of them in this book. But what one hears most often from hunters who have seen the Sasquatch is that they were unable to pull the trigger because they felt that they would be committing murder. In other words, to an experienced hunter the appearance of the abominable snowman is more human than animal.

Another simple question comes to mind. In almost all encounters with Bigfoot, the creature is later described as a male. While the female and young are rarely seen, they must exist in order for the creature to procreate and perpetuate itself as a species. More than likely, the female is more retiring than the male. It also probably protects its young, keeping them out of harm's way. This is not an uncommon phenomenon among various other animal groups.

The difficulty of attacking Bigfoot is nothing compared to the mauling that anyone who frightened such a huge creature would undoubtedly suffer. However, we find that in 99 percent of the cases in

which someone encountered a Bigfoot, it has been the giant that has turned tail first and beat a hasty retreat. They seem to fear humans, in spite of the fact that a Bigfoot with a heart condition could probably take on three or four sumo wrestlers without working up a sweat. Like any wild "animal," however, the Bigfoot has been known to attack when it has found itself cornered or surprised.

There are accounts that claim unwarranted attack by Sasquatch, and in certain remote areas people have blamed a sizable number of mysterious murders on it. One of the most convincing of these cases records the death of two mining-camp guards who were walking sentry duty by the Chetco River near the Oregon-California border in 1890. According to accounts published at the time, the men had been seized and slammed to death on the ground.

Aside from all the other questions about this creature, the most pressing must certainly be what it is. An examination of the Patterson-Gimlin film, taken of a Bigfoot in the 1960s, and an evaluation of hundreds of eyewitness reports enables one to say without fear of contradiction that the creature is neither apelike nor bearlike. Apes do not have buttocks or breasts, and these physical attributes, especially the buttocks, have been noted by eyewitnesses in dozens of cases. The buttocks are clearly discernible in photographs taken at Eureka Creek. Bears, of course, do not have buttocks either, and neither bears not apes leave flatfooted "human" footprints.

In an issue of *Argosy* magazine, science editor Ivan T. Sanderson asked three well-known, eminently qualified scientists to give their opinions and interpretations of exactly what was revealed in the Patterson-Gimlin film, which showed Bigfoot in motion.

Dr. John R. Napier, director of the Primate Biology Program of the Smithsonian Institution, commented that he saw nothing in the Patterson-Gimlin filmstrip that pointed conclusively to a hoax. Dr. Napier did express some reservations about the exaggerated, fluid motion of the Bigfoot in the film. He also said that he thought the Bigfoot, in spite of its pendulous breasts, was a male because of the crest on its head. According to Dr. Napier, such crests occur only in male primates.

Dr. Joseph Wraight, chief geographer for the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, discussed the land bridge between the Siberia and Alaska

that probably has existed a number of times in the past million years. Dr. Wraight expressed his opinion that a Bigfoot migration from Asia would have been possible at a time when the climate of the bridge area was relatively mild.

Dr. Osman Hill, director of Yerkes Region Primate Research Center at Emory University, said that the Bigfoot in the filmstrip was hominid (humanlike) rather a pongid (apelike). Dr. Hill stated that his opinion did not eliminate the possibility of a trick, but that if the film was a hoax, the creature in it had been incredibly well done. Whatever was shown on the film, Dr. Hill insisted, should certainly stimulate the formation of a serious scientific expedition to the region to seek out really substantial evidence to validate the testimony of the filmstrip.

In the *Argosy* article, Sanderson theorized that the Bigfoot could be a subhuman being, much like Java or Peking Man. The subhuman Sasquatch may have migrated over the Siberia-Alaska land bridge, just as the American Indian did. All of the northwestern Indian tribes contain numerous references to the Sasquatch in their folklore. It appears that although smaller, the more intelligent and better-armed Indians may have driven the hairy giants away from the coastal areas and into the mountains.

Prof. Boris Porshnev has come to the conclusion that the "wild men" in various parts of the globe are surviving members of the Neanderthal subspecies.

According to the reconstruction of Neanderthals and their world, based on ancient bones and cave deposits, they were about the same height as Homo sapiens with stooped shoulders and long arms. They were able to utter inarticulate sounds. They had not mastered fire but were no longer afraid of it and took advantage of accidental fires to warm themselves. They fed on roots, leaves, berries, and any small animals they were fortunate enough to catch.

If Neanderthals possessed any tools at all, they were probably of the most primitive digging and scraping sort. However, they were becoming rather adroit at throwing stones and sticks in self-defense against dangerous animals. All in all, except for the abominable snowman's much greater size, Neanderthal Man sounds a good deal like our own Bigfoot.

Although there are scientists who unashamedly confess interest in the enigma of the abominable snowman, most are not willing to commit

themselves fully, as either believers or disbelievers. At least a good number of them are willing to discuss the problem and to listen to the sober, intelligent people who have had personal experiences with the gigantic living mystery that inhabits the more remote areas of our world. And it is certainly time that scientists began emerging from their laboratories and moving out from behind their textbooks to take a sincere and penetrating look at the intriguing puzzle of our mysterious "wild men," for any day now some hunter, logger, forest ranger, road-construction worker or cowboy is going to bring the ultimate proof that abominable snowmen are real!

Snowmen and Yeti: Behind the Iron Curtain

Igor Tatsl, a Soviet mountain climber, told the *Moscow News Weekly* that, in August 1981, he and his fellow climbers saw an abominable snowman.

"We aim at friendly, spontaneous contact," Tatsl, a factory worker from Kiev was quoted as saying. "I don't think it is possible to capture the creature, but we hope to make friends with it."

Tatsl said that they had a plaster cast of an imprint of the creature's foot that they found on a tributary of the Pamiro-Alai range of Tadzhik in Soviet Central Asia.

In August of 1980, Tatsl reported, fellow climber Nina Grineva saw a yeti during a night vigil. Several other members of their expedition also had eyewitness sightings.

In Tatsl's opinion: "We can suppose that these beings are close to us in their level of development; they may even be our closest relatives. Secondly, their senses are more highly developed than ours, and it may be that they sense danger in our intentions. When we carry cameras, flashes, or other equipment, they always prove useless."

Tatsl reminded readers of the *News Weekly* that he and his friends were not alone in their efforts to communicate with the abominable snowman. The Soviets had sponsored serious efforts to track down and to approach the yeti for more than twenty years. Although each Soviet province may have its own name for the mysterious giant of the mountains —in Dagestan, *kaptar*; in Azerbaijan, *mesheadam*; in Georgia, *tkys-katsi;* while Chechens, Ingushes, Kabardins, and Balkars call it the *almasti*—each startled eyewitness seems to be describing the same strange beast.

For centuries there has been popular belief among the people of the Caucasus that the mountains are inhabited by gigantic evil spirits called shaitans. According to legend, these restless mountain spirits dared attempt to climb into heaven at some period in prehistory, for which Allah has condemned them to wander the remote mountain passes forever.

The legend says that if true believers should encounter one of these terrible spirits, they would do well to make a quick and cautious retreat lest they anger the *shaitan* into taking revenge upon them and delivering misfortune unto their household. If the creature should request food, the true believer should satisfy the demand and circumvent the spirit's wrath.

The mountain dwellers of the Caucasus still repeat this legend to their children. Actually, the legend contains a good deal of very practical advice, for, it seems, the villagers do occasionally encounter *shaitans*, or gigantic hairy creatures, which certainly resemble terrible and tormented evil spirits.

In the spring of 1966, a man named Didanov, who was highly respected in his village, told Dr. Jeanne-Marie-Therese-Koffman of his experience with such a creature.

Didanov had traveled to the mountain pastures and had received an invitation to have supper and to spend the night at the shepherds' encampment. The traveler had difficulty sleeping because of the restlessness of the man lying next to him. Didanov had just rolled over when he saw a large hand parting the flaps of the tent.

Startled, the man watched a strange, hairy "animal" stick his head inside the tent, peer about, then withdraw. Didanov awoke his host and described what he had seen.

The shepherd advised Didanov to "pay no attention" to the strange beast. "If you come around here more often," he said, "you'll see more than that. That's an *almasti*."

Soon the shepherd had dozed off again, but Didanov reported that he could not sleep. According to the terrified traveler (translation in *Sputnik* from the magazine *Nauka I Religiya*): "The tent flaps parted again and the thing entered. I screwed up my eyes, feigned sleep, but kept watching even though I was scared stiff. After a wary look at us, the thing squatted beside the pots of food. Lifting the lids, it began to eat, gulping the food and

glancing our way constantly to see if we were asleep. Then it stood up, silently replaced the lids on both pots, and walked to a peg on one wall.

Removing a bridle from the peg, it inspected it carefully, returning it to its place and slipped out of the tent."

Didanov stated that he did not move from his sleeping place until dawn. At that time, he summoned his courage and inspected the food pots. There was no question that the nightmarish creature had not been a product of a troubled dream. The food supply had dwindled as a result of the beast's visit.

Aubekir Bekanov, a Kabardin villager, told Russian journalists that he had been returning from a late movie when he had spied a shadowy figure standing near a fence.

"I turned on my flashlight and found myself face-to-face with a hairy, manlike creature," Bvekanov said. "I could only stand there rooted to the ground staring at the monstrous thing. It, in turn, stood there and stared at me. We were both immobile."

When Bekanov finally made a movement, the almasti jumped the fence in one leap and disappeared into a grove of cherry trees.

The next morning two young girls had their feast of cherries interrupted by a glimpse of a massive, hairy arm shaking the trunk of a tree near them. Later that same day three other villagers saw the creature among the cherry trees, and by the time the *almasti* chose to quit the village of Kabardin, nine people had seen his dark, hairy bulk.

In July 1957, Professor V. K. Leontiev came across a series of very strange tracks while he was following the trail of a leopard in the territory called the Gagan Sanctuary.

That night, as he was preparing camp, he was startled by a loud, shrill cry. Professor Leontiev, a wildlife conservationist, immediately realized that no animal or bird in the area could have made that sound. He was equally convinced that the cry had been that of a human being.

The next night, as he was making his campfire, Professor Leontiev caught sight of something moving on a snowfield. The creature was about one hundred and seventy yards away from him and was going in the opposite direction. Professor Leontiev recognized the beast at once as the *kaptar* that the local inhabitants had often described. The *kaptar* was

walking erect and stood about seven feet tall. Its body was covered with long, dark hair.

Professor Leontiev leveled his rifle at the creature and took a shot at it. The *kaptar* was out of range, however, and the sound of the rifle caused it to scramble up to the high rocks.

Professor Leontiev claimed to have the giant of the mountains in view for five to seven minutes. He described shoulders of unusual width, a massive head and a generally humanlike appearance.

For one fleeting second the wildlife expert had had a look at the creature's face as it turned at the sound of his rifle shot. Its physiognomy was elongated and animal-like. Professor Leontiev compared the "wild man" to an extremely tall, massively built, wide-shouldered man with a shaggy growth of beard on his face and long hair all over the rest of his body.

In 1964, Professor Boris Porshenev excavated the grave of a female *almasti* in the Caucasian village of Tkhina. In a carefully worded statement, Professor Porshenev said that the bones were those of a female creature and that preliminary investigation of the skeleton showed that its skeletal structure was different from *Homo sapiens*.

The story of the creature whose bones Professor Porshenev and his crew disinterred is an interesting one. It was about one hundred years ago that a man named Genaba returned to Tkhina with a bizarre gift from his friend Prince Achba. Prince Achba, a great sportsman, had caught a humanlike female being while hunting in the woods.

Genaba named the "wild woman" Zana and had constructed a special hut made of woven twigs and grasses for her. At first Genaba kept the creature guarded, but eventually Zana grew accustomed to people and was allowed to move about freely.

Genaba received Zana's full obedience, and he succeeded in domesticating her to some extent. He tutored her in the crafts of preparing firewood, carrying water, and toting sacks of grain. Zana was of an enormous and powerful build and was capable of tremendous physical labor.

The description of Zana seemed to tally precisely with those given by villagers who have encountered the almasti. Her body was covered with thick black hair, and she refused to wear clothing of any kind. It was only

by exercising the greatest patience that Genaba was able to train Zana to wear a loincloth. No amount of schooling could teach Zana to talk, however. She seemed capable only of mumbling and squealing.

Cleanliness was not a problem with the "wild woman." One of her favorite pastimes was daily bathing in the spring that still bears her name. Winter or summer, Zana could be seen at her daily ritual of washing herself in the icy water.

Zana also enjoyed gathering rocks and attempting to chip them. When the creature had finished her regular duties on Genaba's estate, she would scurry to her rocks and spend countless hours arranging them into piles and trying to chip them in a manner that seemed to have some significance for her.

Ancient residents of the village maintain that while in captivity Zana gave birth to five children.

The implications of Zana's having bred with men of the village, if true, are really quite staggering. Because two species do not generally mate, if Zana did conceive with human males, then she probably was not an ape.

Of course the matter of Zana's children may only be legend, an added bit of fantasy to make the tale even more remarkable as it was told and retold through decades of long, cold Caucasus winters. However, there are other reports of half-bred almastis.

A professor Rinchen, an anthropologist, claims to have heard that one of the half-bred children was allowed to become a pupil in a lamasery and went on to become a scholar of reputation.

According to the villagers of Tkhina, Zana's children had a different destiny: four of the children died before their mother, and the fifth answered the shrill call of his mother's people and fled to the mountains.

Zana died in the 1880s and was mourned by the entire village of Tkhina. She had been a gentle creature, amiable in manner and devoted to her master Genaba. Her bones lay forgotten outside the village until the persistent Professor Porshenev unearthed them for examination.

The report of V. S. Karapetyan, a lieutenant colonel in the medical service of the Soviet army, indicates that an infantry battalion near Buinaksk captured a wild man and did not really know what to do with him. Dr. Karapetyan was summoned to examine the creature and give his medical opinion as to whether it was really some kind of strange, wild

creature, or if the infantry had apprehended some fantastically disguised spy.

Dr. Karapetyan was told the prisoner was kept in a cold shed because he sweated so profusely and seemed to become ill in a warm room. The subject in question was human in general shape, male, naked and covered with shaggy dark-brown hair.

According to Dr. Karapetyan's report: "The man stood absolutely straight with his arms hanging, and his height above average…He stood before me like a giant, his mighty chest thrust forward. His fingers were thick and strong, and exceptionally large…His eyes told me nothing. They were dull and empty—the eyes of an animal. And he seemed to me like an animal and nothing more."

Dr. Karapetyan told the authorities that their prisoner was no disguised person, but "…a wild man of some kind." The doctor returned to his unit and never heard of the strange prisoner again.

Dr. Jeanne-Marie-Therese Koffman is French by nationality, a surgeon by profession. During World War II, she volunteered for medical duty on the front lines and she became instructor of an Alpine airborne unit in the northern Caucasus. Dr. Koffman took part in many paratroop combat operations. In addition to her skills as a parachutist, she became adept as an expert motorcycle and automobile driver. She is a crack shot and can ride horseback with the daredevil abandon of a Comanche Indian. Dr. Koffman's reply to doubting Soviet scientists appeared in the magazine *Nauka I Religiya*:

"It is true that we do not yet possess serious material proofs that manlike creatures live in the Caucasus," she began after she had observed the literary amenities of complimentary salutation. "This means that our claims are built entirely on 'eyewitness' accounts. Do we have any reason to question them?

"You, and those who think like you, solve the problem very simply. All reports of wild men, whether they originate from Tibet, the Pamirs, North America or the Caucasus, are dismissed as false. Discussion is thus closed.

Dr. Koffman accuses the skeptics of having no unanimity among them, even for arriving at such an unsophisticated conclusion. Some of the orthodox thinkers suggest that hundreds of eyewitnesses freely lie out of the

“depravity inherent in human nature.” Others are convinced that all almasti sighters are “practical jokers,” glad of the chance to put one over on the scientists. Still other skeptics believe that all the witnesses are cowards who see monsters out of frights. Kinder critics regard those who see abominable snowmen as people afflicted with hallucinations. The harsher doubters consider the witnesses of almasti activity to be ignorant and superstitious dolts.

“Two years ago a well-known Moscow scientist whom I asked to at least look at my record of evidence, flatly refused to examine ‘old wives tales gathered in the marketplaces!’ Yet the file contained: (1) the record of a two-hour talk in one of the largest party district committees of Azerbaijan, signed by the second secretary of the committee. Dr. Kulieva, and a livestock specialist, Akhadov; (2) the report of militia Captain Belov; (3) an affidavit by Tairov, a research worker of the Academy of Sciences of the Azerbaijan S.S.R.; (4) the testimony of Dyakov, an officer (Georgia); (5) the testimony of Shtymov, a Kabardin, chief of faculty of pedagogics and psychology of the Pedagogical Institute of Kustanai; (6) the statement of Lieutenant-Colonel Karapetyan, of the medical corps, to the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R.; (7) the testimony of Kardanov, a Kabardin, a deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R.

“Finally, in what category shall we put Marshall of the Soviet Union Rybalko, Major-General Topilsky, head of the special branch of the army subunit Kolpashnikov, Professor Satunin, and Professor Baradin? What about Professor Khokhlov, who gave a description of the unknown creature back in 1941?”

Dr. Koffman denies that the “wild man” is merely a figure of Caucasian folklore or a product of willful deception. She agrees with Dr. Avdeyev that one can collect any number of rumors about anything, but she adds: “…people not only hear but they have the ability to evaluate what they hear. There is a method of ascertaining scientific truth by holding polls. A strictly worked-out system of compilation, analysis, comparative evaluation, verification and summarizing of information guarantees a definite trustworthiness of the data received….”

The energetic and persistent scientist admits that she herself had formerly considered the reports of “wild men” living in the Caucasus to be ridiculous. “It took a long time and hundreds of conversations before I

reached the conclusion, and later the conviction, that I was dealing with realities," Dr. Koffman stated.

Once she had become convinced of the reality of the almasti, Dr. Koffman says that she had to answer the questions: where, at what time, and in what manner should she conduct the search?

"I consider that this stage of the work has now been completed," she writes in her reply. "Today I can take a map, say of Kabarda, point to four comparatively restricted areas and say: 'A well-equipped group sent to that locality is sure to sight an *almasti* within a year at the very most.'"

Dr. Koffman assures her critics that she does not believe in the existence of goblins. "What is more," she stresses, "I don't 'believe' in the *almasti*. I possess sufficient data to simply say that he exists!"

"Wild Men" below the Equator

In July 1966, a Reuters News Service dispatch from Rio de Janeiro told of a mysterious race of primitive Indian giants, never seen by outsiders before, who were attacking other tribes in the Amazon jungle. Brazilian Air Force cadets returning from jungle-survival training on the sprawling Zingu National Indian Reservation told authorities that the men of the Caiapo nation were extremely fearful of the giants, who were killing hunters and peaceful villagers.

The Indians of the Mekranonti, Kaiabi, and Mundurucu tribes of the Caiapo nation showed the cadets the unusually large weapons that they had brought back from their battles with the giant jungle warriors. The size of the huge bows and stone axes that the Indians displayed indicated that their mysterious foes had to be at least seven feet tall.

According to the Reuters dispatch, Brazil's Indian Protection Service was organizing a thirty-nine-man expedition to investigate the reports of the massive, warlike Indians. The group was to be led by Francisco Meirelles, an experienced scout, who has been credited with having pacified the fierce Xavante Indians.

The vast reaches of the Amazon jungle seem to have sheltered numerous tribes of mysterious "primitive Indian giants" over the centuries. If these "Indians" should turn out to be abominable junglemen who have advanced to the cultural stage of primitive weaponry, it will assuredly take more than a Fransisco Meirelles to pacify them. Once again we see reports

of heretofore undiscovered primitive tribes of Indians inhabiting a portion of vast uncharted forests. And, just as in the Himalayas and the dense forests of Eureka, California, wild subhuman creatures can go undiscovered in the jungles of the Amazon.

In the mythology of the Guatemalan Indians the monster is known as *El Sisemite*. It is said to be taller than the tallest man and is described as being a cross between a man and a monkey. *El Sisemite* is believed to be strong enough to break down the biggest trees in the forest and to sprout hair thick enough to withstand a hunter's bullet.

The Indians accuse the male *El Sisemite* of having designs on their women and tell of numerous village females who have been carried off by the beast. Male Indians may be crushed and pummeled to death by *El Sisemite* if they are unlucky enough to encounter one of the male giants when it feels like a bit of fresh blood and sport.

It is also said the *El Sisemite* kidnaps children in the hope that they will teach it to speak in the privacy of its cave. The Indians also believe that the jungle giants envies their mastery of fire, for they have found much evidence to indicate that *El Sisemite* warms itself by deserted campfires.

In the dense jungle growth of the Matto Grosso, the natives fear the monstrous mapinguary, a beast so powerful that it kills oxen by pulling their tongues out. In his book *On the Track of Unknown Animals*, Dr. Bernard Heuvelmans publishes an account of the *mapinguary* that was sent to him by a correspondent, Senora Anna Isabel da Sal Leitao Texeira, who received it from a respected Brazilian writer.

In the account, the principal, Inocencio, is on an expedition to the Urubu watershed. He is led astray from the party when he pursues a group of black monkeys with the intention of shooting one.

Then, as it grows dark, Inocencio is surprised to hear what seems to be a man shouting—a horrible, deafening cry. There is the sound of heavy footsteps, as if a large animal is running toward him, then: "…a silhouette the size of a man in middle height appeared in the clearing…It remained where it stood, looking perhaps suspiciously at the place where I was."

When the creature roared again, Inocencio fired at it, and he was terrified to see the wounded monster charging toward him. Inocencio fired another bullet, and the *mapinguary* leaped behind a barricade of undergrowth and brush. The hunter took refuge in a tree and later observed

that, “the roars of the animal that attacked me that night were more terrible and deafening than a jaguar’s.”

Inocencio did not venture down from his perch until sun-up. He found blood splashed about the clearing, and he noticed a sour smell that seemed to permeate the entire area. His companions began firing shots so that he might find them, and Inocencio rejoined the expedition, convinced that he had had an encounter with the *mapinguary*.

Dr. Heuvelmans informs us that the jungle wild man is known as the *didi* in British Guiana and Venezuela. According to the Indians, the *didi* is a short, thickset and powerful creature that sounds like a human when it signals its fellows with its plaintive howl or whistle.

In 1931, during an expedition to British Guiana, Professor Nello Beccari, an Italian anthropologist, received an account of the *didi* from no less a personage than the British resident magistrate, who told of encountering two strange animals walking on their hind feet. The puzzling creatures had human features but were completely covered in reddish-brown fur. They retreated slowly back into the forest, never once taking their eyes off the magistrate, who stood, baffled, on the narrow trail.

Miegam, the guide for the Italian expedition, told of his own experience with the *didi* in 1918 when he had been traveling up the Berbice with three other men. A bit beyond Mambaca they spotted two men on the riverbank and called to them to ask if the fishing was good. The fishermen appeared startled by the men in the boats and slunk away into the forest. When Miegam and his party landed to investigate the strange behavior of the men on the bank, they were startled to find that the footprints in the sand resembled the tracks of apes more than the footprints of men.

In Africa, according to monster-hunter Ivan T. Sanderson, abominable Snowman-type creatures have been reported in three areas: the southern face of the Guinea Masif; the east side of the Conga Basin; and the eastern escarpment of Tanganyika.

The *ufiti* of Nyasaland is considered by game experts to be some new subspecies of giant chimpanzee. Although the *ufiti* has been seen by many hunters, conservation officers, and untold thousands of native residents, no scientific expedition has, as yet, ever captured one. Most eyewitnesses affirm that the *ufiti* stands nearly six feet tall and weighs approximately

three hundred pounds. The consensus is that the creature is definitely more human than chimpanzee.

The *ufiti* seems shy and nonaggressive, but tales of the tano giant that hides away in the primeval forests of the Upper Tano in the Gold Coast are truly terrifying. The tano giant is described by the natives as huge, white-skinned apeman who is covered with black hair. This veritable King Kong must be propitiated by the gifts of food left on the pathways to the villages, or it comes to loot and plunder the villages.

Each night fearful natives barricade themselves against the raids of the tano giant, and it is said that only fire can drive the creature away. Several tales have come out of the upper Tano that indicate that the male tano giant carries women away from the villages. There are also stories about monsters seizing children and eating their abdominal cavities.

Several explorers accept the existence of the *muhalu* of the rain forest as much as they accept the existence of the African lion. The *muhalu* walks erect and is covered with dark fur, except for the face. It is of exceptionally large size, and the natives regard the creature with such awe that it is said that a mere glance of the *muhalu* can kill.

We have seen a number of mysterious deaths that have been blamed on the abominable forest and mountain creatures in various parts of the world. At the same time, recent research indicates that the chimpanzees may hurl sticks and stones at their enemies and do, on occasion, employ primitive tools. The search for Bigfoot may suddenly become a rather dangerous one if zoologists and anthropologists must spend much time dodging rocks and sidestepping pitfalls.

The "down-under" apeman of Australia seems to have an unusually long nose, similar, perhaps, to that of the proboscis monkey. On April 4, 1968, Mrs. Mabel Walsh, a Lindfield, Australia, housewife, reported a strange monster in Narrabeen Lakes.

"Call me a nut if you like, but there's a strange creature in Narrabeen Lakes," Mrs. Walsh told newsmen. "I saw it on Wednesday about 1:15 p.m. It walked out of the lake and ambled into the scrub."

Mrs. Walsh described the beast as below the height of an average-sized adult human male, "with dark grey, tough, leathery skin." According to the fifty-year-old mother of six children, the creature walked on thick hind legs and had a long snout, or nose.

“I know I’ll be criticized,” Mrs. Walsh, a church worker who was at the time helping to organize the Billy Graham crusade, admitted to the press. “But I’m a Christian and I can take it. I saw that creature. Call me a nut, but I saw it. I’m sure I saw it.”

Mrs. Walsh had been driving with her nephew when she spotted the thing. “I was doing forty-five miles per hour along the Wakehurst Parkway beside Narrabeen Lakes when we saw the thing. We both said at once, ‘Look at that!’ and pointed to the creature. It was standing with its feet in shallow water. It ambled out and ran into the scrub. It had a strange, shuffling walk, but it was quite fast.

“It shocked me,” said the woman. “It was a peculiar-looking thing. I’ve never seen anything like it. We only saw it for a few seconds. If I had been alone, I would have thought I was seeing things, but John saw it, too.”

Mrs. Walsh stopped the car, but she had to wait for traffic to pass before she could back up. By that time, the thing had gone.

“I didn’t have time to call anyone and check on it,” Mrs. Walsh explained. “We were in a hurry. I had to get John to the airport and go home for tea before going to gemology classes.”

The Australian housewife told reporters that she had not noticed a tail or ears, but she had seen that the creature had small eyes and smaller front legs or arms. The creature’s trunk was rigid, squared off at the end and stuck down and out at an angle.

Is it possible that we might have to add an Australian abominable waterman to our charts?

Mystery Monsters across North America

In the summer of 1964, seventeen-year-old Christine Van Acker, of Monroe, Michigan, scored a first in the annals of sasquatchery when she claimed that she had been given a black eye by a hairy, seven-foot-tall, four-hundred-pound monster. According to the attractive Miss Van Acker, who permitted press photographers to release pictures of her bruised face, the massive brute jumped into the highway and reached through an open car window to grab her by the hair.

After the creature was reported to have grabbed another young woman, a crowd of over one thousand went monster hunting on August 17, in spite of wet, unpleasant weather.

Fifteen residents of the area claimed personal encounters with the hairy giant, and their accounts of the grunting, leering, grasping beast had whipped excitement to a frenzy. Armed with rifles, shotguns, and clubs, crowds gathered in such numbers along local roads that nightmarish traffic jams were created. In view of all the shouting, stomping about, and careless discharging of firearms, it is not surprising that none of the monster hunts captured as much as a glimpse of the elusive forest colossus.

Somehow the abominable snowman seems easier to accept if he stalks the rocks and hills of the Himalayas and remote sections of California, Oregon, and Canada. However, when people begin reporting having seen him moving through the pines of Michigan and Minnesota and the cornfields of Iowa, the skeptics really begin to get nervous. And so should everyone else. These giant creatures are, however, nothing new to residents of the midwestern states.

The Ozarks have had their share of monster reports since before the Civil War. In his book *Ozark Country*, Otto Earnest Rayburn writes of the "giant of the hills," which was seen many times in the black hills of Saline County during the years following the Civil War. Rayburn describes the "wild man" as standing seven feet tall. "He was of the white race, wore no clothing, and his body was covered with long, thick hair. He made his home in caves, for the most part, but at times was seen in the canebrakes along the Saline River."

Rayburn writes that the creature was never known to have harmed anyone, but that it was feared and shunned by all settlers. Finally it was decided that the wild thing should be captured, and a party of volunteers was organized for the hunt. With a pack of deerhounds the men tracked the giant to a cave and lassoed it.

According to Rayburn: "When the lariat noose fell over his shoulders, he emitted a strange sound like that of a trapped animal. He was taken to Benton (Missouri) and lodged in the town jail—a small building made of logs. He immediately tore from his body the clothing provided by his captors and escaped from the flimsy jail, only to be recaptured, this time in the canebrakes."

The naked giant wanted nothing to do with clothing, jail, civilization or anything else that might confine it in any way. Its recapture must have

been of brief duration, for the account states that the giant of the hills was never seen in that part of the Ozarks again.

Rayburn tells us that the young man who had led the first hunt to the giant's cave was determined to track the monster down. He rushed back to his parent's home as soon as he had word of the creature's escape. As he grabbed his gun and set out on the trail of the giant footprints, he told his mother: "Don't look for me till you see me comin'; it may be a day, it may be a year."

"These tracks were fourteen inches long and four feet apart," Rayburn writes. "According to the story, the young man followed the tracks successfully across south Arkansas and into Texas. Along the way he met nine men who had discovered the big tracks and were following them. In their company, he traveled across the Lone Star State….

"It was almost a year before he returned home with his disappointing news that not one of the trailing party had caught a glimpse of the giant… although they did find several persons who claimed they had seen him, always traveling in the darkness of night."

The giant of the hills, it seems, was never accused of being anything other than a "wild man"—a recluse, a hermit, who had reverted to a more primitive way of life. It is interesting to note that the monster was declared "of white race." Apparently, those who caught it never even considered that the giant might have been an animal.

It is perhaps even more unusual that the giant was not classified as a Native American, for the West and Midwest have long had a good crop of folktales about a tribe of huge redmen that inhabited the plains and mountains before the arrival of the settlers. Another group of legends insists that a small number of these towering primitives have survived and may still be occasionally glimpsed by the hunters and fishermen who venture into remote areas. The relatively hairless body and beardless chin of the male American Indian would render him immune to charges of being a "hairy" giant.

Historically, a good many such tales have come from Minnesota, and it would seem that there has been at least some small amount of evidence to substantiate the following accounts.

In the last century, when two brothers at Dresbach removed some large Indian mounds from their property, they found "bones of men over

eight feet tall" (*Minnesota Geological Survey, Vol. 1*)

Mounds opened seven miles southwest of Chatfield on Jordan Creek produced six skeletons of "men of enormous size" (*aborigines of Minnesota*).

The St. Paul *Pioneer Press* for June 29, 1888, tells of the opening of a mound near Clearwater, which contained the skeletal remains of several humans "seven to eight feet tall." The *Pioneer Press* added this bit of editorial comment: "The skulls had receding foreheads and teeth were double all the way around, not like those of the present race of men."

Records for the area indicate that skeletal remains of people "who must have been over seven feet tall" were found in the Moose Island Lake region.

aborigines of Minnesota describes the opening of the largest mound in the state, Grand Mound in Itasca County, and mentions the unearthing of "large skulls and bones." The McKinstry Mounds, located near Grand Mound, produced about one hundred skeletons, "some of men over ten feet tall."

From time to time, stories about these forest giants, whether they be colossal Indians of sasquatch-type creatures, are told by people who have had rather frightening encounters with them.

In a letter to the author, a young scoutmaster told of having seen a humanlike creature of enormous size while canoeing with a group of Boy Scouts on Mantrap Lake in northern Minnesota.

"The thing came out of the woods and walked to the edge of the lake," writes E.G. (initials used at his request to protect anonymity.) "It glanced up at us and the boys became frightened that it might charge us. It was a monster! It had to be fully seven feet tall and broader at the shoulders than any pro football player. It was covered with long, black hair and at first I thought that it must be some massive gorilla that had escaped from a zoo. The gorilla theory just doesn't work, however. This thing had buttocks, and its arms were in better proportion to its body than a gorilla's; that is, its arms were not so long.

"After the initial shock of seeing the incredible beast emerge from the forest, the boys seemed to relax a bit and to take it in the wonder of it all. Everyone had stopped paddling, as if the sound of paddle striking water might frighten the beast back into the woods.

"The creature stooped to suck up some water and it drank like a workhorse on a hot day. Every little while it would stop to glance up at us, then it would move its head back down to the lake's surface."

"When it had finished drinking, it just looked at us as stoically as a cigar-store Indian. Its features, although largely covered with hair, seemed definitely human, but yet I am certain that it was not a man. I mean, it was not a man such as we are. What was it?"

What was it indeed?

K.F. (initials used at his request to protect anonymity) keeps a bait shack in Bemidji, Minnesota. One night, as he tells it, "…I woke up to hear this god-awful ruckus in my minnow tank. My dogs were howling and barking like all Billy-hell. I snapped on my porch light and let out a yell. That's when I saw this big, black, hairy monster tear away from the minnow tank and head for the woods. I sure as hell am glad that I didn't get in its way. It would have plowed me under."

J.L. (initials used at his request to protect anonymity) has a duckblind near LaCrescent, Minnesota. In the fall of 1968 he and a friend had gone to the blind before dawn in order to get the drop on migrating ducks and geese. As it turned out, it was J.L. who received the biggest surprise of the day.

"My friend had gone back to the car to get his pocket warmer. As it is quite a walk from the road to where I have the blind, I was surprised to hear him come clomping back so soon. It sounded like he was trying to stomp in his footprints so hard the grass would never again grow where he walked.

"I poked my head out of the blind and yelled: 'Bill, you jughead, quiet down or you'll scare the damn ducks back to Canada!' Well, sir, I found myself looking right in the face of something that had to have come full dressed from an alcoholic's d.t.'s. It was black and hairy and big enough to take on the Green Bay Packers' defense. It had been looking for roots or something. When it stood up, it just didn't want to stop! I stand six-three and this thing left me staring at about the middle of its chest.

"I didn't know what it was, but I knew I was scared. The dad-blamed thing looked like King Kong. I don't really remember pulling the trigger of my shotgun, but I do know that I was not aiming at the creature. It just looked too manlike. I mean, it looked more like a man than an ape or something.

"I let out a scream and took off for the trees. Bill was coming running down to the blind and it took me four minutes and five cups of coffee before I could tell him what I had seen."

But the people of Minnesota are not the only residents of the central United States to report sightings of monsters. The Cagle brothers have given me permission to quote their experience with the qualification that they be referred to as "James and Bill Cagle of eastern Oklahoma." As James Cagle phrased it: "In Oklahoma we are pretty well known, and the people there know we speak only the truth and only the facts and that we are not people who imagine things or who are given to excessive use of alcoholic beverages or who suffer from any kind of mental conditions. When we say we saw the male species of the yeti not over twenty feet away from us, very plain and clear, then they will know these creatures do exist!"

> My brother and I saw the granddaddy of them all near Winona, Mississippi (Nov. 8, 1966), at about 1 a.m., and I never in my life saw such a terrifying sight. It was unbelievable, but for real. We were not drinking!
>
> It stood at least feet tall, weighing between 600-800 pounds. Maybe more. Its shoulders were very straight—at least 4 feet end to end. Its waist and hips were small…about 40-46-inch waist or thereabouts. It must have been a male.
>
> Its face was a cross between a gorilla's face and a man's face. Its chest was an easy 3 ft. thick. Its legs and arms were huge. It was fast, running in the dark.
>
> It was less than 20 feet from it with my pickup lights on it and the pickup barely moving at 7 or 8 m.p.h.
>
> I had topped over this rise on the U.S. Highway east of Winona. On my left I saw a movement in the pines. I hollered to Bill, my brother, who was in the cab with me, "Look ahead, Bill, there's a deer going to cross in front of us."
>
> Out of the small pines this creature came rushing up to the edge of the highway. It was vicious, horrible-looking. It stopped exactly at the edge of the asphalt or concrete and would not come on. Then it wheeled and ran very fast down the far ditch on my left, and

here it came again! (My pickup was barely moving. I couldn't believe what I was seeing!)

This time it was real close (too close), and was it ever looking us over! And vice versa! It was so huge and powerful; the thing could have easily smashed the cab of my pickup with one sweep of those powerful arms. Even 6 or 8 men couldn't handle it in hand-to-hand fighting. No .38 or .45 would stop this creature. Maybe a .30-06, I don't know. The best defense against the wild man, in case it should become vicious, would be for every outlaying farm or ranch to have 2 or 3 dogs around the place at all times. So far it appears to be curious about everything it doesn't understand. And as far as I know, it has done no harm. It might have caused a few serious wrecks of cars, though….

One point I wish to make clear is that they run and walk erect like a human. They are shaped like a man. But there is definitely some animal mixed in there. They [in his opinion] can see in the dark and they have sensitive ears. They hate noise, and they are afraid of people, mostly. But it should be considered extremely dangerous if it is cornered or surprised.

It will take a well-organized party to capture one. No ordinary cage would hold one. And the use of tranquilizing guns would be a must. Then a walkie-talkie call to a helicopter to bring the cage in to set over the creature while it is asleep.

I first heard of Bigfoot while I was a foreman on a construction job in northern California. I heard many stories from my men, but I considered them all ridiculous. I figured Bigfoot was due to someone drinking too much or someone letting his imagination run wild. I discarded the stories from my mind, never realizing that one day I was to see one less than 20 feet away from me in plain view. It looked powerful enough to break a grizzly bear's neck with ease, or whip 6 or 8 men in a rough and tumble fight.

Yes, I imagine my brother and I were looking a million dollars in the face. I imagine Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey would gladly pay that for a Bigfoot. For my part, they can keep their big money. I was only thankful to God that we got away from there as

fast as the ’61 [pickup] could go. I want no part of catching one of those things…now or never!

James Cagle included a drawing, which represented his impression of the gigantic specter that had rushed at their pickup on that night. Arrows pointed out such factors as, “Eyes did not seem to have pupils, only blood veins across them. They glowed in my headlights”; “No hair on face”; “Shoulders approx. 4 or 41/2 feet. End to end”; “Huge arms”; Chest approx. 3 ft. thick & very hairy”; “Small waist and hips”; “Big legs”; “Hair approx. 3 in. to 4 in. all over body but face—it has no beard.”

In the follow-up report, Cagle said: “…It definitely was not a huge bear, for I have seen plenty of them in my prospecting days in California, Utah, Wyoming and other western states.”

Cagle pointed out that a bear’s shoulders slope, while the creature that he and his brother had observed at such close range had had shoulders that were four feet straight across. He also emphasized that the Bigfoot had “run as a man does.” Its head, according to Cagle, was “sorta squarish” and “did not peak at top.” The giant’s eyes were ‘approximately the size of the bottoms of a large Coca-Cola bottle,” and they glowed in the pickup’s headlights.

The experienced woodsman, ex-prospector and foreman of outdoor construction crews again commented on the Bigfoot’s strange behavior toward the concrete highway. “I watched him come to a fast stop, look down very quickly. He would not put a foot on this strange material, which probably saved our lives! Quickly he wheeled around down into the far ditch, coming closer to us. Then with a shuffling gait, up to the road again. He was not so aggressive this time, more curious than anything. But again I watched his head look down to the asphalt or concrete, and he would not come any closer.

“Then slowly he raised his left hand, like the old Indians used to do in days long ago.”

“I had seen enough. I floor-boarded the old ’61 Chevy pick-up and if it had coughed and died, I guess I’d have left it there and set out running for all I could go. And ten to one my brother Bill would not have been far behind me!”

Earl Taylor reported to deputies in Knox County, Tennessee, that early in the evening of September 24, 1959, a hideous monster of some sort

peered through a front window of his house on Clapps Chapel Road in the northeast section of the county. Taylor told authorities that the colossus had fled when he ran to the door. He described the creature as having been "nearly ten feet tall" and huge in bulk (although "monsters" have a tendency to grow after nightfall).

Taylor, disturbed by the sighting and fearing for the safety of his two small children, persuaded a neighbor, John Rosenbaum, to sit with him under a tree in the yard to guard against the monster's return. Their vigil had not been in effect for too long a time when they heard two loud thumps on the Taylor automobile. As the two men ran to where the car was parked, they saw something run toward the woods.

Rosenbaum fired two shotgun blasts at the monster from a distance of about forty feet, but he could not say whether or not he had hit the huge, dark figure. "I don't think that thing was human," he said later. "It was too big and it moved too fast!"

Deputies stated that upon investigation they found two long scratches on the hood of the Taylor automobile. Taylor swore that the marks had not been there when he and his neighbors had polished the car earlier in the day.

In the winter of 1965, the occupants of several farm homes in Humbolt County, Iowa, complained of a "hideous-looking man" who made a nocturnal practice of leering in their windows. One woman described the visage of the prowler, which she saw clearly at the window as "horrible—he looked more like some huge gorilla than a man." New locks were fashioned for doors that usually went unlocked.

During the same winter, Iowa law-enforcement officers in Howard and Winneshiek Counties were receiving regular complaints of "bears" bothering livestock, chickens and garbage dumps in the late evening hours. No one ever saw a bear, but large tracks of some giant creature were discovered.

Oregon has been a scene of heavy Sasquatch activity for at least a century. The Native Americans told early settlers of the sasquatch, which, in their legends, stood as tall as ten feet and weighed nearly a thousand pounds. It did not take long for some settlers to discover that there was more than a kernel of truth to the Indian folktales.

An Oregon newspaper from the 1860s tells the story of the three Burgoine brothers, who mined copper near Grizzly Lake. It seems that one

of the brothers elected to stay the winter in their shack while the other two returned to town.

In the spring when the brothers returned to the cabin, they found that the third Burgoine had disappeared. The cabin itself looked as if it had been the scene of a grim struggle. In the debris, the Burgoines found their brother's diary. His last entry told of seeing strange, hairy monsters prowling outside the cabin.

The next winter, a second Burgoine decided to spend the winter in the cabin to see for himself if such giant "snowmen" did come out. By spring he, too, had disappeared.

Oregon's Ape Canyon derives its name from the story told by a group of miners who staggered into Kelso, Washington, in 1924 to tell of a frightening attack by a tribe of "hairy giants." According to Marion Smith, the leader of the mining crew, the deadly encounter had come in the middle of the night at a campsite on Mt. St. Helens. The miners shot one of the monsters and its body fell into the deep ravine that has come to be known as Ape's Canyon.

Late in October 1959, two boys, aged seventeen and twelve, told police in Rosenburg, Oregon, that they had seen a huge, hairy, "manlike" monster prowling through the woods near Ten-Mile, about fifteen miles southwest. The boys claimed that their sightings had taken place two days apart. On the occasion of their second sighting, the older boy had gotten off five shots from a .30 caliber rifle at a range of less than fifty yards. The boys told authorities that the beast had run off screaming. Investigating police officers found humanlike tracks, fourteen inches long. The prints showed five toes without claws.

On July 24, 1963, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Hennrich of Portland reported sighting a Sasquatch near the bank of the Lewis River where they had been fishing for trout in mid-stream.

Mrs. Hennrich told reporters that the thing was bigger than any human that she had ever seen. "The hair on the head hung around the shoulders like a cape," she stated.

Four days later a man and two women driving along the highway at Satus Pass saw a giant bigfoot cross the road in front of their automobile. Forest rangers in the area reported finding enormous five-toed footprints

sixteen to eighteen inches long and eight inches wide. “Whatever made these tracks,” a ranger said, “was taking four—to six-foot strides.”

California’s Bizarre Bigfoot

California is the home of the *oh-mah* and the Bigfoot. The gold-seeking Spanish conquistadors were the first to listen incredulously as the Californian Indians swore the *oh-mah* was a mean creature that disliked intruders in its forest realm.

The Spaniards listened patiently to the stories. Perhaps these brutal forest creatures were some type of guard for the legendary seven cities of gold. “Do these *oh-mah* have any riches?” they inquired, pointedly.

“They live like animals,” the Indians explained. “They are neither man nor animal. They have no fire. They wear no clothes.”

The Spaniards soon lost interest in the *oh-mah*.

California was a sparsely settled territory until gold was discovered in 1849 and a “get-rich-quick” fever gripped the world. By boat, wagon, mule, or on foot the “Forty-niners” poured into California’s glory gulches and panned for glistening nuggets.

Several of these pioneers were found mysteriously murdered in the remote forests. The Indians claimed the oh-mah was extracting a bitter vengeance for the invasion of its territory. The prospectors thought the Indians were responsible and retaliated.

The greatest number of these mysterious deaths occurred at a spot called Deadman’s Hole in San Diego County, California. The first victim of the monster of Deadman’s Hole was an unidentified prospector, whose corpse was found by a stagecoach driver in 1858. In 1888, a second mangled body was found in the same area.

The corpse of William Blair, a resident of the area, was found at Deadman’s Hole in 1922. An autopsy revealed that Blair’s throat had been crushed by extraordinarily large, strong fingers. Investigators found evidence indicating that Blair’s corpse had been dragged for a great distance after he had been strangled. It was obvious that whoever or whatever had murdered William Blair had been a giant of enormous physical strength.

That same year, the violated body of an Indian girl was discovered at Deadman’s Hole. The medical examiner said that it appeared that the same

powerful hands that had strangled William Blair had also crushed the life out of the girl.

Two sportsmen, Edward Dean and Charles Cox, went into the canyon on a hunting trip shortly after the death of the Indian girl. The sounds of something heavy crashing through the dense brush ahead of them alerted the men to the presence of what they thought was an exceptionally large bear.

After several minutes of pursuit, Cox got a good look at their prey. "Hey!" he shouted at Dean. "That's no bear we're chasing. That's a gorilla!"

Dean snorted, "Have you been pulling at that hip flask of yours? There aren't any gorillas in California!"

But then Dean, too, caught a glimpse of the beast. It walked erect on two legs and moved with a strange, bobbing gait. Whatever it might be, it certainly was not a bear.

When the hunters drew closer to the creature, it turned on them and began to charge at them. At first the men were too stunned by the monster's physical appearance to react. "Its face was not unlike that of an Indian's," Dean commented later. "Its hands and feet were of monstrous size, but they were definitely human-like."

Cox was the first to free himself from the terrifying spell of the advancing creature, and he shot it in the chest. Unfortunately, no records remain of the autopsy of the creature, and we shall never know if the monster of Deadman's Hole was a surviving Neanderthal man, a remnant of some lost Indian tribe, or some giant, misanthropic hermit. Nor is there any record of how or where the remains of the creature were buried. All that seems certain about the mysterious deaths at Deadman's Hole is that they ceased after the slaying of the monstrous man-thing in 1922.

ABSM sightings continued on a sporadic basis until August 1958, when a construction crew was building a road through the rugged wilderness near Bluff Creek, Humbolt County, California. One sunny morning the crew was startled to see giant, humanlike footprints in the ground around their equipment. The sixteen-inch prints revealed that their owner had a fifty-to sixty-inch stride.

"Which one of you fellows have been playing a joke?" a foreman inquired. Every member of the crew maintained a solemn innocence.

The nocturnal visitations continued for several days and then the prowler decided to test his strength. The crew awoke one morning to find that someone, or *something*, had picked up an eight-hundred-pound tire and wheel from an earth-moving machine and carried it several yards across the equipment compound. The construction workers also discovered that a three-hundred-pound steel drum of oil had been stolen from their camp, carried up a rocky mountain slope, and smashed into a deep canyon.

It would require several strong men to lift the loads carried by the prowling "bigfoot" that had visited the camp. Plaster casts were made of the giant footprints and, for once, the nation's newspapers treated the story seriously. The incident was brought to the attention of Ivan T. Sanderson, one of the world's foremost popular zoologists and a highly respected research scientist. Sanderson investigated the California case and published "The Strange Story of America's Abominable Snowman" in the December 1959, issue of *True* magazine.

People began to step forward and be counted, telling of the frightening encounters with hairy giants. Dozens of footprints were turned up in various sections of California. Two physicians swore that they had almost run over a hairy monster on Route 299 when the creature stepped in front of their speeding automobile. A woman and her two daughters reported sighting a similar creature on a slope above the Hoopa Valley.

The *Humboldt* (CA) *Times* assigned reporter Betty Allen to do a series of interviews with Yurok and Hoopa Indians. "So the white man has finally got around to the *oh-mah*," commented one Hoopa Indian.

An elderly member of the Yurok clan of the Kamath tribe told Mrs. Allen, "The bigfoot were quite numerous at one time. But they were run out of this country by the gold hunters in 1849."

Another elderly resident recalled that a mining camp on the Chetco River near the Oregon border had been the scene of ABSM prowlers in 1890. Large objects were tossed around at night, things were destroyed, machinery was overturned and the sleeping miners were awakened by the screeches and howls. A posse followed giant tracks into the woods, but lost the trail at a river. Everyone presumed the midnight marauder to be a prowling bear.

Then a man came running into the camp one afternoon. "There's a giant apeman out there," he gasped, breathlessly. "The thing has been

chasing me for miles!"

The concerned miners huddled to talk about the alleged monster. It was bad enough to live fifty miles back in the woods, endure poor cooking and work like a mule. Nobody was going to fight an apeman for the kind of wages that the company paid.

The foreman sensed a mutiny brewing. "Boys, I figure it's a bear. Let's set up a watch at night with a couple guys taking turns," he said soothingly. "We've got several shotguns so nothing can happen."

However, the guards were unprepared for the monster that appeared in the darkness. The night fog was still heavy along the Chetco River when two guards failed to appear for breakfast. Their dead bodies were discovered in a horribly gruesome condition. The miners looked with unconcealed horror at their mutilated companions.

"They've been smashed to pieces," snapped the foreman. "It looks as if something picked them up and repeatedly slammed them against the trees and on the ground."

There were scores of huge, sixteen-inch footprints pressed deep into the earth where the bodies were found. The angry miners formed another posse and vowed to track down the killer monster. They followed the tracks into the inner pockets of the Siskiyou Mountains and then lost the trail.

The Chetco story reminded an elderly resident of Kelso, Washington, about a similar experience at a logging camp in the Cascade Mountains. One morning in 1934, an alarmed group of loggers came rushing into the community and claimed that a howling band of huge, hairy apemen had invaded their camp. "We were no match for those beasts," swore one of the men. "They threw huge rocks and swung the enormous clubs." A posse returned to the camp and discovered that it had been destroyed by "something."

A fearful meeting with Bigfoot occurred in February 1962, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bud Jenkins, who lived approximately four miles from Fort Bragg, California. Robert Hatfield, a logger from Crescent City, was staying at the Jenkins home one night when he heard the Jenkins' dog yelping in fear.

Hatfield stepped outside and came face-to-face with a hairy monster with a humanlike face. "He had to be more than six feet tall because he was peering over a fence of that height," Hatfield said.

At first, Hatfield thought a giant bear had wandered into the yard. He dashed into the house and awakened Jenkins. The two men rushed back outside. There was no sign of the creature so they raced around the house in different directions. Hatfield rushed around a corner and collided with the creature. He was knocked to the ground, sprawling, and looked up into the strange face of the ABSM.

"Jenkins, it's not a bear," Hatfield screamed, scrambling to his feet. "Get inside the house. This thing is half-man, half-beast!"

They dashed into the house. The creature was just a few steps behind Hatfield, howling and pushing against the door. Both men pressed against the door with every ounce of strength but failed to close it.

Suddenly, the pressure on the door eased and Jenkins ran to get his rifle. When he returned, the frightening visitor had disappeared. The men had several huge footprints to corroborate their story, and a muddy handprint on the side of Jenkins house. Measurements of the handprints revealed it to be eleven inches across.

"I'll never forget the face that looked down at me after I ran into that thing," Hatfield informed newsmen. "It was almost black, with hair around the mouth and cheeks." He remembered two large black eyes and features that were near-human.

For several years, the residents of Tuolumne County, California, near the Yosemite National Forest, have made reports on the apeman in their vicinity. He is described as an enormous, ten-foot-tall creature with a six-to eight-foot stride.

Late in December 1963, Sheriff's Deputy Albert Miller discovered several awesome tracks in freshly fallen snow near a garbage dump. "Those were not bear tracks," Miller insisted to newsmen. "They measured sixteen inches by six inches wide and there was six to eight feet between each print."

Another report on the apeman came in January when a pilot was flying low over Pinecrest and saw a dark figure in the snow. He flew over the area again and reported that a "ten-foot man with apelike features" was standing in the snow. This report closely matched a sighting made one year earlier by a veteran bush pilot. He was flying near Pinecrest on an aerial snow survey for the Pacific Gas & Electric Company. Both the pilot and a utility employee saw an apelike creature standing in the snow. They banked

the plane to photograph the creature, but the beast became alarmed and disappeared into a dense thicket.

Gilroy Hall, a mechanic from Union City, California, has hunted the apeman for almost a dozen years. He and his wife once lived in a remote part of the Auburn district and frequently found giant footprints outside their cabin. These tracks triggered Hall's curiosity.

"Those prints were twelve to sixteen inches from heel to toe and up to six inches in width," Hall emphasized. "They were the footprints of a human, not a bear. He had a stride of twelve to fourteen feet and probably weighed eight hundred to one thousand pounds."

Despite his years of hunting, Hall has never seen his monstrous prey. "He took a one-thousand-pound beef and ate it from the inside out, leaving the ribcage and the hide," he reported.

The Indians of northwestern Canada have known about the Sasquatch for centuries and have included this variety of abominable snowman in several of their myths and legends. Many of the early explorers were startled by Indian tales of "giant, hairy men" who roamed in the forests. Even today, the Indians can frequently recite the genealogy of the Sasquatch, emphasizing that these giant creatures were once very numerous in Canada. "However, there are two tribes of giants. Their constant wars and battles have decreased their numbers," knowledgeable Indians insist.

Stories about Canada's Sasquatch have been cropping up since the 1850s, but it was only in this century that the beasts moved from the land of legend into the realm of reality. Sightings of these mysterious giants can be found in many of the diaries and journals laboriously recorded by the woodsmen and settlers of the Northwest Territories. However, the first detailed information On Canada's "wild monsters" appeared in the July 4, 1884, edition of the *Daily British Colonist*. An excerpt from the article follows:

> Yale, British Columbia, July 3, 1884
> Assisted by Mr. Costerton, the British Columbia Express Company's messenger, a number of gentlemen from Lytton and points east of that place, after considerable trouble and perilous climbing, captured a creature who may truly be called half-man and half-beast.

> "Jacko," as the creature has been called by his captors, is something of the gorilla type standing about 4 feet and 7 inches in height and weighing 127 pounds. He has long black hair and resembles a human being with one exception: his entire body, excepting his hands (or paws) and feet are covered with glossy hair and about one inch long. His forearm is much longer than a man's forearm, and he possesses extraordinary strength, as he will take hold of a stick and break it by wrenching or twisting it, which no man living could break in the same way.
>
> Since his capture he is very reticent, only occasionally uttering a noise which is half-bark and half-growl. His favorite food, so far, is berries, and he drinks fresh milk with relish. By advice of Dr. Hannington, raw meats have been withheld from Jacko, as the doctor thinks it would have a tendency to make him savage.

Following a rash of news stories after his capture, Jacko vanished. In 1959, an elderly resident of the area verified the old newspaper stories. He remembered that an apeman had been captured by the crewmen of the train. "But I forgot whatever happened to Jacko," he mused.

In 1901, Mike King, a legendary Canadian prospector and timber baron, was hunting along a creek on Vancouver Island when he came upon a Sasquatch washing roots in the stream. "The creature caught my scent on the wind and took off at a tremendous pace through the woods," King reported. The prospector had first thought the Sasquatch to be a brown bear. "I was looking down the barrel of my rifle when I saw there were human-like characteristics to the animal," King said. "I lowered the gun, boys, and could not shoot.

Years later, King recalled that the creature was covered with reddish-brown hair. "His arms were peculiarly long and he used them freely in climbing or parting the brush when he ran," King recollected. "His trail revealed a distinct human-like track, but the print was phenomenally long and the toes were spread."

A foggy mist had barely risen on the morning of March 8, 1907, when the steamer *Capilano* pulled in for a routine landing at Bishop's Cove. No sooner had the vessel touched dock when it was literally invaded by a

crowd of panic-stricken Indians who swarmed on board and babbled a horror story to the astonished captain, crew, and passengers.

"We want you to take us downriver," pleaded the wide-eyed Indian chieftain. "We want to go away from this place and never come back."

The incredulous captain did not know what to make of his frightened visitors. "Why, you'd be leaving your homes," he replied. "Look, you don't even have your things with you. You can't leave everything."

The Indians wailed with alarm. "If we remain, the wild men who prowl along the beach at night will get us," moaned the chief. "They are the giants of the forest, and their unearthly howls are signs of things to come."

The Indians claimed that a band of clam-digging Sasquatch had invaded their beaches. "They are night beasts," the chief declared. He stressed the danger of an unarmed Indian provoking a powerful Sasquatch. The steamer captain took the grateful Indians away from their settlement, and the government resettled them elsewhere.

Northwestern Canada contains several million acres of almost inaccessible woodlands that are a challenge to the hardiest of outdoorspeople. It is in these remote regions that the Sasquatch are apparently most numerous. In the fall of 1941, a Sasquatch made a rare visit to civilization, and even the most skeptical began to pay attention to the evidence.

Mrs. George Chapman and her five-year-old son Jimmy became the unwilling witnesses to a Sasquatch visitation. The Chapmans lived across the border from the tiny settlement of Ruby Creek, Washington. Mr. Chapman was employed on a railroad track gang. The eight-foot-tall creature clumped into the Chapman garden and pounded on a small lean-to adjoining the house. Frightened, the mother and son fled from the house and ran along the railroad tracks until they met the section gang.

George Chapman tried to calm his wife and child. He left them at the home of a relative and set out with his fellow workers to investigate the disturbance. The men carried rifles, because they were convinced that Mrs. Chapman had been frightened by a bear. "Bears'll come right into the house if they smell food," said an elderly man.

It would have required the largest bear in the world to make the tracks that were found around the Chapman residence. The prints measured sixteen inches in length and eight inches across at the widest point. In the

garden, the men discovered that the footprints had sunk more than two inches into the soft earth. The monster's stride was four to five feet. "My God! What kind of an animal was it?" exclaimed one of the railroad workers.

"I think we better call in the law," replied another. "These tracks look like they were made by something human."

The deputy sheriff who investigated the incident was an experienced woodsman, thoroughly familiar with bear tracks. "I am certainly satisfied that those tracks were not made by a bear," Deputy Sheriff Joe Dunn stated. During an examination of the Chapman property, the astonished lawman discovered that the creature had lifted a fifty-five gallon tub of fish, carried the container out a narrow door, then broke it open with its bare hands!

The experience at the Chapman residence triggered a rash of Sasquatch sightings. It appeared that the creatures were moving out of the forest. W.R. (initials used to conceal his identity), a trapper from Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, saw his first Sasquatch in October 1955. In a sworn statement he said:

> My first impression was a huge man six feet tall, almost three feet wide and probably weighing near three hundred pounds. It was covered from head to foot with dark brown, silver-tipped hair. But as it came closer I saw by its breasts that it was female.
>
> And yet, the torso was not curved like a female's. Its broad frame was straight from shoulder to hip. Its arms were much thicker than a man's and longer, reaching almost to the knees….
>
> It came to the edge of the bush I was hiding in, within twenty feet of me, and squatted down on its haunches. Reaching out its hands, it pulled the branches of bushes towards it and stripped the leaves with its teeth…I was close enough to see that its teeth were white and even.
>
> …As I watched this creature I wondered if some movie company was making a film in this place and that what I saw was an actor made up to look partly animal, partly human. But as I observed it more, I decided it would be impossible to fake such a specimen. Anyway, I learned later that there was no such company n the area. Nor, in fact, did anyone live up Mica mountain way….

He raised his rifle to his shoulder, then hesitated as so many others have when faced with the realization that the creature before them may not be an animal. But he had decided to shoot the female Sasquatch to obtain a specimen for scientific investigation."… I leveled my rifle," he stated. "The creature was still walking rapidly away, again turning to look in my direction. I lowered the rifle. Although I have called the creature 'it,' I felt that it was a human being, and I knew I would never forgive myself if I killed it.

"Whether this creature was a sasquatch I do not know," he concluded. "It will always remain a mystery to me unless another one is found."

Perhaps the most eerie Sasquatch tales are grouped around Canada's mysterious Nahanni Valley, located in the southern end of the Mackenzie Mountains. Hot sulfur springs keep the valley's two hundred fifty square miles verdant during the entire year, even though the Nahanni is situated above sixty degrees latitude.

The Indian tribes in the area have avoided the Nahanni since the time of their forefathers. Even today, the Indians will not follow fur-bearing animals into the valley's warm mists. To both the natives and the settlers who live near the Nahanni, the mysterious valley is known as "The Valley of Headless Men."

Too many prospectors and fur trappers are lured into the valley in search of fabled gold deposits and rich catches of furs and have been found with the flesh stripped from their bones and their heads missing. Often, search parties have found the deep indentations of giant, humanlike footprints around the decapitated skeletons.

A few bold trappers, who have managed to escape the valley's headhunters and return with valuable bundles of lush furs, have said that they would not enter the valley again under any circumstances.

"It's that damn mist," complained one fur trapper. "It swirls around a man all day long and pretty soon it starts to make you see things that you know—or you hope—cannot be there. My partner and I were just plain spooked by the time we left the Nahanni. We got so we had the feeling that something was watching us, spying on us, all the time.

“Hell, you can’t find an Indian who’ll go with you into the Nahanni,” he went on. “They say that the valley is filled with evil spirits. You know, I think they just may be right!”

Could it be that a tribe of Sasquatch has developed hostile attitudes toward outsiders? Or could it be that the sasquatch of the Nahanni have begun to collect the skulls of men for use in primitive religious ceremonies, just as Neanderthal man severed the skulls of the cave bear to use as totems? Whatever may be the reason and whatever or whoever may be responsible, more than a dozen prospectors and fur trappers are known to have been decapitated in the eerie mists of the Nahanni Valley. And although the giant footprints near the skeletal remains constitute only circumstantial evidence, it is evidence of a most uncomfortable sort.

Chapter Four

Curse of the Werewolf

In 1610, Pierre de Lancre, a noted judge of Bordeaux, France, visited the Monastery of the Cordeliers to personally investigate a werewolf, which had been confined to a cloister cell for seven years. The werewolf, Jean Grenier, had viciously attacked several victims. Eyewitnesses to these assaults swore that Grenier had been in the form of a wolf when he performed the attacks.

Lancre, in his *L'inconstance* (1612), describes Grenier as possessed of glittering, deep-set eyes, long, black fingernails and sharp, protruding teeth. According to the jurist, the wolfman walked on all fours with much greater ease than he could walk upright. Grenier freely confessed to having been a werewolf.

"I still crave human flesh," he told the astonished judge, "especially the flesh of little girls. I hope that it shall not be too long before I can once again savor this fine meat."

There is no known culture that does not have its werewolf, werefox, wereleopard, weretiger, or weresnake. Since the dawn of prehistory, warriors and hunters have adorned themselves in the skins of wild animals as part of their preparation for battle, hoping that the ferocity of the beast would magically rub off on them.

In the Middle Ages, huge bands of beggars and thieves roamed the countryside at night, often dressed in wolf skin, howling like a pack of predatory animals.

In our own age, we have only to remember Hitler's brutal regiment of "werewolves" or the recent atrocities of "lion-men" in the Congo. In some, the veneer of civilization is easily shattered.

Psychologists recognize a werewolf psychosis (or lycanthropy or lupinomanis), which may lead the afflicted individual to believe that he or she changes into a wolf at the full moon. The disturbed one may actually "feel" the fur growing, "see" nails becoming claws, the jaw lengthening and the canine teeth gleaming. In murderous hysteria, the werewolf prowls city streets, the countryside or large public parks, springing on victims who may be scratched, bitten, assaulted, and sometimes killed. The werewolf may even imagine that he or she runs with wolf packs as their human leader.

In 1584, a werewolf attacked a small girl in a village located in the Jura Mountains. When the child's sixteen-year-old brother came to her rescue, the werewolf turned on the boy and killed him. Enraged villagers, hearing the screams, attacked the werewolf and clubbed it to death. Amazed, they watched the grotesque attacker turn into the nude body of a young woman they recognized as Perrenette Gandillon.

An official investigation led to the arrest of the entire Gandillon family, who seemed to have brought on the werewolf psychosis by some strange self-hypnosis. The eminent jurist Boguet, Judge of Saint-Claude in the Jura Mountains, personally examined and observed the family while they were in prison.

In his book, *Discours des Sorciers*, published in 1610, he wrote that the Gandillons acted as if they were possessed. They walked on all fours and howled like wild beasts. They lost all resemblance to humanity. Their eyes turned red and gleaming: their hair sprouted; their teeth became long and sharp; their fingernails turned horny and clawlike.

Boguet was not a gullible man. His observations can be substantiated by other well-documented accounts of werewolves in France.

The famous case of Gilles Garnier, a werewolf executed at Dole in 1573, is described in a court document wherein Garnier freely confessed his crimes.

Shortly after the feast of Saint Michael, Garnier, "being in the form of a wolf," seized a ten-year-old girl in a vineyard"…and there he slew and killed her with both hands, seemingly paws, and with his teeth…he carried some of the flesh home to his wife…."

Eight days later, after the Feast of All Saints, Garnier attacked another young girl at about the same place. “He slew her, tearing her body and wounding her in five places on her body with his hands and teeth, with the intention of eating her flesh, had he not been hindered, and prevented by three persons.”

Seven days later the wolfman “seized yet another child, a boy of ten years old.”

The sickened court went on to relate: “Moreover, upon the Friday before the Feast of Saint Bartholomew last he seized a young boy aged twelve or thirteen years under a large pear tree…had he not been hindered and prevented, he would have eaten the flesh of the aforesaid young boy, notwithstanding that it was a Friday. This hath he freely confessed.”

In view of the heinous crimes coupled with Garnier’s free confession, the court was quick to decree that the werewolf should be “handed over to the Master Executioner of High Justice, and directing that he, the said Gilles Garnier, shall be drawn upon a hurdle from this very place unto the customary place of execution, and that there by the aforesaid Master Executioner he shall be burned quick and his body reduced to ashes.”

Another werewolf trial took place on December 14, 1598, in Paris. The court decreed the details of the case so grisly that they ordered all records to be burned.

In the same year, hunters chased away two wolves that were devouring the body of a fifteen-year-old boy. The men, being well armed, began a pursuit of the animals and were astonished to finally track down “a fearful figure, a tall gaunt creature of human aspect with long matted hair and beard, half-clothed in filthy rags, his hands dyed in fresh blood, his long nails clotted with garbage of red human flesh.”

The loathsome creature identified himself as a vagabond named Jacques Roulet, who with his brother and a cousin, roamed aimlessly from village to village. He confessed in court that they possessed a salve that enabled them to assume the form of wolves. He further admitted that he had attacked, killed, and eaten many children in various parts of the country.

For centuries, scholars have puzzled over *The Chronicon of Denys of Tell-Mahre*, a leader of the Syrian Jacovites. He was born in Mesopotamia (now Iraq) and recorded this remarkable account near the end of the eighth century.

A.D. 774: Before the reign of the emperor Leo IV (the Greek-Byzantine ruler) there raged a plague that was followed by the appearance of frightening and terrifying animals who feared nothing and no one.

They fled from no man and, indeed, killed many people. They were like wolves, but their face was small and long…and they had great ears. The skin on their spine resembled that of a pig. These mysterious animals committed great ravages on the people in the Abdin Rock region, near Hoh. In some villages they devoured more than one hundred people, and in many others from twenty, to forty or fifty. Nothing could be done to them because they were fearless of man. If a man did pursue them, in no ways did the monsters become scared or flee. Instead, they turned on the man. If men loosed their weapons on a monster, it leaped on the men and tore them to bits.

These monsters entered houses and yards, and seized and kidnapped children and left, no one daring to offer resistance. They climbed in the night onto terraces, stole children from their beds and went off without opposition. When they appeared, dogs were afraid to bark.

For these reasons, the country suffered a more terrible experience than it had ever known before. Two or three men were frightened to move around together. Cattle disappeared from the field because all of the livestock had been devoured by these dreaded monsters. Indeed, when one of these creatures attacked a herd of goats, or a flock of sheep, they took away several at one time….

These monsters passed from the land and went into Arzanene (a district in south Armenia along the borders of Assyria) and ravaged every village there. They also ravaged in the country of Maipherk and along Mt. Cahai and caused great damage at Amida and…

At this point, several pages are missing from the ancient manuscript. Scholars have long claimed that Denys of Tell-Mahre wrote a fanciful folktale. There has been debate over whether Denys implied that the frightening monsters had “dorsal” fins on their backs that were bristled as a

pig's back is. Perhaps he meant that the hair along their backs bristled with the stiffness of hog hair.

Many ancient chronicles contain accounts of demons leaping from dark ambush to kidnap or devour unsuspecting victims. These demons are frequently described as "dark, hairy creatures" with eyes that glow in the dark and "the devil's bestial look on their faces."

It is interesting to note that many sightings of these monsters occurred during raging thunderstorms.

In his *Chronicles*, Abbott Ralph of Coggeshall Abbey, Essex, England, wrote about a roaring thunderstorm that lashed the countryside on the night of St. John the Baptist in June 1205:

> In the Holy Night of St. John the Baptist, all night thunder roared and…incessantly lashed all over England. A certain strange monster was struck by lightning at Maidstone in Kent…This monster had the head of a strange being, the belly of a human and other monstrous members and limbs of animals unlike each other. Its black corpse was scorched and a terrible stench came from it and very few were able to go near.

Abbot Ralph records another incident that occurred during a storm on the night of July 29, 1205:

> Horrible thunder and lightning raged during the night, over England, and many thought the Judgment Day had arrived…Next day, certain monstrous tracks ("large, pointed feet") were seen at several places. The prints were of a kind never seen before and many claimed they were the tracks of giant demons.

A Tudor historian records another incident that occurred around 1538 at the church of St. Michael's, Cornhill, London. John Stowe wrote:

"…The bell ringers were ringing the bells in the loft of St. Michael's [to drive away the demons] when a thing of ugly shape and sight was seen to come in the south window, and go to the north one. For fear thereof, all the ringers fell down and laid as dead for a time…" Stowe's description of a "thing with claws" has confused historians and his translators. It was

common during the Middle Ages for people to ring church bells to rout demons from their towns.

We have a tendency to view the past in the context of our present style of life. Our minds and senses are conditioned to the world of today and we can seldom recapture the spirit of an age we may be studying. Translations of old manuscripts often change dramatically from one generation to another.

One puzzle to scholars has been the persistent, seemingly fanatical obsession by church and state concerning "demons." Pagan myths and old superstitions tell of giant, hairy beings who lived in forest caves. These creatures were believed to be the devil's own spawn. When Charlemagne conquered his neighboring rulers, he passed severe laws to discourage "demons" from the wholesale ravaging of crops. The monasteries rang with angry cries about "demons" kidnapping monks, or pious monks falling into the clutches of "the people of the forest." Abbotts penned angry diatribes against these creatures and condoned their death by torture when captured.

In A.D. 840, Agobard, the Archbishop of Lyons, told of three demons who were stoned to death after being displayed in chains for several days. In his Latin manuscript *Liber contra insulam vulgi opinionem*, the archbishop spoke so familiarly about "evil demons" that lived in the mountains that he did not deem it necessary to include their descriptions in his text.

The belief in animal-beings goes back to the dawn of the human race. In *Algonquin Legends of New England*, C. G. Leland tells of an Indian myth that stated, "In the beginning of things, men were as animals and animals as men."

Other legends of Indian tribes in America tell of bear-men, wolf-men, "tribes of the forest" and other creatures. Stories of women who gave birth to man-beasts are not uncommon among the Indian tribes.

Ancient cultures also formed totem clans and often worshiped minor deities that were half-human, half-animal. In Australia, primitives paid homage to a semihuman figure, which clearly had the characteristics of a subhuman Neanderthal type.

The Gilyaks, a little-known tribe of Siberian aborigines, have always claimed that there are animals that are different in appearance from humans, yet have human feelings and souls. The Gilyaks also maintain that these

creatures inhabit the frozen forests of Siberia, traveling in family units or clans. “The half-human beasts’ greatest desire is to find the secret of fire so they can be warm,” these primitive people have told anthropologists.

Norse legends also tell about hairy, humanlike creatures that live in the “underworld” caves, or the presumable mythical “Hadding land.” These ferocious monsters are said to have battled the early Vikings for possession of the icy fjords and reportedly continued to raid outlaying farms until as late as the sixteenth or seventeenth century.

Ancient Moorish legends are brimming with howling monsters and demons that stalked visitors to the desert. Even today, there are occasional reports of hairy “desert monsters” ambushing caravans, abducting women or killing lonely wanderers in the desert.

As the demons disappeared from folklore, people began to whisper about werewolves. History brims with stories of marauding monsters that have unaccountably appeared near human settlements. Livestock is stolen, women are abducted and babies are devoured by these wolven creatures. In the Middle Ages it was commonly believed that werewolves inhabited every large forest in Europe.

Claus Mangus, in his *History of the Goths, Swedes and Vandals*, declared that the residents of Prussia, Lithuania, and Livonia often lost their livestock to bands of roving wolves. “But their losses were not nearly so serious from the wolves as those suffered from the depredations of the werewolves,” he stated.

Great bands of werewolves prowled the outlying districts. They attacked humans and livestock. “…These werewolves besieged isolated farms, broke into homes and devoured every living thing,” according to the records of one monk. “Their favorite haunt is a ruined castle near Courland, which place all humans are afraid to approach. It is said that this is the place of the werewolves and no man dares go near…They are equally ferocious with their own kind, and the weaker ones are slain by their fellows.”

In another case, a parliament convened at Dole, in Franches-Comte, in September 1573, to warn farmers to arm themselves and scour the forests for werewolves. The parliament recorded that “werewolves have carried off children who have not been heard of since. Great injury has been done to horsemen who have been attacked and farmers have kept them off only with great difficulty.”

“What or who was the Beast of Le Gevaudan?” is a question that has puzzled students of unexplained mysteries for more than two centuries. Le Gevaudan is a barren, seventy-five-mile stretch of hills and valleys in the rugged mountain range that runs along the edge of the Auvergne plateau in southern France. Although Lyons and Toulouse are populous cities, the outlying area is sparsely settled.

Two centuries ago, settlers were terrorized by a werewolf that killed hundreds of people during a bloody three-year reign of bestial butchery. “*Loup-garou! Loup-garou!* Werewolf!” became a cry that terrorized whole villages. Outlying farms were abandoned as the monster preyed on the peasants. Entire villages were deserted as the beast moved boldly into these communities in search of victims.

The creature was described as a “hairy beast that walks upright on two legs.” Those who escaped always mentioned an “evil smell” they had noticed when near the monster. The face was sworn to be “like that of the devil.” The monster’s entire body was covered with dark, bristly hair. Deep claw marks on the bodies of its victims indicated that the monster was sucking blood from the corpses.

On the night of January 15, 1765, a blizzard was raging in the mountains. When his son did not return from tending sheep in the mountains, Pierre Chateauneuf lit a torch and went in search of the boy. The mutilated body of fifteen-year-old Jean Chateauneuf was discovered near his bawling flock.

The grieving farmer carried his son’s body down the slopes to their small farm home in the valley. He lay the pitiful corpse on the plankwood floor of his home, covered the form with a quilt, and slumped grieving into a chair.

“It was then that I saw a shadow move outside the window,” Pierre Chateauneuf later informed the authorities. “I turned to see the beast staring through the window. Those eyes were glassy, like those of a pig or a wild animal. It looked like the very Devil himself, a dark face covered with hair!”

The angry farmer dashed to a wall, pulled down a musket and fired point-blank at the creature. The black, hairy monster had apparently anticipated the farmer’s attack. It dropped down before the gun was discharged.

“I reloaded the musket and ran outside,” Chateauneuf declared. “It was running away, toward my orchard, dashing across the snow. It was as if it was a man in an animal’s skin.”

The frightened man heard the howl of the wind, saw the giant footprints being erased in the drifting snow and, sadly, returned to his home. “It would have been death to follow the creature into the woods,” he said.

Shortly afterward, a peasant who was hunting rabbits watched incredulously as the beast rose up out of a nearby thicket. “I dropped my gun, then picked it up and fired at the creature,” reported Jean-Pierre Pourcher. “The ball missed the monster. I was trembling too much. It ran off into the woods and I did not follow.” Pourcher also told disbelieving officials that the beast could run on four legs, or upright, in a loping, humanlike movement.

Five days later, several children were playing in a field outside the village of Chamaleilles. Jean Panafieux dashed into some brush for concealment during a game of hide-and-seek. The young boy’s smile froze as two giant hands clamped around his throat.

Little Jean’s feeble cries alerted his playmates. They ran into the village for aid. A young farmer, Andre Portefaix, grabbed a pitchfork and stabbed viciously at the beast. Portefaix was soon joined by several other men who clubbed and stoned the beast back into the surrounding hills.

Portefaix left immediately for Versailles, where King Louis IX was spending the winter. A detachment of French dragoons was dispatched to the mountains, but they failed to find the dreaded *loup-garou*. “Such things are nothing but old wives’ tales,” insisted dragoon Captain Jacques Duhamel. He had apparently dismissed the question of who or what had claimed so many victims.

After the soldiers had left the mountains, the murderous rampage increased with a savage fury. The years of 1765, 1766, and 1767 are spoken of as the “time of the death” in the mountains. Parish records reveal daily attacks by the beast, who seemed to choose housewives and children as its principal victims.

Marquis d’Apcher organized a posse of several hundred armed men and after tracking the beast for several days they succeeded in trapping the monster in a grove of trees near the village of Le Serge d’Auvert. As dusk deepened into night, the monster charged his pursuers and was shot down.

According to ancient beliefs, Jean Chastel had loaded his double-barreled musket with bullets made from a small silver chalice donated by a priest.

"I had retired a short distance from my companions because I wanted to read my prayer book," Jean Chastel said in a sworn statement. "I happened to look up. The beast was coming out of the trees toward men, walking erect. I fired the first barrel. The bullet struck the monster in the chest and it howled, running toward men in the ferocious charge. I aimed directly for the heart. *Loup-garou* dropped dead at my feet with my silver bullet in its heart!"

Since that night, there has been a constant debate concerning the type of beast slain by the posse. In his report, Jean Chastel said: "The creature had peculiar feet, pointing ears, and the body was completely covered with dark, tough hair." Other members of the posse claimed the beast was a true werewolf, half-human and half-wolf.

The carcass of a large wolf was paraded through the streets of several villages as proof that the beast had been killed.

Abbe Pourcher, of St. Martin de Bourchauz parish in the mountains, recorded statements from people who had encountered the beast. He talked with members of the posse and compiled statistics from municipal and clerical records.

"I am mystified by the identity of the creature," he said. There are rumors that a wolf carcass was paraded through the streets because the real beast was too terrible to display."

Tourists can see the abbe's records and view the double-barreled musket that downed the "Beast of Le Gevaudan." Cemetery and municipal records attest to the hundreds of people who were slain by the murderous monster.

Certain psychologists have become convinced that the werewolf psychosis can bring about some drastic physical changes in the appearance of those who suffer from its delusions. The werewolf does not lose all human characteristics. The beast has never been reported as sporting a tail; its hands, though hairy and clawlike, do not change into paws; its face becomes more like that of an ape or Neanderthal than that of a wolf.

Scientists continue to be amazed at the incredible changes that can be wrought in body cells by intense concentration or autosuggestion. Blemishes, excess fat, warts have all been melted away by power of mind.

Blisters can raise and wounds can close by the use of autosuggestion or hypnosis. In the light of these demonstrations, it does not seem too much to believe that intense autosuggestion could lead to the physical changes of the werewolf.

From the testimonies of individuals who have been self-professed werewolves, we have learned the ritual that often serves as a prelude of lycanthropy. Steps such as drinking water from the paw print of a wolf or eating wolf brains or sleeping in the lair of a wolf must be followed.

Then, too, many werewolves mention a "magic girdle," which they wear about their middles, or a "magic salve," which they apply liberally to their naked bodies. Others tell of inhaling the odor of the mysterious lycanthrope flower or of swallowing secret potions. All of these observances, if followed by the prospective lycanthrope, would certainly increase the strength of autosuggestion—and the strange curse of the werewolf.

Jungle Werewolves

Harold M. Young, for years an official of the Burmese government during the period of British control, was stationed among the remote tribes of the Shan of the Lahu. It was among these mountain peoples that Young first heard of—then observed—the Taws, a species of mountain werewolf that terrorize the Lahu tribe, whose people live in the jungles bordering Northern Thailand and Burma.

Young was forced to leave Burma while the country was in a state of political turmoil. Gathering his few belongings and carrying within his head a library full of strange tales, Young moved to Chiengmai, Thailand, where, because of his reputation as a naturalist, he became proprietor of the city's zoo.

Young professes to know many bizarre stories of these mountain tribes. Though they sound like the marvelous stuff of which fairy tales are made, Young insists that they are all true.

"Psychic phenomena are daily occurrences among these people," he has stated. "In my opinion, the more man retreats from nature behind the barrier of civilization, the farther he gets from the basic powers which are the natural heritage of the 'uncivilized' man."

By far the most macabre of Young's experiences involved the mysterious Taw, which he characterizes as a "native werewolf."

"Working among these natives I have heard about the Taws for years," Young told author Ormand McGill. "They were described as strange, fearsome creatures with furry hides that at certain times of the month raid a village and either kill or carry off a victim."

Young dismissed all comments referring to the strange creatures as native superstition, an excuse for carelessness in allowing a wild beast to get past the sentries and into the village. Young was secure in this opinion until he was actually confronted with the phenomenon.

The eerie confrontation occurred in 1960, while Young was on a hunting party. His expedition had taken him into Lahu country, high in the mountains that lie to the north of the Burma-Thailand border. The trek had been wearisome, but the thought of some nighttime hunting had adrenaline pumping through Young's system. As he neared a Lahu village he foresaw no difficulty in obtaining rights for night shooting, the Lahu and he had always been friendly before.

On this night, however, the chief raised his hand in denial of Young's request. In his own language he said, "Taw is near to village; you cannot hunt now!"

Harold Young was just opening his mouth in protest when a terrible shriek filled the night air. The hunter's responses were well-conditioned. His hand grasped his pistol firmly, as his feet took him to the thatched hut standing close to the jungle's edge from which the cry had issued.

Young, his mind and body alert, could not help noticing the chief and other of the natives following him at a distinctly slower pace. These were men Young had seen face a snarling tiger without fear, yet now they seemed strangely hesitant about rendering aid. Over and over Young heard the whispered word, "Taw."

As Young approached the hut he cautiously slowed his pace. An experienced man, he could sniff danger in the atmosphere, in the now ominous silence of the hut. He tiptoed up to the window of the hut and squinted through the aperture.

"There was a bright moon that night," he recalls, "and inside the hut I could only see a dusky smudge, which soon came into focus as my eyes

became adjusted. There I saw a sight I shall never forget to my dying day; one that literally lifted the hairs on my head."

Inside the hut was a ghastly creature, chewing slowly on the slashed neck of a now-dying woman. The hideous monster could only be described as half-human, half-beast. Its body was covered with coarse hair. Its face was a terrifying gash of a mouth "from which slavered, about the cruel fangs, droppings of spittle." Its eyes were small and red.

Young gathered in the creature's description in a split second. At the same time his hand was almost automatically bringing the pistol up to the window.

Several shots blasted from the gun, and the beast spun crazily around. With a wild cry the monster leapt to its feet and dashed past those gathered outside the hut. Within moments it had disappeared into the night.

Young shouted for the natives and plunged into the jungle after it. Together they searched the wooded area in back of the hut near the edge of the village clearing. More than once Young had to stop and shake his head to clear it. The man knew he was an expert marksman, but apparently he had missed at point-blank range, for the Taw had vanished.

The men gathered back at the village and huddled around a fire. Talk was scarce; the embers were low. Their nocturnal encounter with the half-human, half-animal being caused more than one man to brood in silence as he awaited the dawn.

With the morning, Young and the Lahu renewed their search. In the clear light, a fresh clue was discovered. A line of blood splotches were found upon the ground, leading into the surrounding thicket.

The hunters excitedly followed the trail, which circled the village and re-entered it from the opposite end. Young was confused. How could the creature have crawled back into the village unnoticed?

The blood trail could now be seen to lead to a certain hut. With a sudden rush, the men raced for the hut, tore aside the skin door-covering. Inside, lying on the bed, was a man. The trail of blood turned into a stagnant pool, dripping from a bullet hole in the man's side, just below his heart. So Young had not missed, after all.

"But this is not the…the thing I saw ripping at that woman's throat last night," Young protested. "This is a man."

The chief spat on the dead man's face. "Taw!" he uttered with revulsion.

That was the only time that Harold Young actually saw the hated Taw. He heard several stories about them, however.

It was a Burmese custom to bury the recent dead in caves with the corpse sitting upright. Two young hunters made it their habit to leave the village on their hunting expeditions and follow a path that led into the jungle past one of the burial caves. Each day one of the young men would ask his friend to proceed down the path while he paid homage to the dead. The friend would comply, and he would later be rejoined by the respectful mourner.

This had been going on for some time when the second young hunter began to doubt the sincerity of his friend's wishes. With vague suspicions forming in his mind, the second man pretended to walk down the path one morning, as usual, but he doubled back to observe his friend. He saw the man enter the burial cave.

He entered the cave cautiously behind him. Inside, he saw a hairy creature, hideously featured in the dim light. This creature was down on its haunches, bending over a corpse, calmly eating the remains.

With an instinctive action, the observer drew his crossbow and lodged an arrow in the creature's skull. It toppled over upon the half-eaten corpse.

The hunter came forward, nudged the thing with his foot and turned it over.

He was horrified to see the eyes of his friend gazing at him.

The eyes clouded over with death, and as the hunter continued to watch, transfixed, the entire visage altered from that of a beast to the familiar features of the young man he had known.

He screamed "Taw!" once, loudly, and ran from the cave.

Both of these stories seem to border on the supernatural and the incredible. Are they true instances of lycanthropy in the mountains of Burma, or are they merely tall tales?

These giant forest and jungle creatures are always described as half-human, half-beast, somehow occupying the shadowy netherland between ape and human.

Is it possible that these creatures look so much like Homo sapiens that the folklore of lycanthropy was thrown, like a cloak, over an undiscovered species' shoulders?

The lighting in the burial cave was poor, and the young man may have killed his friend in fear before his eyes had adjusted to the light. The native whom Harold Young was led to believe he killed as a werewolf could have been in the line of fire quite innocently.

Or, perhaps the naturalist had considered all of these possibilities and had concluded that the only remaining explanation was that the Taw is, actually, a jungle werewolf.

The Werewolf of Texas

The imaginative reader cannot help bringing to mind the ancient tales of werewolves, cat-people, and other assorted ghosts and ghouls and wondering if these eerie legends might not have had their basis or reality in actual sightings of creatures from other realms of being. As has been recounted, these sightings of weird and grotesque monsters are as much a part of our "space age" era as they were of the centuries of animism and superstition.

On the evening of February 27, 1971, thirty-five-year-old Donald Childs of Lawton, Texas, suffered a heart attack when he looked out in his front yard and saw a wolfen creature on its hands and knees attempting to drink out of an empty fish pond.

When he was released from the hospital two days later, Childs told police officer Clancy Williams that the creature had been "…tall, with a lot of hair all over his face, and dressed in an indescribable manner."

Other witnesses who viewed the incredible creature said that it was wearing pants "which were far too small for him."

The first reports of the wolfman came from west Lawton. Police officer Harry Ezell said that they received calls describing "something" running down the street, dodging cars, hiding behind the bushes then getting up and running again.

Twenty minutes later, Officer Ezell stated that they received a call from a man who had seen the monster sitting on a railing outside of his apartment.

“He told me he saw the thing when he opened the window curtain about 11:15 p.m.,” Ezell told newsmen. “He thought it was all a practical joke because the subject was perched on the railing. It looked like some monkey or ape. He thought it was a joke until it turned its head and looked at him, then jumped off its perch on the second floor railing onto the ground 17 feet below.

“The man told me the person ran from the area on all fours, something like an ape or monkey would,” Officer Ezell went on. “He described it as wearing only pants, which covered its leg to near its knee, as if it had outgrown the pants.

“He described it as having a horribly distorted face, as if it had been in a fire, and hair all over its face, upper parts of the body and lower parts of its legs.”

A group of soldiers from Fort Sill encountered the monster fifteen minutes later, and they freely admitted that the thing had frightened them.

The creature was sighted on Friday and Saturday nights in Lawton. Sunday night was quiet, and on Monday night, Major Clarence Hill, commander of the police patrol division, sent out an alert ordering his men to be on careful watch for the “wolfman.”

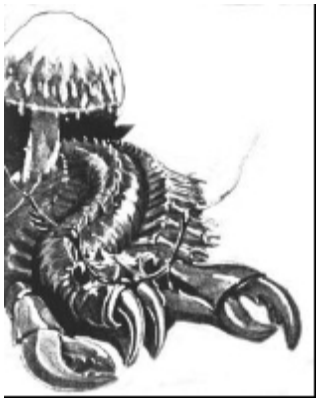
But the nightmarish creature, whoever or whatever it might have been, had already moved back into the dimension from which it had come —or else it had traveled north to make its den under an old farmhouse near Fouke, Arkansas.

Bobby Ford, twenty-five, moved into the old Crank place on May 1, 1971. He had lived in the home for less than five days when he had a face-to-face encounter with a six-foot-tall, hairy monster. Ford was quoted in an Associated Press release as saying the creature had frightened him so badly that he had run “right through the front door without opening it.”

Lest you be tempted to laugh too readily at Bobby Ford’s “feet-get-moving” attitude toward the unknown, you should be reminded that you might someday find yourself similarly confronted by something you’ve never seen before, something completely inexplicable, something terrifying.

Chapter Five

Monsters from the Hollow Earth



The old Viking lay dying in his home in California. His only friend, a young novelist, sat beside the deathbed, listening in wonder to the tale the Viking was relating with the last bit of breath his Creator had allotted to him.

The aged Norwegian, Olaf Jansen, told of a strange world peopled by giants, which existed in the hollow interior of Earth.

Jansen and his father had entered the hollow earth through an opening at the North Pole with only their small fishing boat and the Viking spirit of adventure to support them, as they decided to seek “the land beyond the north wind.” The Jansens spent two years among the benign giants and marveled at the wonders of an advanced technology.

After a tutor had been assigned to teach them the tongue of Inner Earth, the Norwegians learned that the giants lived to be four to eight hundred years old and that most adults attained a height of twelve feet or more. The tall Scandinavians were more than dwarfed by their amiable hosts.

The people of Inner Earth possessed sources of power greater than electricity, operated spacecraft on electromagnetism drawn from the atmosphere, and had generally gained a remarkable talent for efficient functioning of their mental powers. The Inner Earth’s sun, less brilliant than the solar star, appeared “smoky” to the gigantic inhabitants, and they referred to their sun as the “smoky god.”

After their two-year sojourn among the inhabitants of Inner Earth, the Jansens longed to return to their homes. They began their journey through the south polar opening, but tragedy struck when an iceberg destroyed the fishing boat and killed Olaf's father.

Olaf was rescued and returned to Norway, where he was promptly imprisoned for insanity when he attempted to find an audience for accounts of his fantastic adventures.

After twenty-four years in prison, he had changed from a spirited youth to an embittered man of middle age. For fear of once again being committed, Jansen vowed not to show anyone the manuscript and maps of Inner Earth that he had prepared. For the next twenty-six years of his life he labored as a fisherman and saved his money to come to America, where he settled first in Illinois, then in California.

Before he died, Olaf Jansen wanted to pass on the details of the strange adventure to an "heir." Willis George Emerson had befriended the old man, and it was to him that Jansen bequeathed his manuscript, his maps, and his mission. Emerson published *The Smoky God* in 1908, and the book has been reprinted by Palmer Publications (1965) as an "inspired novel."

The proponents of an underground culture existing beneath the earth's surface are numerous and include some rather surprising champions. Many of my appearances on radio programs provoke questions about the "hollow earth." The mail forwarded to me after such appearances inevitably includes several requests for additional information about an "underground civilization."

Several aspects of the inner earth mystery are worth pursuing. For some reason, caves and tunnels cause an irrational fear in many people. Some psychologists would say that this is a manifestation of a fear of the womb. Others would say it is a more archetypal fear, a fear of whatever lives in those caves. Perhaps this archetypal fear has more basis in reality than psychologists would have us believe.

There are persistent legends in nearly every culture that tell of the Old Ones, an ancient race who populated the earth millions of years ago. According to the legends, the Old Ones, a tremendously intelligent and scientifically advanced race, have chosen to structure their own environment under the surface of the planet and manufacture all their necessities. The Old Ones are hominid, extremely long-lived and pre-date

Homo sapiens by more than a million years. The Old Ones generally remain aloof from the surface peoples, but from time to time they have been known to offer constructive criticism; and, it has been said, they often kidnap human children to tutor and rear as their own. There is scarcely a known culture that does not have at least one segment of their folklore built around troll-like creatures that live underground and do their best to steal the children of surface folk.

In virtually all legends, the Old Ones have gone underground to escape natural catastrophes or the hidden death that exists in the life-giving rays of our sun. At this point a persistent theory of the destruction of Atlantis crosses paths with the stories of the Old Ones, the mysterious Teachers from the Caves. It declares that those Atlanteans who survived the great cataclysm learned to perpetuate themselves in underground caverns. The fabled continent of Atlantis shattered into the ocean as the result of a tremendous nuclear blast ignited by a self-destructive super-science. The necessity for finding underground accommodations is thus compounded by the deadly radiation on the surface of the earth and by the knowledge that an existence away from the normal radioactivity of the sun is a healthier one.

The nemesis of radioactive fallout is, of course, a comparatively recent addition to the legend, but the explosion of our own nuclear devices set off minuscule mushroom clouds in the brains of thousands of Atlantis buffs, who felt that they had at last been given the key to the disappearance of the continent: Atlantis had been a nation of super-scientists, who blew their continent and themselves to bits. Then, when UFO sightings began to proliferate in 1947, an association between the survivors of a technically superior race and the flying saucers became obvious to those who believed in the legend. The Atlanteans were emerging from their subsurface kingdom to warn their suddenly dangerous surface successors that nuclear power had the potential to destroy civilization.

An alternative theory has it that the Cave Masters are surviving colonies of spacemen, who after walking the earth in god-like mien, grew disgusted with *Homo sapiens* and retreated to underearth bases from which they might watch over the primitive species' intellectual and cultural development. The Buddhists have even incorporated Agharta, a subterranean empire, into their theology and fervently believe in its

existence and in the reality of the underworld superbeings, who periodically surface to oversee the progress of the human race.

Among the Amerindians, the Navajo legends teach that the forerunners of humanity came from beneath the earth. The ancient ones were possessed of supernatural powers and were driven from their caverns by a great flood (yet another echo of the traditional Atlantis myth). Once on the surface, they passed along great knowledge to humans before they again sought secret sanctuary. The Pueblo Indians' mythology places their gods' place of origin as being the inner world connected to the surface people by a hole in the north. Mesewa, according to the Pueblos, was succeeded as leader of the gods by his brother, Oyoyewa. Some researchers have pointed out that this myth is quite similar to the Hebrew concept of Yahweh.

For several years then, in one camp or another, Atlantis has been associated with the Hollow Earth myths: (1) An ancient hominid race antedating Homo sapiens by a million years withdrew from the surface world and this physical withdrawal gave birth to the legends of Atlantis; (2) Atlantis, an actual prehistoric world of super-science, blew itself to bits and its survivors sought refuge from radioactivity under the crust of the earth; (3) Extraterrestrial hominids planted a colony on Earth, gave intellectually inferior *Homo sapiens* a boost up the evolutionary ladder, then grew aghast at their perpetual barbarism and withdrew to a more aloof position underground, thereby giving rise to the legend of Atlantis as a lost culture.

In April 1942, Nazi Germany sent out an expedition composed of some of its leading scientists in an attempt to discover a vantage point in the "Hollow Earth."

Although the Third Reich was putting maximum effort into the war, Göring, Himmler, and Hitler enthusiastically endorsed the project. The Führer was convinced that the Earth was concave and that man lived on the inside of the globe. The expedition, therefore, outfitted with their most brilliant radar experts, would be able to determine the position of the British fleet, because the concave curvature of the globe would enable infrared rays to accomplish long-distance observation.

The Nazi champions of the Hollow Earth hypothesis, who ordered the expedition to the island of Rugen, had complete confidence in their mystical vision, and they were also convinced that the representatives of a powerful, underground secret race emerged from time to time to walk on

earth. Hitler's plan to breed a master race of Nordic types was set in motion to appease his frantic desire that the German peoples would be the humans chosen to interact with the superbeings in the mutation of a new race of heroes and demigods.

In *The Morning of Magicians*, Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier quote Hermann Rauschning, governor of Danzig during the Third Reich, who told of a conversation with Hitler concerning his plan to "assist" nature in developing its mutations. Hitler told Rauschning: "The new man is living amongst us now! He is here! Isn't that enough for you? I will tell you a secret. I have seen the new man. He is intrepid and cruel. I was afraid of him." Rauschning recalled that Hitler was in a kind of ecstasy as he spoke those words.

It was Rauschning, too, who was told by a "person close to Hitler" that the Führer often awoke in the night screaming and in convulsions. Always, the frightened dictator would shout that "he" had come for him. That "he" stood there in the corner. That "he" had emerged from his underworld dwelling to invade the Führer bedroom.

In his introduction to *The Hollow Earth* (Fieldcrest Publishing Co., New York), Dr. Raymond Bernard tells the reader that the book will seek to prove "that Earth is hollow and not a solid sphere…and that its hollow interior communicates with the surface by two polar openings…

"…that the observations and discoveries of Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd…confirms the correctness of our revolutionary theory….

"…that …the North and South poles have never been reached because they do not exist….

"…that the exploration of the New World…is much more important than the exploration of outer space….

"…that the nation whose explorers first reach this New World in the hollow interior of the Earth…will become the greatest nation in the world….

"…that the mysterious flying saucers come from an advanced civilization in the hollow interior of the earth…that, in event of nuclear world war, the hollow interior of the earth will…provide an ideal refuge for the evacuation of survivors of the catastrophe…."

According to Bernard, and a good many others, Admiral Byrd reported seeing lakes, forests and mountains on his 1947 flight over the

North Pole. Bernard also quotes Admiral Byrd as saying that he flew beyond rather than over the North Pole. “That area beyond the Pole is the center of the Great Unknown,” Byrd told newsmen after his historic flight. Later, Byrd’s expedition went to the South Pole and passed twenty-three hundred miles beyond it.

“At both poles exist unknown and vast land areas,” Ray Palmer, editor of *Flying Saucers*, has written, “not in the least uninhabitable, extending distances which can only be called tremendous because they encompass an area bigger than any known continental area.”

Admiral Byrd claimed that his expedition to the South Pole was the most important expedition in “the history of the world.” Although the explorer’s comments were published in some brief initial news release, the discovery, comparable in importance to the one made at an earlier date by Christopher Columbus, failed to receive additional comment and, ostensibly, failed to create any kind of stir in scientific or government circles. In 1957, shortly before his death, Admiral Byrd referred to his discovery as “that enchanted continent in the sky” and the “land of everlasting mystery.”

Have the governments of the world really chosen to ignore such a vastly important discovery, or have the reports of Admiral Byrd been largely responsible for the increase in the number of polar expeditions in recent years?

Did Byrd actually fly into an unknown land area inside the polar concavity?

Is the public being denied knowledge of the existence of a new land mass or are such incredible allegations only what they seem, incredible allegations?

Ray Palmer deals handily with those who will immediately shake their heads knowingly and say that commercial airlines continually make flights across the North Pole.

“Though the airline officials themselves, when asked, might say they do,” Palmer writes in *Flying Saucers*, “it is not literally true. They do make navigational maneuvers which automatically eliminate a flight beyond the Pole in a straight line, in every sense. Ask the pilots of these polar flights.

“Examining the route of flights across the North Polar area we always find that they go around the Pole or to the side of it—never directly

across it…Why? Is it not possible that if they went straight across the Pole, instead of landing on the opposite side of the Earth, the plane would go to the land beyond the Pole, 'the center of the Great Unknown,' as Admiral Byrd called it?"

Lt. Commander David Bunger was at the controls of a large U.S. Navy transport in February 1947 when he discovered "Bunger's Oasis" in Antarctica. About the time that Admiral Byrd was making his discovery of "the land beyond the Pole," Bunger and his crew were flying inland from the Shackleton Ice Shelf near Queen Mary Coast of Wilkes Land. Here Bunger discovered a series of warm-water lakes—a condition that Bunger tested by landing his seaplane on one—surrounded on two sides by great ice walls a hundred feet high and on the other two sides by gradual slopes. Had the lakes been created by warm winds blowing from the Earth's interior?

In the *Hollow Earth*, Bernard tells of a photograph published in 1960 in the Toronto, Canada, *Globe and Mail* that shows a beautiful valley with lush, green hills. An aviator claimed that the picture had been taken from his airplane as he flew "beyond the North Pole."

Ray Palmer, that enthusiastic collector of strange and challenging facts, has assembled such items as the fact that the musk ox migrates north in the wintertime, that bears have been observed heading north into areas where there can be no food for them, that obvious well-fed foxes are often found north of the 80th parallel, heading north. According to Palmer, Arctic explorers agree that the further north one goes, the warmer it gets. Near the North Pole, a north wind brings warmer weather. Evergreen trees drift ashore out of the north from a land where, supposedly, there are no trees. Butterflies and bees are found in the far north, but never hundreds of miles further south.

"Unknown varieties of flowers are found," Palmer writes. "Birds resembling snipe, but unlike any known species of bird, come out of the north, and return there. Hare are plentiful in an area where no vegetation ever grows, but where vegetation appears as drifting debris from the northern open water. Eskimo tribes, migrating northward, have left unmistakable traces of their migration in their temporary camps, always advancing northward. Southern Eskimos themselves speak of tribes that live in the far north. The Rose gull, common at Point Barrow, migrates

toward the North in October. Only Admiral Byrd's 'mystery land' can account for these inexplicable facts and migrations."

Many writers have drawn a comparison between the Scandinavian legends of "Ultima Thule," a far northern paradise, and the pleasant Inner Earth realm. Historians have long ago written off the Viking paradise as Greenland, but they have ignored the contradiction of the Greenland Ice Cap, which hardly allows it to qualify as any kind of paradise.

Ray Palmer has some interesting notes on the Antarctic as well as the North Polar region.

"On the New Zealand and South American land masses are identical fauna and flora which could not have migrated from one to the other, but rather are believed to have come from a common motherland…the Antarctic continent. But on a more popular level is the case of the sailing vessel Gladys captained by F. B. Hatfield in 1893. The ship was completely surrounded by icebergs at 43 degrees south and 33 degree west. At this latitude an iceberg was observed which bore a large quantity of sand and earth, and which revealed a beaten track, a place of refuge formed in a sheltered nook, and the bodies of five dead men. Bad weather prevented any attempts at further investigation."

Palmer reminds us that there are no human tribes living on Antarctica, so the five corpses could not have been those of natives. Investigation showed that no vessel had been reported missing in the Antarctic at the time, which discounted the chance that the five bodies could have been those of shipwrecked sailors.

"Could it be," Palmer wonders, "that these men who died on the berg came from 'that mysterious land beyond the South Pole' discovered by the Byrd expedition? Had they ventured out of their warm, habitable land and lost their way along the ice shelf, finally to drift to their deaths at sea on a portion of it, broken away to become an iceberg while they were on it?"

And while mentioning icebergs, one might bring up the peculiar fact that icebergs are formed of fresh water rather than salt ocean water, as one might suppose. Does this fresh water come from rivers flowing seaward from the Inner Earth?

The Italian authority on Antarctica, Bernacchi, once said that during a stay of eleven and one-half months, there were but two inches of rainfall, and although there was frequent snow, it never fell to any great depth.

“Under such conditions,” Bernacchi asks, “where would materials be found to produce an iceberg? Yet the greatest one on earth is there—one so large that it is called the Great Ice Barrier, rather than an iceberg—being over four hundred miles long and fifty miles wide.”

Exponents of the Hollow Earth theory point to the enigma of the iceberg and remain firm in their conclusions that the mountains of ice were formed in some place other than the arctic regions and their surrounding bodies of salt water.

In *A Journey to the Earth’s Interior* (1920), Marshall B. Gardner uses the fresh-water composition of the iceberg to demonstrate his theory that the mammoths and other prehistoric creatures found in icebergs continue to thrive in the warmth of the Earth’s interior. Gardner postulates that these animals are carried to the Earth’s surface and freeze within the ice that forms as the fresh river water reaches subzero temperatures.

The discovery of frozen mammoths in the Arctic does present a number of interesting problems, whether or not one chooses to accept the possibility that the gigantic creatures still plod about in the jungles of Inner Earth. For example, the stomach of one mammoth was found to contain undigested bits of fern and tropical vegetation. An Arctic animal would not have tropical food in its stomach. And it does seem a bit too much to accept a theory of an Ice Age that came on so rapidly that huge, hairy mammoths were quick-frozen in mid-bite.

Ray Palmer, as might be expected, has an observation to make concerning the frozen remains of the Arctic mammoths: “True, the death must have been sudden, but it was not because the Arctic was previously tropical and suddenly changed to a frigid climate. The sudden coming of the Ice Age was not the cause of death. The cause of death was Arctic in nature, and could have occurred any time, even recently. Since the Ice Age there were no mammoths in the known world, unless they exist in the mysterious land beyond the Pole, where one of them was actually seen alive by members of the Byrd expedition.” [According to news reports at the time, a large, shaggy, unidentified animal was observed by the Byrd expedition.]

In the December 1959 issue of *Flying Saucers*, Palmer abandoned his contention that the UFOs were of extraterrestrial origin in favor of their coming from “an unknown location of vast dimensions,” most probably “that mysterious land beyond the Pole.”

Palmer at that time suggested that all ufologists should study the mystery of the flying saucers from the Hollow Earth viewpoint, gather all confirming evidence, and search equally hard for any contrary evidence. "Now that we have tracked the flying saucers to the most logical origin (the one we have consistently insisted must exist because of the insurmountable obstacles of interstellar origin, which demands factors beyond our imagination), we know that the flying saucers come from our own Earth….

"…if the interior of the Earth is populated by a highly scientific and advanced race, we must make profitable contact with them; and if they are mighty in their science, which includes the science of war, we must not make enemies of them….

"The flying saucer has become the most important single fact in history….Admiral Byrd has discovered a new and mysterious land, the 'center of the great unknown,' and the most important discovery of all time. We have it from his own lips, from a man whose integrity has always been impeachable, and whose mind was one of the most brilliant of modern times."

The Deadly Dero

Now that we have "discovered" the land beyond the Poles and theorized that the UFOs issue from underground bases within the Earth's interior, it is time to consider the occupants of Inner Earth.

Perhaps we should begin with the Buddhist subterranean empire of Agharta, which has been incorporated into their theology. There are those who fervently believe in its existence and in the reality of the underworld superbeings who occasionally surface to oversee the development of the human race.

Occultists interpret Agharta to be a continuation of the civilization of Atlantis, whose inhabitants are content to remain in their peaceful network of subterranean cities with only occasional excursions to the outer world.

Certain researchers have combined the two interpretations of Inner Earth and have found adequate "proofs" in the extant manuscripts of antiquity that the ancient subsurface beings have periodically emerged from their tunnels to give our race beneficial instruction. The Indian epic *Ramayana* has been often quoted in this regard. The ancient text frequently described Rama as an emissary from Agharta, who came to the Indians on

an aerial vehicle. The *Ramayana* offers a description of a flying saucer as detailed as any given by contemporary contactees.

Another mystery figure of prehistory, Quetzalcoatl, the white savior of the Mayas and Aztecs, traveled among the Indians of Mexico, Yucatan, and Guatemala and on an aerial craft. It is interesting to note that Quetzalcoatl means "Feathered Serpent" (wise man who flies).

If one pursues the subject of a subterranean world with any sort of diligence, one soon discovers an extensive collection of books documenting the fact that virtually every culture in the world has several legends that take the ancient inhabitants of Inner Earth into account. These legends either incorporate the underground visitors into their religion as deities or elevate them to a position of high regard because of their wisdom and superior technology.

There are, of course, numerous tales that tell of Inner Earth denizens who are less pleasant and often openly hostile toward those who live on the surface of our planet. It is at this point that one of the principal characters in this drama, Ray Palmer, once again comes to our attention with what *Life* magazine (May 21, 1959) called "the most celebrated rumpus that racked the science-fiction world." We refer, of course, to the controversial "Shaver Mystery."

According to *Life*: "The Shaver Mystery concerned a race of malformed subhuman creatures called deros (from detrimental robots) who inhabited a vast system of underground cities all over the world. The original name of their habitat was Lemuria, and they had once been slaves of Lemurian master race. But this master race had long since disappeared from the earth, leaving the ignorant and malicious deros in control of its great cities and wonderful machines. Since then the deros occupied themselves mainly in persecuting the human race who lived on the crust of the earth above them….They often appeared on the surface of the earth and were sufficiently human in appearance to pass unnoticed in a crowd…they performed most of their harassments by telepathy, rays and other remote-control devices from their subterranean homes…."

From February 1938 to September 1949, Ray Palmer was editor of the Ziff-Davis fiction magazines. In September of 1944, a letter from a Richard S. Shaver came to his attention. The enigmatic letter—branded sheer crackpotism by Palmer's managing editor—presented details of an

ancient language that "should not be lost to the world." Intrigued by the results of some office experiments with the alphabet, Palmer decided to print the letter in the next issue of *Amazing Stories*.

The publication of Shaver's letter brought an inundation of mail to Palmer's desk. All the letter writers wanted to know where Shaver had acquired his alphabet. Smelling a good story in the making, Palmer relayed the aggregate question to Shaver and received a ten-thousand-word-manuscript in reply.

Palmer was impressed by the sincerity of the crude manuscript, which Shaver had entitled "A Warning to Future Man."

In Palmer's own account: "I put a clean piece of paper into my typewriter, and using Mr. Shaver's strange letter-manuscript as a basis, I wrote a 31,000-word story which I entitled, 'I remember Lemuria!' Although I added the trimmings, I did not alter the factual basis of Mr. Shaver's manuscript except in one instance. Here, perhaps, I made a grave mistake. However, I could not bring myself to believe that Mr. Shaver had actually gotten his alphabet and his 'Warnings to Future Man,' and all the 'science' he propounded from actual underground people. Instead, I translated his thought-records into 'racial memory' and felt sure this would be more believable to my readers, and, after all, if this were all actually based on fact, a reasonable and perhaps actual explanation of what was going on in Mr. Shaver's mind—which is where I felt it really was going on, and not in any caves or via any telaug rays of telesolidograph projections of illusions from the cavern ray operators."

Palmer published *I Remember Lemuria!* In the March 1945 issue of *Amazing Stories*. He sent Shaver payment for his original manuscript and was amused when he received a reply from the author expressing his wish that *Amazing* would be able to print more than its usual press run that month so that more people might read his "warning." Shaver said he understood about the paper shortage, but he would go to the "cave people" for help. "Ray operators" were always on duty observing surface people, Shaver said, and he would ask them to impress on the circulation director's mind that it was "necessary" to obtain more paper for the March issue.

Palmer was told that he was dealing with a "complete nut" and even wondered himself about the mental processes of Mr. Shaver. It all became a bit difficult to rationalize, however, when the circulation manager walked

into Palmer's office and declared that he was going to "steal" enough paper from *Mammoth Detective* to run an additional 50,000 copies of *Amazing* on the basis of a "brilliant hunch" he had had about the March issue.

Amazing sold those extra 50,000 copies and received more than 50,000 letters from readers who had been completely intrigued, enthralled, or frightened by the "true" story in the science-fiction magazine. For a magazine whose usual mail response was around forty-five letters a month, *Amazing* had accomplished an incredible *tour de force*. Ray Palmer maintained the advance circulation figure for the next four years while he ran the Shaver mystery to its conclusion.

This, briefly, is what was revealed in the pages of *Amazing Stories*: Under the surface of the Earth, in massive caves, lives a race of people called the Abandondero, descendants of those who were unable to leave the planet when the "Titans" or "Atlans" discovered that the sun's radiations were radioactive and thereby limiting to life. While those who left Earth in mass exodus sought a world with an uncontaminated sun, the Abandondero sought to escape the radioactive poisoning by removing themselves from the surface of Earth into great underground caverns.

Although the sun does hasten the aging process, it also has a great many health-giving rays which the Inner Earth dwellers had then denied themselves. The vast number of the cave people began to degenerate into physically stunted near-idiots, incapable of constructive reasoning. Shaver calls these the "dero," detrimental—or degenerate—robots. "Robot" as Shaver uses the word does not means a mechanical human representation, but is rather a designation for those who are governed by degenerative forces.

Standing between the degenerate dero and the surface civilization are the "tero" (T was the Atlan's symbol of the cross of religion; therefore the "t" in tero represents good). These subterraneans have learned to stave off much of the mental degenerative effect of their way of life by the use of machines and chemicals and beneficial rays. They have not discovered a means whereby they are able to prevent aging, however, and they die at an average age of fifty.

Shaver's *Warning to Future Man* is that the dero are becoming more numerous and have scattered the benign tero with their constant attacks. The greatest danger lies in the fact that the dero have access to all the

machines of the Atlan technology, but they do not have the intelligence to use these machines responsibly.

Shaver has told us that the dero have possession of vision ray machines that can penetrate solid rock and view scenes from all over Earth; transportation units that can be worn on the body to effect instant teleportation from one point to another; and mental machines that can cause "solid" illusion, dreams, and hypnotic compulsions. In addition to the aerial craft we call flying saucers, the dero possess "stim" machines, which revitalize sexuality (the dero are notorious for their sexual orgies), and machines that create "ben" rays, which heal and restore the body, and death rays—all created by the ancient Atlans and still in perfect working order, due to the high degree of technical perfection with which they were constructed.

We surface dwellers are the descendants of Abandondero, who were unable even to gain access to the caves at the time of the great exodus from Earth's surface. Most of our ancestors died off; some degenerated into such lumbering creatures as the Neanderthal; others, the hardy ones, survived, and through the centuries our surface species has developed a tolerance of the sun, which allows us to live even longer than the subsurface tero. Then, too, the beneficent rays of the sun have prevented the kind of mental deterioration that perverts the tero.

Although we have a common heritage with the tero and the dero, the passage of time has prevented us from possessing more than dim memories of Atlantis, Lemuria and "giants in the Earth."

The dero, warns Shaver, have not forgotten us. They are little more than sadistic idiots who take enormous delight in fostering our wars, creating terrible accidents, even in causing nightmares by training "dream mech" on us while we sleep.

In 1945, Ray Palmer went to Pennsylvania to visit Richard S. Shaver and to meet this strange man of mystery who claimed to have been in the caves of the dero and the tero.

The first night of his visit, Palmer prepared for sleep convinced that Shaver was truly sincere in his desire to "warn" humankind and that he was not "consciously perpetrating a hoax." Shaver retired to his bedroom, while his wife, Dorothy, remained downstairs to clean up after the late talk

session. Within a few moments, Palmer began to hear voices coming from Shaver's bedroom.

"No, they weren't in my mind, not in the air about me," Palmer recalled in an issue of his *Flying Saucers* magazine, "they were from Mr. Shaver's lips and no doubt about it.

"I heard five voices: a woman's voice, a child's voice, a gruff man's voice, and two other male voices of varying pitch and timbre. What they had said startled me beyond all imagination. Briefly, that afternoon, there five 'persons' had witnessed a woman being torn into four quarters…they remarked on how 'horrible' it had been; that such things 'should not be'…."

Palmer heartily agreed. Watching a woman being drawn and quartered was not his idea of a pleasant afternoon's recreation, either. "What's this all about?" he shouted at the voices.

"Pay no attention to him," said the childish voice. "He's a dope!"

Even so, the voices switched to a strange language Palmer was unable to identify.

"In the bedlam that followed," Palmer wrote, "sometimes all five of the voices were speaking at once, excitedly and volubly. If you have been thinking as you read this that it was Mr. Shaver 'imitating voices'…you are dead wrong. What I heard could not have come from Mr. Shaver's lips—it was humanly impossible!"

When Mrs. Shaver went to bed, the voices ceased at once. The next day, when he was left alone in the house for a brief period, Palmer searched the rooms for a recording machine, wires, microphones, any evidence to show that Shaver had somehow tricked him. He was unable to discover any kind of mechanical device or any evidence of a hoax.

UFO investigator John J. Robinson gave a certain amount of credence to the plausibility of the Shaver Mystery because of the two personal narratives that were related to him. There is, of course, no way that Robinson could "swear" that these two tales are true; but the researcher knew each of the narrators for some time and is convinced that they told him what they believed to be the truth.

In September 1944, Robinson rented a small furnished room on the third floor of a house on Wayne Street in Jersey City, New Jersey. In a larger room directly beneath his own lived a man named Steve Brodie, who

professed to be an artist. Brodie was virtually a recluse. He was powerfully built and dressed in garage-mechanic's coveralls in place of the traditional artist's smock.

As Robinson became better acquainted with the artist, he began to notice certain peculiarities of behavior to which Brodie gave frequent expression.

"First," recalls Robinson, "he never ate meat; second, he seemed to be afraid that someone might be attempting to sneak up behind him. He had a habit of glancing back over his shoulder, as if he feared he was being followed. Third, he never spoke of his previous life. Fourth, if anyone passed his door, he would stop and glance at the door in what seemed to be almost fear until the footsteps passed. Fifth, it was not the law he was afraid of. He seemed to be almost happy to be near a member of the police force. He always walked in the middle of the street, so that he could avoid any unexpected contact from a side alley or doorway. Sixth, he never smoked or drank any alcoholic beverages, nor would he take any kind of drugs—even aspirin when he had a slight cold."

On a number of occasions, Robinson watched his friend prime canvas and begin to paint in what seemed to be a hypnotic state. Whenever Brodie was in one of these "trances," he would produce weird, eerie landscapes—work completely foreign to his usual style of painting.

One night when Robinson stopped by the artist's studio, he had a copy of the April 1945, issue of *Amazing Stories* with him. Brodie had just finished one of his strange paintings, and the two men stood for a time in front of an easel that supported a painting of a blue-white sun and a bizarre landscape.

"Where do you get your ideas for pictures like this?" Jack asked.

"I don't know," Brodie shrugged. "I feel as if I paint these pictures from memory. It's like I can close my eyes and see it."

Then the artist, who never read books and seldom read newspapers, noticed the colorful magazine against the black of Robinson's overcoat. "What's that in your pocket?" Brodie asked, attracted by the bright colors of the cover.

Robinson, an inveterate science-fiction fan, began an account of the Shaver Mystery and the alleged underground culture with which it dealt. "This is the second of the stories about the subterranean world…."

"Dero!" Brodie interrupted Robinson. "He writes of the dero!"

Robinson was puzzled by the look of amazement and fear that distorted the features of his friend. Then, after obtaining Robinson's promise that he would not ridicule him or tell others the story, Brodie told a most incredible tale.

Seven years before, according to the artist, he and a friend had been visiting a particular section of the West in an attempt to obtain semiprecious stones. The two young men had been warned by the townspeople not to approach the desert region near a certain mesa, since several people had disappeared without a trace in that section. They had laughed at such warnings and set out for the mesa, which to them promised riches rather than danger.

One day while they were searching for the stones, Brodie heard his companion give a sharp shout of surprise. As he looked up from his work, he saw a black-cowled figure at the base of the mesa. This mysterious figure was immediately joined by another man in black.

The first intruder pointed a rod at Brodie, and the young man found himself unable to move. He heard his friend begin to run. The other man in black pointed a similar rod at Brodie's companion, and Steve heard him scream. At once the air was filled with the acrid odor of burnt human flesh.

After that terrible moment, Steve Brodie watched helplessly as a third figure approached him with what appeared to be a set of small earphones. When the black-cowled, shadowy-faced figure went behind him, Brodie felt something beneath his ears; then he blacked out.

"At this point in his narrative," Jack remembers, "Steve showed me why he wore his hair long at the back of his head. Behind each ear at the base of the parietal bones of his skull were bare, seared, scarred patches of skin upon which no hair could grow. Both of these areas behind the ear were a little smaller than the size of a silver dollar and were perfectly circular. Steve said they were the marks of a dero slave!"

All Brodie could remember about his captivity was three or four brief periods of consciousness. During these times of hazy awareness, he found himself penned with other humans in cagelike enclosures. He was told by his fellow captives that he was "in the caves" and was being forced to obey the "deros." On each occasion, just as Brodie's head would begin to clear, a

black-cowled figure would approach him, freeze him into immobility with the rod, and adjust the headset.

Then, one day, Steve Brodie found himself walking down Broadway toward Times Square. He was dressed in his prospecting clothes and all of his personal items were still in his pockets, including about a hundred dollars in bills.

How or why he was released, Brodie never understood. It seemed as though a day had passed since he was on the mesa searching for stones with his friend. Then he noticed the date on a newspaper and realized that something had taken two years out of his life!

Robinson suggested, on knowledge gained from reading the first story in *Amazing* concerning the Shaver Mystery, that Brodie may have been released by the "tero."

The artist said that he knew nothing of them. He had only been told by his fellow captives, during those moments of wakefulness, that the dero were cruel beings who had no difficulty capturing slaves, even on the streets of the largest cities in the world.

In addition to the scars on his head, which he bore as reminders of his capture, Brodie told Robinson that he had been unable to eat meat since his escape. Even if he were only to place some meat in his mouth, he would become violently ill.

Shortly after Jack had been told the strange story of Steve Brodie's captivity, Robinson was forced to move for business reasons and he was not able to return to visit his friends on Wayne Street for nearly six months. At that time he learned that Brodie had moved out of the rooming house.

"Remember that mad artist Steve?" a fellow boarder and traveling salesman asked Jack. "I saw him only last month on a railroad train in Arizona. He was evidently drunk. He didn't even look at me when I put my hand on his shoulder. He was in a sort of a drunken stupor!"

Robinson asked what had happened to Brodie.

"I don't know!" the salesman said. "I went to the lavatory while we made a stop at some little bit of a town in Arizona—a place so little I don't even remember its name—and when I came out, Steve was gone. He must have got off at that town in Arizona."

Because of the traveling salesman's story, Jack Robinson was forced to conclude that Steve Brodie had once again become the mindless slave of

the dero. It was because of this conclusion that Robinson told the Steve Brodie story on Long John Nebel's radio show one night in March 1957.

The next morning Robinson was surprised when he was approached by a business associate who had listened to the tale of the dero. The man confided in Robinson that the Steve Brodie story may have explained an experience of his own that had occurred when he was seventeen.

This person and a friend named Fred, whom he was visiting, set out to explore a "haunted mine" in the area. According to local legends, the mine had been abandoned when the miners had run into some sort of cave. From that moment on, ill fortune had plagued those miners. Portions of the tunnel had caved in, crushing several miners. A couple of the investors in the mine had died as a result of strange accidents, and a number of the miners had simply disappeared without a trace. At least that was the legend that had grown up around the old mine, and one day in the summer of 1942, the two teen-aged boys set out to "de-spook" the haunted mine.

The teenagers passed the deserted buildings of the mining camp and climbed over a large pile of debris located at one side of the mine entrance. It was there, standing as if on guard at the mine opening, that the boys saw the grotesque monster.

About four and a half feet tall, but very thick in bulk, the being let out an unearthly scream and started around the edge of the mine toward the boys.

The teenagers fled back to town in terror. The man who related this story remembered seeking refuge in a movie theater, only to have dark figures walk up and down the aisle, seemingly searching for the row in which he was sitting.

Before he pulled the blinds of his bedroom window that night he felt certain that he could see a dark form squatting in the crotch of a high limb in the tree nearest the house.

The next day, he left on the bus for his home in Los Angeles. Fred, his companion in the adventure, later vanished. The only clue authorities had to work on was the discovery of his bicycle near the "haunted mine."

"To this day," this man told Robinson, "I am afraid that whoever or whatever it was that got Fred will find me."

Things That Go Bump Under the Earth

Timothy Green Beckley, editor of the *UFO Report* newsletter, tells of finding apparent dero activity in a book entitled *Black Range Tales* by James A. McKenna, which was published in 1936.

McKenna writes of coming upon two Indian girls sitting at a campfire eating a meal. Not wanting to startle the girls, McKenna and his companion, Cousin Jack, observed them for a time before they moved closer. As they watched, they were astonished to see one of the girls appear to walk into the wall of a canyon, then reappeared with a bucket of water for their burros.

After the girls had finished their meal and left on their burros, McKenna investigated and discovered a carefully hidden cave entrance. As he stood in the darkness, McKenna could hear the trickling of an underground spring.

Later that night, Cousin Jack awoke screaming in pain. He complained that it felt as if someone were sticking him with needles. Investigation showed that some form of electricity seemed to be present in the canyon and that the force ran through the grass, causing the sensation of needles being pricked into the flesh.

The men resolved to explore the strange cave at dawn. Before they decided that they had had enough of cave exploration and retreated from the mysterious tunnel, McKenna claimed that they had been sickened by a sulfuric odor, had heard a moaning voice screaming for “mercy,” and had come upon several human skeletons.

In Volume 1, No.6 of the newsletter of the *Committee for the Scientific Evaluation of Psi*, researcher Ronald Calais tells of a laborer in Staffordshire, England, who while digging a tunnel in 1970, claimed to have heard a rumble of heavy machinery coming from behind a huge, flat stone.

After he had pried the rock aside with his pick, he was amazed to find a stone stairway that led deep into the ground. Thinking that he had found some kind of ancient tomb, the laborer started down the steps with thoughts of treasure filling his head. Instead, the man found himself in a large stone chamber with sounds of machinery becoming louder and a hooded figure fast approaching him with a batonlike object in his raised hand. The terrified laborer fled back up the stone stairway to safety.

Calais also relates the experience of David Fellin and Henry Thorne, who emerged from a mine cave-in in Pennsylvania in 1963 to tell of seeing a huge door enveloped in blue light. The two miners claimed to have seen the door swing open to reveal beautiful marble steps with men dressed in "weird outfits" staring at them. Hallucination, or visitation by the tero?

The Vol. 1, No.2, Autumn 1967 issue of *INFO*, the journal of the International Fortean Organization, carried a fascinating article, which Calais obtained from Dr. Antonio T. Horak, a linguist, who had discovered an ancient "moon shaft" in a cave in Czechoslovakia.

Dr. Horak and some wounded companions took refuge in the cave, which is located near the villages of Plavince and Lubocna, during the Slovak Uprising of World War II. It was while tending his comrades in the cave in October 1944, that Dr. Horak found the ancient shaft.

"I sat there by the fire speculating," Dr. Horak wrote. "What is this structure, with walls two meters thick and a shape that I cannot imagine for any purpose nowadays? How far does it reach into the rocks? Is there more behind the 'moonshaft'? Is it a fossilized man-made object? Is there truth in legends, like Plato's, about long-lost civilizations with magic technologies which our rationale cannot grasp or believe?

"I am a sober, academically trained person but must admit that there, between those black, satiny, mathematically curved cliffs I do feel as if in the grip of an exceedingly strange and grim power. I can understand that simple but intelligent and practical men like Slavek [a villager who had befriended the soldiers] and his forebears sense here witchery…."

Tough Irish laborers insisted that it was no hallucination haunting them in a forty-yard stretch of tunnel that was cut under the Thames River in London in the fall of 1968.

Big Lou Chalmers felt something brush his neck. When he turned around, he saw something in the shape of a man with his arms stretched out. "I didn't stop to make out details," he said later. "I just ran."

One laborer saw the figure and came up from the tunnel "as white as a sheet." He went for a stiff drunk, quit his job and never came near the tunnel again. John Daley told journalists that the figure wore a brown overcoat and a cap. "We've heard a lot about people being buried down

there who died in the plague centuries ago," the laborer said. "But that wouldn't account for the fellow wearing modern dress."

Alfred Scadding was the sole survivor of the famous 1936 Moose River Mine disaster. Minutes before the mines caved in, he was on his way to join other workers. "I came to a cross cut, a tunnel running across the one I was in, and as I passed I looked left," he said later. "I saw a small light, like a flashlight, about two feet from the ground and swinging as if in someone's hand, moving away from me. I have an absolutely clear and detailed memory of that incident."

Scadding was told, after his rescue, that no human being was down in the mine at that time other than the two men who were trapped with him. "Two minutes after I saw that light," he remembered, "the mine came in on us."

After the men had been trapped for some time, Scadding said that they heard shouting and laughter. The survivor insisted that they were all clearheaded and fully conscious. "At first we thought we must be hearing children playing, and we figured there must be a vent to the surface. There wasn't. But we heard it so clearly. Laughing and shouting, like people having fun. It went on for twenty-four hours," Scadding said.

Who could find entertainment value in the plight of miners trapped in a cave-in? Richard Shaver would quickly nominate his dero for such dubious distinction. Or was it only a bizarre trick of the mind that made Scadding and the others certain they were hearing the sounds of laughter and merriment?

In the spring of 1966, newspapers in Darwin, Australia, carried the story of mysterious animal flesh, hairs, and hide that had been brought up during a well-drilling operation at a depth of 102 feet.

According to the news stories, Norman Jensen, an experienced well driller, had been boring for water 15 miles from the Killarney homestead, about 350 miles south of Darwin. Jensen's drill bit had passed through seven layers of limestone and clay, red soil and sandstone, when at 102 feet; the bit suddenly struck something soft and rapidly dropped to 111 feet. Certain that the bit had bored through to an underground water course,

Jensen lowered a pump to make tests. Instead of fresh waster, the pump coughed up a bucketful of flesh, bone, hide, and hairs.

Constable Roy Harvey agreed with Jensen when the driller told him that he had never seen anything like the gory substance from 102 feet. Chickens at Killarney station ate some of the matter without apparent ill effects, and several days later, it was noted that the remaining material had not yet begun to putrefy.

Could this drill bit have run into the burying ground of the inner earth masters?

Dr. W.A. Lansford, Northern Territory Director of Health in Darwin, was quoted as saying that preliminary microscopic examination had revealed the material to be hair and tissue. Dr. Langsford stated that samples had been forwarded to the forensic laboratories in Adelaide for more extensive tests, but that there was a possibility that the matter might even be human.

Chapter Six

The Horror of Vampires and Ghouls

In the eighteenth century, the French philosopher Jean Jacques Rousseau wrote:

> If there ever was in the world a warranted and proven history, it is that of vampires; nothing is lacking, official reports, testimonials of persons of standing, of surgeons, of clergymen, of judges; the judicial evidence is all-embracing.

The vampire legend is universal. In Poland, vampires are called Upirs, in Greece, Brucolacas. The villagers of Uganda, Haiti, Indonesia and the Upper Amazon all have their local variety of nocturnal blood-seeker. The American Indians, the Arctic Eskimos and many Arabian tribes know the vampire well and have as many elaborate precautions against the undead as do the inhabitants of Transylvanian villages.

Theories to explain the universality of the vampire myth are many and varied. All cultures, of course, regardless of how primitive they may be, recognize the basic fact that blood is the vital fluid of life. To lose one's vital fluid is to lose one's mortality—the spark of life. Such knowledge would be a powerful stimulant to fear in the primitive mind and the creation of hideous monsters intent on draining human blood would not be long in coming.

While vampires of jungle communities are usually demon-like and horrifying in their appearance, the European variety differs not one whit in personal appearance from that of his victims—when he is out of the tomb, that is. It is for this reason that he is much more deadly than his primitive cousins. He is usually suave, sophisticated, handsome, well dressed and fits right in at the very best parties.

It is because of his worldly appearance that he has captured the imagination of dozens of writers and millions of readers and viewers—the menace of a monster among us is always more horrifying than a hairy beast that exists somewhere "out there." The ever-present gnawing thought that your congenial chess partner, who always arrives so late at the club, or that pale-complexioned man, who kept trying to get you to dance with him out on the terrace, might be a member of the society of vampires can be a sobering one. How can we fight our foes if we can't tell them from our friends?

Brian Stoker's description of Dracula, in his famous novel of that name, sounds as much like a member of the decadent aristocracy as a bloodthirsty member of the undead:

> His face was a strong—a very strong—aquiline, with a high bridge of the thin nose and peculiarly arched nostrils, with lofty domed forehead and hair growing scantily round the temples but profusely elsewhere. His eyebrows were very massive, almost meeting over the nose, and with bushy hair that seemed to curl in its own profusion. The mouth, so far as I could see it under the heavy moustache [Bela Lugosi, Christopher Lee and Frank Langella, in their famous characterizations of Dracula, never wore mustaches; John Carradine did] was fixed and rather cruel-looking, with peculiarly sharp white teeth; these protruded over the lips, whose remarkable ruddiness showed astonishing vitality in a man of his years.

The beastly black powers of the European vampire grew with each succeeding generation. He was as strong as a dozen men. He was able to transform himself not only into the conventional bat, but also into a wolf and command the rat, the owl, the moth, and the fox. He was able to see in

the dark and travel on moonbeams and mist. At times, he had the power to vanish in a puff of smoke. His hypnotic powers were irresistible.

Now, of course, when one knew that a vampire was flapping about during the night, there were a number of precautions that one could take. Wolfbane, the lotus flower, wild garlic, and sacred objects such as the crucifix and Sacred Water rendered the fanged fiend powerless. Place a branch of the wild rose on his coffin and he had to remain there; or, when he was on a nocturnal hunt, destroy his coffin and the rays of the early morning sun would scorch him into ashes.

If he were already secure in his coffin, the vampire hunters could drive a wooden stake through the monster's heart. For best results, the pointed end would have to have been hardened by charring in fire. Even better than the wooden stake treatment was the procedure of cutting off the fiend's head, filling his mouth with garlic, and burning his corpse.

If one were truly suspect about that chess player or that gallant young man who was so intent on dancing out on the terrace, one could lure him in front of a mirror just to be sure. A vampire causes no reflection.

Even at the dawn of the scientific age, scholars and members of the clergy were convinced of the vampire's existence. In the eighteenth century, a Benedictine monk, Dom Calmet, turned his skillful pen to the subject of vampires and tried to offer a "scientific" explanation.

> Chemical substances of the soil may conserve corpses indefinitely. By the influence of warmth, the nitre and sulphur in the earth may render liquid coagulated blood.
>
> The screams of the vampires [caused, no doubt, when vampire vigilantes went about driving stakes in the breasts of suspect corpses] are produced when air passing through their throats is stirred by the pressure which the stake causes in the body. Often people are buried alive, and certain dead, such as the excommunicated, can rise from their tombs; but it is not possible to leave the grave bodily without digging up the soil, and none of the stories about vampires mention that their tombs were disturbed.

Today we recognize a vampire's psychosis wherein the individual may become convinced that his life depends upon drawing fresh blood from

human victims. The psychotic may, in extreme cases, actually believe himself to be dead.

For almost a week in February 1960, women in the town of Monteros in Argentina were terrorized by the nocturnal attacks of a "vampire." At least fifteen women were victimized by the midnight marauder, who crept into bedrooms through the windows left open because of a heat wave. Hysterically, they told police of savage teeth biting deeply into their throats and drawing blood.

When officers finally tracked the vampire to his lair, they found a young man sleeping in a coffin which he had secreted in a cave on the outskirts of the city. He lay swathed in a black cloak, his eyes closed in deep sleep. On his lips was the blood of his most recent victim.

In police custody, the real-life "Dracula" identified himself as Florenico Fernandez, age twenty-five, a stonemason. He was at a complete loss to explain his sadistic attacks.

A classic case of vampirism was that of Vincent Verzeni, who terrorized an Italian village during the years 1867-1871. Verzeni's method of attack was to seize a victim by the neck, bite her on the throat, then suck her blood. He eventually murdered two women and victimized several others before he was apprehended.

Fritz Harrmann, the famous Vampire of Hanover, was credited with upwards of fifty-murders—though he was officially charged with twenty-four. The newspapers noted, however, that during the year 1924, when his morbid murders came to light, over six hundred young boys had disappeared in Hanover, then a city of about 450,000.

The Reverend Montague Summers, persistent witch and vampire hunter (*The History of Witchcraft, the Geography of Witchcraft, The Vampire: His Kith and Kin*), declared Harrmann a "genuine vampire," and thought it no small coincidence that he was ordered beheaded, a traditional manner of disposing of practicing vampires.

John George High was a British vampire who took the biblical injunction to "drink water out of thine own cistern and running waters out of thine own well" as direct commandment to drink human blood. It is said that Haigh acquired his taste for blood by accidentally tasting his own while sucking a scratch. Intoxicated by the act of drinking blood, he was soon

“tapping” the jugular veins of his victims so that he might indulge both his perverse thirst and his religious fanaticism.

On October 30, 1981, James P. Riva II, a self-proclaimed vampire, was convicted in Brockton, Massachusetts, of murdering his grandmother by shooting her with gold-tipped bullets, then attempting to drink her blood from the wounds.

Riva’s mother, Janet Jones of Middlebury, Vermont, testified that her son had claimed to have been a vampire for four years. According to Mrs. Jones, James had told her: “Voices told me I had to be a vampire, and I had to drink blood for a long time. I’ve been talking with the devil for a long time.”

Defense psychiatrist Dr. Bruce Harry testified that Riva was insane at the time he murdered his grandmother. “The voices had told him that he could not become a good person until he killed someone and drank their blood.”

John T. Spinale, defense attorney, explained to the court that Riva felt that he needed human and animal blood. Riva truly believed that he was a vampire who must roam the countryside in search of his devil-prescribed “food.” According to Spinale, Riva had a habit of “not eating normal meals. He ate what he found in the evening, and during the evening he found animal blood.”

Superior Court Judge Peter F. Brady sentenced the twenty-four-year-old Riva to a mandatory life sentence at Walpole State Prison on the charge of second-degree murder. He would not be eligible for parole for at least twenty-seven years.

Upon examining the “spark of truth” behind the legend of the vampire, we discover that the “myth” disguises a very morbid reality. Although Count Dracula flitting about in the form of a bat is the product of a creative imagination utilizing the superstitious lore of previous centuries, Stephen Kaplan, director of the Vampire Research Center in Elmhurst, New York, claims that there are at least twenty-one “real” vampires secretly living in the United States and Canada today. Some of these vampires even admitted to Kaplan that, on occasion, they have murdered humans to obtain blood. Kaplan further stated that some of them may be as old as three hundred years, but appear amazingly young, due to the blood they ingest.

We might expect Kaplan next to tell us that his vampires also sleep in coffins and come out only after sunset, but he does not go that far. “They are simply humans who have an insatiable thirst for blood,” he told a reporter. “Two-thirds of these vampires are men and one-third are women. They marry, have children, keep regular jobs…some even go to church.”

Kaplan reported that the twenty-one vampires discovered by his research are distributed throughout the United States and Canada, though, “Massachusetts is ahead with three, followed by Arizona, California, and New Jersey with two each.”

The parapsychologist promised anonymity to each of the vampires who responded with startling frankness to his request for interviews:

> They live to a vast old age. There are some elements in the human blood that slow down the aging process—so much so that modern vampires can live up to 300 years. When they cannot obtain human blood, they drink blood from cows, dogs, cats, and other creatures such as birds, lizards and snakes.

Kaplan told of one vampire who worked as a technician in a hospital. He simply took his blood from the hospital whenever he needed it. Although the man was nearly sixty, Kaplan stated, he passed as a man in his early twenties.

Then there is the vampire in Arizona, who looks like a teenager, but who is actually in his late thirties. “He’s a university student, and admitted he lures people into the desert to drink their blood.”

One attractive blonde vampire appeared to be in her vigorous twenties, but was really in her sixties. She exchanged sexual favors for blood.

“I watched her drink blood from a willing victim,” Kaplan told the reporter. “I watched her use a scalpel to make several incisions in the boy and drink some blood.”

Kaplan found that their blood needs varied. Some required two pints in a week, others, half a gallon.

Those who confessed to having killed humans for blood stated that they preyed mostly on hitchhikers and people they assumed to be transients with few family associations. Other vampires admitted that they would

sometimes render a victim unconscious to take some blood, but that they always left the unwilling donor alive.

The myths about vampires, Kaplan said, were not true. Although long-lived, they are not immortal. They sleep in beds, rather than coffins. They have no preternatural ability to transform themselves into bats or other animals. They can function in either darkness or light, and they have no fear of a crucifix.

Vampirism is a genetic disorder, according to Kaplan. "They're born into it. Their mothers and fathers were vampires, and it appears their children are always vampires."

Vampires can be made, as well as born; and blood as the elixir of youth has long been esteemed—whether one drinks it, or bathes in it.

Elizabeth Bathory—The Countess of Blood

Grisly surprises awaited the raiding party as they slipped unnoticed through the massive doors of Castle Csejthe on New Year's Eve.

In the great hall lay the pale, lifeless form of a young woman, the blood completely drained from her naked body. A few steps away lay a girl sprawled grotesquely and pitiably on the floor. Her breasts had been slashed repeatedly and she was unconscious from loss of blood. Chained to a pillar was the body of another girl who had been burned and savagely whipped to death.

Hurrying to the dungeons below, the raiders found several dozen children, girls, and young women, many of whom had been bled. Others had not yet been molested and were fattened and in excellent health—like animals ready for slaughter.

It was on the second floor of the castle that the raiders surprised the Countess Bathory and her household in the midst of a drunken and depraved orgy. The raiding party, which consisted of the prime minister, the governor, a priest and several soldiers and policemen, later said that the details of the disgusting bacchanal were too awful to be repeated.

The blood of six hundred girls and young women stained the soul and bathed the body of Elisabeth Bathory, the Countess of Blood. The cruel Countess believed that by bathing her voluptuous body in the vital fluid of other women she would be able to preserve the famous beauty that she debauched with death, torture, and countless orgies.

Elisabeth Bathory, married at fifteen to Count Ferencz Nadasdy, was delighted to find that the same streak of barbaric cruelty boiled the blood of her mate. With her pale, almost translucent flesh, her raven black hair, sensual lips, and blazing eyes, she was always at the shoulder of Nadasdy as he dabbled in witchcraft, sorcery and Satanism. A terror on the battlefield, a tiger in the bedroom, the virile Count was fully capable of satisfying his wife's passionate demands.

The young lovers had come into the world blessed with two of the most powerful names in Hungary. The Nadasdys were well-noted as fierce warriors and cruel taskmasters. To their serfs, they were generous with the lash and dungeon and miserly with rewards and gifts. The Bathory bloodline combined psychosis and public service, cleverness and corruption, benevolence and brutality. Gyorgy, the conscientious prime minister of Hungary, was Elisabeth's cousin, but so was Sigismund Bathory, the savage, unstable Prince of Transylvania. It is little wonder that the newlyweds soon devoted themselves to sadistic and princely perversions.

Perhaps Elisabeth would have remained simply a jaded aristocrat of her times, dabbling in the Black Arts and occasionally flogging a peasant for amusement, if her well-matched mate would have stayed home. But the Count was busy becoming Hungary's Black Hero, and he left the bed of his lady for months at a time.

It was during one of these periods of loneliness, boredom, and aching frustration that the beautiful Countess turned to an even more intense study of witchcraft.

"Ilona Joo," she called to the woman who had been her nurse, "since childhood you have teased me with tales of the great powers that come to those who practice Satanism. I now want to learn the Black Secrets. I want to devote my life to Black Magic."

Ilona Joo smiled, her eyes glowing strangely. It was what she had waited a lifetime to hear. With the Countess under her influence and with the Nadasdy-Bathory fortune at her disposal, she could become the most powerful witch in Hungary. Truly her sacrifices to her Black Lord had been recognized.

Ilona Joo summoned the most famous alchemists, witches, and sorcerers to Castle Csejthe. And they came—strange creatures from the

depths of the forest, defrocked priests, demented alchemists, poisoners, and those who tortured for pleasure.

Although Elisabeth entered into the study of diabolism with wild frenzy and abandon, the sexuality that had been aroused by the masterful Nadasdy grew even more frustrated. Her violent passions at last drove her to run away with a pale young nobleman who was reputed to be a vampire.

The cadaverous lover could not compare with the virile Count, and Elisabeth returned to throw herself at Nadasdy's knees in supplication. The Count understood the demands that inflamed the body of his beautiful wife and eagerly forgave Elisabeth her unfaithfulness.

Vowing eternal fidelity to her husband, the Countess gave herself completely to the study of Satanism during the Count's absences; and, to control her simmering sexuality, she abandoned herself with equal fervor to the arms of two personal maids, carefully chosen for beauty and ardor.

Shortly after Elisabeth's twenty-sixth birthday, she gave birth to the heir for which Nadasdy had so long been striving. Attributing the opening of her womb to the magic of Ilona Joo, she gave birth to three other children in rapid succession. Until the Count's death, she occupied herself with motherhood and resisted the pleadings of her old nurse to resume a study of witchcraft.

Then, one day when a serving maid angered her, the Countess struck the girl so violently that she drew blood.

"Strange," she later remarked to Ilona Joo, "look here on my hand where droplets of blood fell from that miserable wench…the flesh appears to be softer, whiter…younger that it was before!"

The Countess called for a mirror, studied the face that was famous throughout Hungary for its beauty. The inevitable lines of age were beginning to appear.

"Tell me," she asked her old nurse, "is it possible to remain young forever?"

Ilona Joo's eyes brightened. "There are those who speak of such potions."

Elisabeth sneered. "I do not need your potions. I have found the true formula—the blood of a young maid!"

The serving girl who had offended her mistress was summoned to the master bedroom. While two burly guards held the struggling girl, the

Countess drew a basin of blood from her veins.

"See!" she screamed at Ilona Joo when she had finished washing her face in the girl's blood. "My face is younger! My complexion is fresher! Youth will surely be mine if I bathe myself in the blood of young maidens!"

Elisabeth believed that she had discovered the secret of eternal youth and beauty: a complete and regular submersion in blood.

For eleven years, the terrified peasants and villagers locked themselves in their houses after dark and listened in horror to the screams of anguish and tortured pain that drifted down to them from Castle Csejthe. From behind their curtained windows they watched with terror as the black carriage drawn by black horses descended from the castle to search for fresh victims.

Not one of the girls and young women ever managed to escape the castle alive. After the captive women had provided the Countess with lesbian pleasure, their blood was drained to provide her bath.

The Countess kept her dungeons filled with girls who were chained to the walls and fed like animals being fattened for market. The Countess liked the girls to be plump. She reasoned that a fatter victim would have healthier blood in her veins, which would mean better properties of rejuvenation for her gory beauty baths. Like a kind of human dairy herd, the unfortunate women were slowly "milked" of their blood by means of countless incisions.

The Countess believed that the rubbing of towels on her delicate skin had a corrosive effect. Hence, she required captive girls to lick the blood off her flesh after she emerged from the tub. If any girl showed displeasure while engaged in the gruesome chore, she would be hideously tortured to death. If any girl managed to feign pleasure, the Countess might make of her a favorite and allow her to live for quite some time. Eventually, however, she would be subjected to ghastly tortures, for the Countess took special delight in torturing those who had once been her favorites.

The Countess's assembly of witches and sorcerers soon convinced her of the advisability of ritual human sacrifice to ensure the Devil's blessing of their magic spells. The witches also gained the Countess's permission to conduct magical and alchemical experiments on the girls. The Countess herself grew to crave torture as a daily activity. Her cruelly inventive mind hatched countless devices by which to flay, burn, freeze,

and bleed the captive girls. Perhaps the most hideous deaths occurred when the Countess would have a young girl brought to her bed for lesbian play, then, tiring of the activity, would systematically "bite" the girl to death.

Rumors of these tortures and emphatic reports by local priests reached the ears of the authorities years before any action was taken. The Countess belonged to two wealthy and powerful families—Bathory and Nadasdy—and no one in Hungary dared to investigate the source of such rumors and charges. Eventually the prime minister, the Countess's own cousin, led the raiding party on Castle Csejthe on New Year's Eve, 1610. Even the most disgusting rumors had not prepared them for the hellish scenes they discovered.

All of the Countess's witches and sorcerers were put to torture and then either beheaded or burned alive. Countess Elisabeth herself was walled up in her apartment in Castle Scejthe with only tiny slits for ventilation and the passing of food.

Still strikingly youthful and beautiful at fifty, the Countess lived for four hundred years without uttering a single word to her captors. Perhaps she could only listen to the ghostly echoes of the screams and pleadings of her six hundred victims.

A ghoul is a grisly demon who feeds on corpses. The ghoul is introduced here for comparison and contrast with the vampire. After all, one feeds off the living, the other dines on the dead. Both give expression to the darker side of the human psyche, touching upon certain necrophiliac and cannibalistic aberrations.

The next three sections will provide you with a glimpse of a real-life ghoul, the infamous Sergeant Bertrand; a glamorous ghoul, Vera Renczi, who collected the corpses of her lovers; and Burke and Hare, prototypes of the grave robber—an occupation that, whether for science or thievery, probably fortified the legend of night creatures who molested the final resting places of their deceased victims.

The Ghoul of Paris

When they arrested Sergeant Francois Bertrand for the heinous crimes that had shocked Paris in 1847, his fellow soldiers were completely stunned. It seemed incomprehensible to them that the twenty-five-year-old

Bertrand could be the ghoul that had profaned the sanctity of Parisian graveyards.

In the eyes of his comrades Bertrand was intelligent, lucid, handsome and sensitive. If anything, his friends reported, Bertrand was rather delicate and unusually quiet for a professional soldier.

Nevertheless, it was established beyond all doubt that Francois Bertrand was the tormented monster who had unearthed cadavers from their coffins to give vent to his perverse craving for human flesh.

Bertrand was little help in analyzing the ghastly nature of his crimes. To his way of thinking, he had been driven by forces beyond his control. There had been nothing that he could do other than to obey the terrible compulsion that bid him dig up the newly dead and tear at their flesh with his sword, his bare hands, and his teeth.

When the madness seized him, Bertrand was beset by a rapid beating of his heart, a terrible trembling of his body and a violent headache. As soon as he could slip out of the barracks, he would make his way to a cemetery where he would dig at the unsettled soil of a fresh grave.

Once he had exhumed the corpse, he would strike at it again and again with his sword until he had slashed the body to shreds. This terrible deed of desecration and mutilation accomplished, he would experience a release that would immediately free him of the throbbing headache and the other physical symptoms.

On one occasion, while walking with a fellow soldier, Bertrand sighted a fresh grave in a cemetery and immediately began to suffer the agony of his private torment. Nervously he tried to make carefree conversation with his companion, but his thoughts kept returning to the newly dug plot in the little cemetery. He knew that he must return to it that night.

Even though it was in the dead of winter and a bitter cold evening, Sergeant Bertrand's morbid compulsion would not let him rest.

In order to leave the military camp without being seen, Bertrand had to swim a wide ditch in which huge chunks of ice bobbed. In order to enter the cemetery he was forced to scale a high wall. But to Sergeant Bertrand, in the trancelike obsession of his private curse, the bitter cold and the physical obstacles were not a problem.

When the parents of the recently buried teenaged girl came to bring a wreath to her grave the next morning they were horrified to discover the unspeakable violation that had been wrought upon their daughter's corpse.

Sergeant Bertrand satisfied his grisly perversion on dozens of French graves before an outraged populace demanded doubled efforts on the part of the police to apprehend the ghoul and put a stop to the desecration of their loved ones' final resting places.

When he was finally captured after a night of indulging his ghoulish passions, Sergeant Bertrand told his captors that he was at a complete loss to explain his actions. He protested that he had always been a religious person, offended by indecent talk and actions. The ghoul of Paris spent his final days in a madman's cell where he, in turn, could not offend the sanctity of the grave by his perverse actions.

Vera Renczi—The Coffin Collector

The police inspector who had led the raid on Vera Renczi's mansion stood open-mouthed and wide-eyed at the tomb in the cellar.

Overcoming his revulsion, he was able to warn, "What is in that vault is beyond belief."

As each of the officers filed into the huge subterranean chamber, his eyes bugged at the grisly panorama that awaited him.

Neatly arranged around the cellar walls were thirty-five zinc coffins, each containing the body of a man. In a comfortable easy chair, placed precisely in the middle of the room sat Vera Renczi.

"You…you poisoned them all," the police inspector accused the lovely blonde ghoul of Berkerekul, "and arranged their bodies here in your cellar. Why?"

"Why?" echoed the methodical mass-murderer. "Because I could not bear the thought that they might love another woman. I could not bear the thought that they might find pleasure in the arms of anyone else."

One of the officers detached himself from his fellows who were busy recording the names inscribed on each of the coffins. "Sir," he addressed his superior, "one of the corpses is but a boy."

"My son," Vera answered without being prompted. "He threatened to expose me."

The inspector shook his head in disgust. “How,” he asked, “can you sit down here in this easy chair?”

Vera smiled, “I often come down here in the evenings and sit among my lovers. It is pleasant to recall how they died. It is pleasant to reflect that they will never leave me.”

Vera Renczi, the sex-crazed corpse collector, was a nymphomaniac who never let go. Although her own insatiable sex urge rendered her incapable of experiencing a real love and caused her to flit from one lover to another seeking satisfaction, Vera was possessed of an insanely jealous nature that could not tolerate the idea of a former lover finding pleasure with another woman.

Born in Bucharest of wealthy parents, Vera developed a rebellious, selfish nature along with her great beauty.

Her mother had died at an early age and left Vera to be reared by an indulgent father. Ignoring neighborhood gossip that intimated that Vera was becoming a bit boy crazy, her easy-going father was at least convinced on the eve of her fifteenth birthday when the already voluptuous Vera was flushed out of a boys’ dormitory at midnight.

She would never again be contented with girlish games after such a wholesale initiation into the facts of life. Although her patient father tried to belatedly to domesticate his devilish daughter, the neophyte nymphomaniac took to running away with her lover of the moment whenever the father’s back was turned. Vera always returned to Father’s forgiving arms, however, complaining that she had tired of her paramour.

Much to her father’s relief, Vera somehow found herself in love with a wealthy businessman. Although the man was many years her senior, Vera’s father did not object.

Marriage worked a strange metamorphosis on fun-loving Vera. She became a demure and charming housewife and seemed to have numbed her every waking hour to his care.

Shortly after the birth of her son, she somberly confided to friends that she feared her husband had left her.

Shocked, her companions protested violently. Her husband was such a good man, they argued, a pillar of the community. Surely she must be mistaken.

“But it is true,” she sighed. “It has been three months now. The man I loved beyond everything has deserted me. Without a word of warning or a note of farewell, he has left me.”

Then, while friends clucked their tongues sympathetically, Vera would smile wanly and say: “As long as I have my little Karl, his father shall always be with me.”

Of course Vera’s husband had not really left her at all—at least not in the usual sense. He was the first in her collection of corpses and coffins.

Vera wore the mantle of the mistreated woman for about a year before she grew bored with the role and gave into the diabolical demands of her personal devil. She began to haunt the night cages of Berkerekul and to enjoy once more the amorous attention of dozens of men.

While she had found another man to whom she would pledge allegiance for a somewhat permanent liaison, she publicly announced that she had received a message confirming her first husband’s death in an automobile accident.

Josef Renczi, husband number two, was a handsome wastrel who was a devoted disciple of debauchery. A despoiler of virgins, a wrecker of homes, an insatiable womanizer. Josef soon grew weary of the fireside and hearth routine with the passionate Vera. She tolerated his extramarital meanderings for four months before she administered the first dose of poison to his food.

Although she was generally inclined to dispatch her victims with a merciful haste, Vera delighted in watching Josef die a slow and agonizing death. Of all the coffins in her makeshift mortuary, his would be regarded with the most contempt for the unforgivable affront he had offered to her prowess as a playmate.

“Josef has gone on a long, long journey,” Vera told friends. “I don’t care if I never see him again. He has been unfaithful to me.”

With Renczi’s reputation as a rounder, no one else really cared if they ever saw him again. Vera graciously received once more the sympathetic clucking of tongues and smiled inwardly, secure in the knowledge that at last Josef would be truly faithful to her.

But the philandering Renczi had found the chink in Vera’s armor. She passed from lover to lover with speed and ease as she desperately sought to

reassert her desirability. Although openly flirtatious to all men, Vera was curiously monogamous with each lover. Vampire-like, she would slowly sap his strength with passion and poison until he joined the cluster of coffins in the cellar.

The servants who attended her in the macabre mansion vowed that their mistress could do no wrong and were devoted to her service. They had come to accept a succession of suitors as a way of life and never suspected that over thirty of them were permanent guests.

Then one night at the ball, Vera accepted a challenge that would result in the discovery of her incredible crypt of corpses. The challenge of her sex appeal took the form of a handsome young banker who seemed slavishly in love with his beautiful bride of a few days.

Managing an introduction to the bridegroom, Vera began at once to exert her almost hypnotic spell upon him. Flattered by the attention of such a beautiful older woman, it wasn't long before he was slipping quietly into her bedchamber and benefitting from her years of passionate and practical experience.

Unfortunately, the young banker had an acute sense of guilt. Ecstatic as he was to dally in the arms of his accomplished mistress, he was beset with remorse for the manner in which he had treated his lovely bride. When he learned of his wife's pregnancy, he told Vera that he must never see her again.

"As you wish," Vera said, her eyes narrowing maliciously. "Drink one last toast with me to the love that we have shared."

It took the handsome young banker a long, agonizing time to die. After the last tremors of pain had shaken his body, he joined the other victims of Vera in a zinc coffin that had already been inscribed with his name.

Although it may seem incredible that over thirty men could vanish through the portals of one woman's house without causing serious police inquiry, the banker's disappearance was the only one that had ever been connected with the voluptuous vampire.

Vera's husbands had been "accounted for" to the satisfaction of all Berkerekul. The other unfortunate lovers, who had come to stay in a coffin cubicle of their very own, had all been rakes, rouges and philanders, who could have been connected with a dozen women in addition to Vera. The

police could not be blamed for having no knowledge of the strange obsession that converted Vera's sexual embrace into an act of death rather than delight. Once the bedeviled blonde possessed a man, she could not tolerate the thought of his enjoying another woman.

But the banker had a wife. A very determined young wife.

She went to the police to relay the confession that her husband made to her shortly before his disappearance. He had been having an affair with Vera Renczi.

"Why, yes," Vera admitted frankly to the police when they confronted her with the wife's accusation. "The other night after we had finished making love, the fool told me that he had a wife—a pregnant one at that! When we first met, he told me that the woman was his sister. I trusted him. I took him at his word. When he confessed that he was married, I told him to put on his clothes and get out."

Vera's candid confession may have convinced the police officials, but the persistent wife continued to conduct inquiries of her own. At last she had gathered evidence linking half a dozen missing men to the beautiful blonde, forcing the police to reopen their investigation.

The terrible discovery of the thirty-five zinc coffins in Vera's cellar stunned the police officials and all of Europe.

Bored by the psychiatrists who had hoped to interview her, Vera revealed nothing and entered prison without the slightest expression of remorse for her crimes.

Soon after her imprisonment, however, Vera went insane and spent the nights chatting and laughing with the considerable number of admirers whom she had murdered for her mortuary. Within a few years, the gorgeous ghoul joined them.

Burke's the Butcher, Hare's the Thief, Knox the Boy Who Buys the Beef

"This is getting to be good business," William Hare whispered hoarsely into the night that had settled over Edinburgh, Scotland.

"Quiet," his companion demanded. "We're almost there. You want to get caught now?"

Hare's friend was William Burke, a small, portly cobbler, who did his business in a shop near Hare's Inn. Burke's round, pudgy face seemed to

dissolve in the shadows of the night, but Hare's ugly features hung in the faint gaslight like a hideous Chinese lantern.

Between them the two men carried a chest, quite large, and any observer would have known that its contents were heavy. The chest scraped along the cobblestone walk a little, as Burke dropped his end, but Hare kept on walking.

"Watch what you're doing there," Burke snarled under his breath. "This is the place."

"I thought it was the next door," Hare protested.

"No," the other said as he knocked softly. After a minute the door opened, showing the light of a partially covered lantern to the two men outside.

"Good evening, gentlemen," a high voice came from the shadows behind the open door. "I'm glad to see that you've come again."

"Glad we could make it," Burke said. He looked keenly into the shadowy, bespectacled face of the man who had opened the door. He was a bit taller than Burke's five-feet-five inches, but not nearly his equal in weight.

"You want it downstairs, Doc?" Hare asked impatiently.

"Yes, of course," the man said, closing the door after the two men.

Doctor John Knox followed Burke and Hare, holding the lantern high so neither would stumble. Finally the man set their burden on the floor; and without further ceremony, Hare opened the lid of the chest, stooped down, then stood up, lifting a completely nude male corpse into the lantern light. With a coarse grunt he dropped the cadaver roughly on the table.

"Easy there," Dr. Knox admonished. "I'm not paying for damaged goods."

"Dead meat don't bruise, Doc," Burke said, a smile twisting his features.

Knox said nothing for a few seconds. "I guess you're right," he said after thinking it over abstractly. "It's scientifically impossible. Perhaps you should be giving the anatomy lectures."

The three shared a laugh as Doctor Knox bent to examine the corpse. "He's in very excellent condition," he remarked without looking up. "Strange that so robust a man would die. Was he sick?"

“Overwork,” Burke said, shaking his head. “He just worked himself to death.”

“Well, gentlemen,” the doctor announced, “I’m satisfied, and here is your fee. I’d offer you a drink, but I must be up early tomorrow to lecture.”

Burke and Hare stuffed the five-pound notes into their pockets and preceded the lantern-carrying doctor to his door. “I hope you’ll return soon,” Knox said, bidding them good night.

In the late 1820s, surgeons and doctors of the British Isles had begun to discover the value of dissection. The infant science of surgery was progressing rapidly, but the progress required cadavers that were supplied, the more the doctors realized how little they knew, and thus the more cadavers they needed. As a result, societies of grave robbers were formed called Resurrectionists. They did their utmost to make sure the corpses landing on the dissecting table were as fresh as possible. (Digging was easier in unsettled dirt.) Outraged kin of the deceased gathered in the streets around medical colleges, throwing stones through the windows. In some localities iron cages were built over the graves to keep the corpse-craving ghouls out.

In Edinburgh, Burke and Hare had hit upon a gold mine. Knox dissected the bodies and moved on to others at an incredible rate of speed. At ten pounds a corpse, the two men could get rich quickly. Ten pounds was more than an average working man in the 1820s could earn in six months.

To keep pace with their greed, Burke and Hare had added their own special wrinkle to the wholesale corpse business. The goods they pedaled were always fresh because they did not always wait for a “corpse” to die.

Returning to Hare’s Inn that cold December night, the two men warmed their flesh with a few tankards of grog. Burke joined his common-law wife, Helen, whose breath always reeked of stale liquor, and Hare went to his kept mistress, Mag Laird. Together they celebrated their newfound financial independence. Even though they had been in the business less than a month, they had already bought the clothes of the newly rich.

All throughout the spring and into the summer of 1828, business boomed. Even though Knox had to reduce the going rate to eight pounds during the hot months because of his need for ice, Burke and Hare figured they could get by on that.

With his newfound riches Burke's taste in women had changed also. Helen was a bit frowsy, and besides, he had had his eye on Mary Paterson, a beautiful prostitute who had always been out of his financial class. Burke approached her as a prosperous businessman, then bought her a jug of gin. From there it was only a little jingle of coin to the home of his brother, Constantine, who collected garbage for the Edinburgh police.

Unannounced at his brother's house, Burke informed the bewildered man that he had some business to discuss with the ample-bosomed, blonde-haired beauty.

The door to the bedroom had not been closed long before the door of the house slammed open and in barged Helen Burke, her eyes blurred with drink and her voice screeching hatred for her husband. Someone had told her of his leaving the grog shop with the beautiful streetwalker.

She ran to the bedroom and jerked the door open to find a frustrated Burke and Mary Paterson, who had fainted dead away from too much drink.

To further complicate matters, Hare had followed Helen Burke to Constantine's house and, to avoid trouble, had quickly doled out a few shillings to get the man and his wife out of the way. Constantine protested, wondering what would become of Mary Paterson, but Hare assured him that all would be handled very smoothly. After promising Helen that he would see that her husband committed no unfaithful act, Hare also convinced her to leave.

The next day the medical students attending Dr. Knox's lecture and dissection laboratory were a little stunned by the dead beauty who lay under the doctor's knife. More than one of them had seen her before and a few had even paid her price.

The medical students were not the only people who missed the beautiful streetwalker. She had a steady friend, an Irishman named McLaughlin, who looked on himself as her protector. Though the big, burly man could not prove anything, he was sure that Mary had met with foul play, and he traced the vanishing trail right to a cobbler named Burke.

"Who?" Burke had said when McLaughlin confronted him.

"Mary Paterson," the Irishman roared. "And don't tell me you never heard of her. I know she went with you to your brother's house a few days ago."

“Oh, yes,” the round little man said smoothly. “We could not come to an agreement.”

Even while McLaughlin went storming away, Burke was suffering from further domestic problems. While trying to fulfill a special order from Dr. Knox for a ten-year-old boy and an old lady, he and Hare had unwittingly taken an idiot as a victim.

The fact would have been inconsequential to Dr. Knox, but to Helen Burke, her mind clouded with drink and superstition, it was an evil omen—a curse in fact—and the two grim businessmen had all they could do to keep her from spilling the entire story while moaning in her grog. Even a vacation at seaside did her no good, and Burke, Hare and Mag Laird decided to leave Edinburgh and hide out in Glasgow. In their absence Helen Burke managed to swallow her fear, and when the trip tiptoed into Edinburgh again a few months later, she had not opened her mouth.

But the game could not be played much longer. When a neighbor ran across the corpse of an old lady, which was all tucked neatly away in the chest ready for transport, the entire matter nearly exploded in their faces. Only Hare’s quick action in moving the evidence saved the day.

The thorough Edinburgh police had been moving in on the dealers in corpses ever since the first missing-person reports had come from that sector of the city. McLaughlin had come to them protesting the disappearance of Mary Paterson, and subsequent questioning of medical students, who had seen her beautiful, cold body on Knox’s dissection table, had made the officials suspicious of Burke and Hare.

The police made arrests in Hare’s inn and simultaneously raided Dr. Knox’s laboratory where they found the old lady, who had recently been delivered.

Although neither of the Burkes ever admitted the deed, both Mag Laird and William Hare confessed, telling how the victims were lured to the inn, then suffocated. Even though Dr. Knox claimed that he had known nothing of the murders and was never brought to trial, the grisly publicity ruined his reputation and he faded into obscurity.

Of the four ghouls, only William Burke paid with his life. Helen Burke, against whom there was only circumstantial evidence, was released. Probably because they had so readily confessed to their roles in the crimes,

Mag and William were set free. Mag died seven years later in France, but William lived to the age of eighty and died a beggar in London.

Burke himself remains with us—a skeleton in the Edinburgh anatomy museum. The placard placed beside his stocky structure is decorated with a small skull and minces no words. It reads: William Burke The Murderer.

Chapter Seven

Phantoms

Richard T. Crowe, an expert on spontaneous phenomena, had said that the odds of seeing a ghost or ghoul in the city of Chicago are probably greater than anywhere else in the world.

"Apparitions and spirits roam streets and cemeteries and haunt houses," Crowe commented. "We even have a ghost house here in Chicago —a house that appears and disappears in the dark of night. This ghostly dwelling is near Bachelor's Grove Cemetery, an abandoned burial ground off 143rd Street, near Midlothian.

"As if the thing were not mystery enough," Crowe went on, "old records show that there never has been a house there. But the ghost house appears on either side of the road, at different places. Witnesses always describe it in the same way: wooden columns, a porch swing and a dim light glowing within."

Crowe said that no one had ever claimed to have entered the ghostly domicile, but he added grimly: "Perhaps those who do never return to tell about it."

The desolate old cemetery itself is haunted by a mysterious blue light about the size of a softball. According to percipients, the glowing ball behaves in an intelligent manner, even to the extent of deftly evading pursuers.

A Joliet man named Jack Hermanski chased the ghost light on two occasions, Crowe reported. “He said that the light blinks at ten-to twenty-second intervals. He claimed that the light grew as large as a basketball and changed positions very rapidly.”

Denise Travis said she encountered the light in December 1971. She told Crowe that she had put her hand through the ghost light. She claimed to have felt no heat, nothing at all.

Although one thing after another has prevented me from joining Richard Crowe on one of his ghost tours of Chicago, not long ago we sat down to discuss Haunted Chicago.

Richard T. Crowe: I’ve been interested in ghostly and spontaneous phenomena in Chicago since my high school days. When I was working on my master’s degree in English at De Paul University, I became very friendly with Dr. Houck, head of the geography department.

Dr. Houck was always running some sort of tour or other for the geographical society at the university, and he asked me if haunted places might not lend themselves to a tour. I had never thought of that angle before.

I plotted out a route for what was intended to be a one-time tour for Halloween 1973. There was some press on it locally, and we ended up turning away over two hundred people.

I got a list of those who were denied the first tour, offered them tours of their own. From that point, I have just never stopped. I run the tour an average of five times a month except for October, which hits ten or twelve times before Halloween.

Steiger: You take people to sites at which incidents of paranormal phenomena have been reported.

Crowe: For the most part, I have chosen places where phenomena have recurred over the years. We range from cemeteries to churches to street corners. Because of the large size of the groups, we are limited to either public or semi-public places.

Steiger: What about the famous Phantom Hitchhiker? I’ve heard that she shows up in Chicago, too.

Crowe: She certainly does. Actually, we have a number of phantom hitchhikers. We have a beautiful Jewish girl who has black hair and dresses

in flapper-style clothing of the twenties.

Steiger: How do you know she's Jewish?

Crowe: Because she disappears in a Jewish cemetery, Jewish Waldheim. She has been seen to walk into a mausoleum and vanish. She's been sighted a number of times.

We also have a young Mexican girl who appears between Cline and Cudahy Avenues, just outside of Gary. This phantom was picked up by a cab driver in 1965, and she dematerialized in his car.

To me, the most fascinating phantom hitchhiker is the one called Resurrection Mary, a beautiful, blonde Polish girl. We have very ethnically inclined ghosts in Chicago.

Mary was buried in Resurrection Cemetery—which is where she gets her nickname—on Archer Avenue on the Southside of Chicago. Archer, by the way, has hauntings running the entire length of the avenue. It was built over an old Indian trail. So many things have happened over the old path that I think it must be like a ley line (a prehistoric system of aligning sacred power sites).

During the 1930s and 1940s, Mary was often picked up at dances by various people. She would ask for a ride toward Resurrection Cemetery, down by Archer, saying that she lived down that way.

As people drove her home, she would yell at them to stop the car in front of the cemetery gates. She would get out of the car, run across the road, and dematerialize at the gates.

Steiger: Have you ever talked to anyone who actually picked up one of these phantom hitchhikers?

Crowe: Just two days ago I received a first-person account from a fellow who picked up Resurrection Mary at a dance. I'll read you a portion of his report, but first I should mention that Mary often varies her routine by getting into cars and giving the driver a story of how she needs a ride into the city.

Steiger: You mean she literally jumps into the car? Just opens the door and gets in?

Crowe: Right. She doesn't bother to hitchhike; she just opens the car door and jumps in. When the drivers see an appealing blond, they usually calm down and swing by Archer, where she says she wants off. Then she runs from the car and disappears at the cemetery gates.

Resurrection Mary was also seen just before Christmas, dancing down the street, down Archer, east of Harlem Avenue.

Steiger: How did people know that it was Resurrection Mary, and not just a happy blonde girl?

Crowe: The two young fellows who saw her were instantly aware that there was something very unusual taking place. They stood and watched this girl dance by them, and they got the strangest sensation. There were other people walking by who didn't even notice the girl. The fellows ran home and told their father what they had seen. They never heard of Resurrection Mary, but their father recognized her by the description they provided. I investigated and found out that a week before this sighting, Mary had been seen dancing around the fence at Resurrection Cemetery.

Steiger: She must really miss all the dance halls that used to be in those old neighborhoods!

Crowe: Here is the report from this fellow. He doesn't want his name mentioned, I hope you understand. I have at least seven first-person accounts of people who have had Mary open their car doors and jump in, but this is the first first-person account I have of someone who met her at a dance and took her home.

Quoting from the report: "…She sat in the front of the driver and myself. When we approached the front gate at Resurrection Cemetery, she asked to stop and get out. It was a few minutes before midnight. We said, 'You can't possibly live here.' She said, 'I know, but I have to get out.' So being a gentleman and she being so beautiful, I didn't want to create a disturbance. I got out, and she got out without saying anything.

"It was dark. She crossed the road, running. As she approached the gate, she disappeared.

"I already had her name and address, so early Monday morning, all three of us came to the number and street in the stockyards area. We climbed the front steps to her home. We rang and knocked on the door. The mother of the girl opened the door, and lo and behold, the girl's colored picture was on the piano, looking right at us. The mother said she was dead. We told her our story and left.

"My friends and I did not pursue the matter any more, and we haven't seen her again. All three of us went into the service thereafter and lost contact with each other. This is a true story."

Richard Crowe says that his particular area of interest is in spontaneous phenomena and that is why Chicago fascinates him. He says there is more of that sort of activity concentrated in Chicago than in any other area.

He thinks part of the reason for this might be the ethnic makeup of Chicago. Crowe says the appearances of these ghosts, ghouls, and monsters may be due to a folk consciousness of the people of Chicago that in effect manifests these creatures.

Phantom Hitchhiker of Nago

There are certain tales of psychism that seem to be universal. The circumstances fit themselves to the existing limitations of whatever area the phenomena has invaded, but consistent themes continue to pop up in nooks and corners of the planet.

The phantom hitchhiker is one such tale, having been reported in numerous places around the world, including America, Europe, and South America. On the island of Okinawa, the ghost of a girl hitches rides often on the road to the U.S. Marine Camp, Schwab. She is seen so frequently that they have given her a name—the "Nightwalker of Nago."

One driver reported that he was already taking a Marine to Camp Schwab when the two men saw the girl standing by the side of the road. The Marine invited the girl to come into the cab and, when she was settled, he leaned forward to motion the driver onward. When he turned back to the girl beside him, he was baffled to see that she was gone.

Three cab drivers who state that they have seen the phantom hitchhiker claim that she always appears at the same spot on the mountain road leading from the fishing village of Nago to the Marine camp. She is described as a woman in her twenties, with short-cropped hair and black slacks.

Yoshio Higa was the first taxi driver to report seeing the girl-who-was-not-there.

He had been driving down the road when a young woman stepped out and flagged him down. Higa slowed to a stop, picked up his passenger, and asked her where she wanted to go.

"To Nago," the girl replied. As the cab approached the village, Higa turned around to ask the girl for a more specific destination—and found that

she had disappeared.

The cab driver had a horrible moment of fear, wondering if she had fallen or jumped out of the cab, before common sense told him that it was impossible to do so without his knowledge.

Katsu Yamashiro is another cab driver who has encountered the restless ghost. He was taking a passenger from Nago to Henoko when the woman called out for him to be careful of a young woman standing in the road. Yamashiro obediently slowed down, but he did not see anyone at this time.

The driver deposited his fare in Henoko and started the return trip to Nago. This time, as he passed the same spot—now dubbed "ghost corner"—he saw a woman, who flagged him down. He stopped for her, then picked up speed again on the mountain road. When he turned around to question her regarding her destination, she was gone.

The Pittsfield Ghost Train

John Quirk and several of his customers in the Bridge Lunch saw the phantom train go by one afternoon in February of 1958.

"We saw it regardless of what anyone else tries to tell us." Quirk told newsmen. "It consisted of a baggage car and five or six coaches. I can describe that locomotive down to the last bolt. It was so clear and plain that I was even able to see the coal in the tender. And my customers saw it just as plainly as I did."

John Quirk is not the only resident of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, who is convinced of the existence of a ghost train that frequents a stretch of track between the North Street Bridge and the Junction. Several men and women have sworn that they have seen the spectral train passing Union Depot.

"We have operated no steam engine on that line for years," railroad officials replied in a formal statement when the reports of a train on the unused tracks were called to their attention. "There has definitely not been a train passing Union Depot or the Junction at the times when certain witnesses claim to have seen a locomotive in the area."

Whether the Pittsfield ghost train has official recognition or not doesn't seem to prevent it from speeding east toward Boston whenever it takes a notion to appear.

At 6:30 one March morning, Timothy Koutsonecolis and Steve Strauss, Bridge Lunch employees, saw the train pass the diner in full steam.

"The place was full of customers and every one of them saw the ghost train," said Strauss. "Just like every time before, the steam engine pulled a baggage car, five or six coaches, and was highballing toward Boston."

The Jealous Ghost of Lovers Lane

While the big harvest moon shone above them, the young couple in the buggy snuggled a bit closer together. They had gone to Timmon's Bridge, a favorite spot for lovers near Egypt Pike, Ohio, a bit early. Tonight —somehow they both knew it—would be the night that he would "pop" the question.

He had clasped both of her hands in his and was about to speak when suddenly the buggy top slammed down and the horse snorted and stamped its forelegs in fear.

Then, swirling over their heads, they both saw the mist-like form of a frowning man.

"It's Enos Kay!" the young man swore as he hauled on the reins in an attempt to control the snorting horse. "Dang you, Enos! Why can't you let folks be?"

The horse would stand still no longer and, to the accompaniment of the girl's sobs of fear and disappointment, the frightened animal set off at full trot back to the stables.

According to Ohioans in the Egypt Pike vicinity, the jilted ghost of Enos Kay haunted all lovers who sought out the Timmon's Bridge trysting spot back in the 1890s. Enos had been a hard-working young man who had saved for two years to have enough money to marry his sweetheart, Alvira. With a sufficient bank account to bolster his spirits, Enos made his intentions known to Alvira's father and rejoiced when his suit was accepted by both the man and his daughter. All was right in Enos' world.

Then, just a week before the wedding, Enos took his fiancée to a church picnic. Alvira was introduced to a boy named Brown and the two hit it off immediately. Before the week had ended, Alvira and the handsome, smooth-talking stranger had eloped.

Enos was inconsolable. The suicide note, which he had scrawled just before he shot himself, decreed his promise to "haunt fool lovers 'til the Judgment Day."

Not many nights after his death, a young couple came driving their buggy back into town as if the devil were pursuing them. They had seen Enos Kay, they insisted. He had appeared as a brightly glowing cloud, but they had both recognized his features in the ghostly haze.

From that time on, whenever lovers had their buggy tops slammed down on the Timmon's Bridge or saw the glowing haze that made their horses snort in fear, they knew Enos Kay was keeping his promise to "haunt fool lovers."

He Goes in Search of His Head

The Air Force airfield of Ton Son Nhut had enough to keep it busy with Viet Cong raids and air strikes without having to worry about restless spirits, but a pesky Phantom Frenchman had the nasty habit of setting off flares and keeping the men on edge.

In October of 1965, Air Force personnel understood for the first time the reluctance of their Vietnamese counterparts to man the sandbagged battlements at the end of the runway.

It was a routine night and Staff Sergeant James Hinton, of Lexington, Kentucky, an air policeman on night patrol, was making his customary watch. He was out near the bomb and ammunition dump when someone—or, perhaps, something—triggered off one of the flares.

The captain in charge of the detail immediately began to fire in the direction of the flare. Said Hinton:

He thought he saw someone in black pajamas drop into a ditch, but when we got there, the ditch was empty. The next thing we knew another flare went off and there seemed to be someone up in a tree just beyond the old French tower.

The captain opened up again and so did the rest of us. Nothing fell down.

The soldiers glanced uneasily at each other in the moonlit runway.

What had they seen?

What had caused the flares to go off? The adrenaline was flowing in their veins; their nerves would not be quieted.

That was only the first of many spectral visits from the Phantom Frenchman. As the soldiers became accustomed to these visits, they learned to disregard the pajama-clad figure hovering around the old French tower at the edge of the runway. Flares continued to be set off mysteriously, however, and these the airmen could not ignore.

The Vietnamese soldiers were firm in their beliefs regarding the nocturnal specter. They avoided night watch on the edge of the runway, and they repeatedly refused to allow the old tower to be torn down. The Air Force was forced to work around these superstitions, and the area was patrolled by Jeeps and trained police dogs. When the runways were extended to accommodate fighter jets, the tower remained intact. All the other towers were removed, but not the one where the disconsolate Frenchmen seeks his head.

According to Vietnamese guards, the ghost is that of a French captain who was on duty in the tower when his outpost was overrun by Vietminh on the last day of the war against the French. The Frenchmen put up a fierce, though vain, struggle.

When finally captured, the Communists decided to repay him for the trouble he had caused them by beheading him. Evidently the supreme indignity in Asia is to behead a man, for it is believed that a headless spirit can never be united with its body in the underworld.

The captain pleaded with his captors to be shot like a soldier instead of beheaded like a criminal, but the Communists had made up their minds. He was clad in black pajamas and decapitated.

It is believed that the Frenchman's body was buried in the old Buddhist cemetery out beyond the airport gates, but his head was hidden somewhere near the old watchtower. The Frenchmen, now a member of the unquiet dead, must make regular forays to the old tower in search of his head. He must find it, if he is ever to have any rest.

The captain's bizarre search has prompted some of the men to ask an obvious question: If the Phantom Frenchman was decapitated, then how can he go about looking for his head? To this, believers have a firm answer, repeated by Air Police Master Sergeant Robert W. Burns of Verona Beach, New York:

"He was a radar officer."

The Ship with the Dead Crew

When the mate and several of the crew of a sailing vessel boarded the *Marlborough* in a cove of Tierra del Fuego in October 1913, they were completely stunned by the ghastly sight that awaited them.

Scattered about the decks were the shrunken and mummified bodies of the ship's passengers and crew.

"It's like a floating tomb," gasped one of the crew, who had accompanied the mate on the investigation of the lifeless ship that they had spotted floating in the cove.

The masts of the *Marlborough* were still intact, but the sails hung in shreds, long since tattered by the merciless forces of wind and water. A green mold covered everything.

"It's the same down below," reported a sailor, who desperately sought to control the nausea bubbling up within his stomach. "Nothing down there but a bunch of mummified bodies."

The mate had gone directly to the master's cabin, seeking a clue to the sea mystery in the ship's log. He found a skeletal captain hunched over the leather binding of a logbook, but its pages had rotted away.

Subsequent investigation uncovered the startling fact that the Marlborough had left Lyttelton, New Zealand, in early January of 1890. The three-masted sailing vessel had been bound for her homeport of Glasgow, Scotland. She had carried a mixed cargo, a number of passengers, a full crew of veteran sailors and had been commanded by Captain Hird, an experienced sea captain. But for reasons that shall forever remain unknown, the *Marlborough* never reached Glasgow.

At an official inquiry held in April 1891, it was learned that a ship sailing near the Straits of Magellan had reported seeing the *Marlborough* soon after her departure from the New Zealand port. According to the skipper who had sighted her, the *Marlborough* had appeared to be in good condition and had signaled no request for aid or information. The officials at the board of inquiry had been left with a question for which they could find no explanation: Why had the *Marlborough* chosen to sail around South America rather than Africa?

The missing ship had not been reported again until that day in October of 1913 when she was discovered on the cove off the southern coast of Argentina. The *Marlborough* was soft with rot and spongy with

mold. It was obvious to the investigators that the vessel could not have been drifting in that cove for twenty-four years. The furious storms, for which Tierra del Fuego is noted, would long since have pounded her into fragments.

But what had happened to the passengers and crew? Had a becalmed sea robbed their sails of wind and allowed them to float aimlessly until their water supply had been exhausted? Or had food poisoning or some disease stricken the entire ship's population at the same time?

From all indications, the *Marlborough* had drifted into the cove only a short time before she was discovered by the crew of the sailing vessel. How had she managed to keep from foundering or from crashing into reefs when every member of her passenger list and crew had been dead for twenty-four years?

The Phantom Monk of Basildon

A group of factory cleaning women in Basildon, England, have been telling some eerie tales about the figure of a phantom monk, which they often see as they pass Holy Cross Church.

"We usually finish work about 4 a.m.," said Kay Bull. "It's as we're leaving the factory and walking past the old church that we often see the ghost. It is definitely that of a monk, and it walks across the church road and disappears among the graves in the churchyard."

"One time I ran right through the spook on my bicycle," Mrs. Rita Tobin recalled with a shudder. It seems that one morning Mrs. Tobin was pedaling down the road when the figure of the red-cowled monk stepped directly into her path. "I wasn't able to put on my brakes in time and I passed right through him.

"I didn't feel any impact at all, but the air was cold and clammy. That was the second time that I've seen the ghost—and I hope the last!"

Mrs. Sylvia Smith, who told of a face-to-face encounter with the monk, described the phantom as being "transparent."

"He was just floating when I saw him," said Mrs. Catherine Kistruck. "His feet didn't really seem to be touching the ground at all."

"And he's no little spook," Kay Bull told newsmen. He's at least six feet tall, and he has a chalk-white face that's grim as death."

According to the cleaning women, nine of their group had reported seeing the ghostly monk entering the six-hundred-year-old churchyard.

"All together now," one of the ladies said, "we've seen the monk over a dozen times. Each time is just as creepy as the last."

The Ghost of Seoul

Lawrence Stevens, stationed in Seoul during the Korean War, was quartered with the sixteen other men of his postal unit in an old, bombed-out Japanese Imperial Army headquarters. Compared with the living conditions in the streets for native Koreans, Stevens decided he was lucky to live in the patched-up barracks. On the night of June 12, 1953, however, Stevens was not quite so convinced of his good fortune.

It had been a hot, sultry day in the capital city. As Stevens made his usual mail run from Seoul to Yong-dong-po, across the Han River, he registered again the incredible squalor surrounding him. The country, now embroiled in the bloody Korean Conflict, had scarcely recovered the ravages of past battles. In and around Seoul he saw wretched poverty and conspicuous starvation.

Lawrence Stevens returned from his regular mail run that evening, played a few hours of cards with his buddies, and gratefully retired to bed. Thin partitions had been put up in the barracks, offering each man the uncommon luxury of a "room" to himself. Stevens had managed to pick up a good book in the city that day, and he was eager to read it. Any printed material seemed a rarity in that war-ravaged country.

Stevens went into his room and plopped down on his narrow canvas cot. He placed his precious book on top of a small box containing his few possessions, stretched back on the cot and lit a cigarette.

He reached up over his head and switched on the light at the head of the bed. His eyelids closed wearily and his consciousness was suffused with thoughts of home in Shelbyville, Indiana. In a few weeks the soldier would receive his discharge, and it seemed he could already taste his mother's marvelous home-cooked meals.

While in this state of reverie, Stevens lost all awareness of his surroundings. Something told him to open his eyes, and he saw an image that shocked him vividly back to the present realities of war.

Standing just inside Stevens' door was a United States Marine, clothed in full battle dress. An M-1 rifle was slung over his shoulder. The soldier was solid, real, except for one horrifying thing: where his head should have been, Stevens saw only a bloody neck stump sticking out of a green battle jacket.

Blood was oozing from the hideous stump, running down the soldier's arm onto a big, blond head tucked against his side. Bright red splotches fell to the barracks floor.

As Stevens gazed in horror at this bloody apparition, it turned toward him. Slowly the headless Marine approached and sat down on the box containing Stevens' meager possessions.

While Stevens watched transfixed, the ghastly entity picked up the head and carefully placed it on the neck stump. With his right hand, the bloody soldier brushed away beads of perspiration from his forehead.

He looked at Stevens in a way the young soldier will never forget, then opened his mouth to speak:

"Chinese have broken through everywhere. I sure will be glad when these three months are up." Stevens repeated the ghostly utterance in the February 1962, Fate magazine.

The grim soldier mopped his brow again, and dried blood showed on the back of his hand.

Stevens could take no more. With a gurgle of fear he leapt to his feet and charged out of the room. He was badly shaken and uncertain of what to do, where to go. Finally he knocked on the door of a close friend of his, Leo Brandenburg.

Brandenburg opened the door, rubbed the sleep from his eyes. "What the devil is wrong with you, Stevens?"

Stevens entered the room, unsure now of how much he should say. After all, he did not want his friend to think him crazy. He could not contain himself, though, and soon the whole story came pelting out of him. He finally finished and glanced hesitantly at his friend.

To Stevens' surprise, Brandenburg placed his hand on his shaking arm. A faint smile played across his lips.

"Am I glad you told me this, Larry," Brandenburg said slowly. "It clears up a lot of my own troubles. I know that what you saw was not a

hallucination, because I've seen it, too. You have just seen the 'Ghost of Seoul.'"

Brandenburg suggested that the two of them go back to Stevens' room and have a look around the premises, but the sight of the headless Marine had been too recently etched in Stevens' mind. He declined, and went to the guard's room for the night. The government trained manuals covered many circumstances, but there just were not any rules regarding the sighting of ghosts. Stevens had been completely unprepared for the vision, and he was not ready to encounter a possible second appearance.

The next morning, a cup of strong, black coffee under his belt, Stevens felt more like returning to his own quarters. With his courage firmly screwed to the sticking place, he opened his door.

He especially wanted to check out the floor. He had seen the blood splash to its surface, and he wanted to check to see if the drops were still there. So solid had the vision been, he expected to see the evidence of his nocturnal visitor on the floor.

No marks were there. Stevens inspected the whole floor area meticulously and was surprised to discover that not one single spot remained.

Three weeks later, Stevens' discharge came through and the GI was on his way home. Back in Shelbyville, Indiana, the horrors of war—both real and supernatural—faded mercifully from his mind. Gory details became fuzzy. Other, more pleasant, memories took their place.

In September 1953, the Korean War ended. When news reached Stevens he had sudden complete recall of his strange nighttime visitor.

What had the marine said? "I sure will be glad when these three months are up."

Stevens had heard him speak those words in June. Three months had passed. Without realizing it, Stevens had heard the headless Marine predict the end of the Korean War, three months in advance of the actual fact.

Chapter 8

Zombies, Mummies, and Other Victims of Curses

Thus far, we have examined monsters primarily as genetic abnormalities, undiscovered creatures or spirits. However, we should not forget that our folklore also contains a class of monsters that developed as part of the machinations of someone who was seeking revenge. While the werewolf legend explored in chapter 4 is somewhat analogous to this type of monster, zombies, witches, and mummies, and the curses that cause their existence certainly deserve to be explored as a distinct class of monsters.

The Horror from the Grave

Although we tend to scoff at tales of curses and maledictions, we have not yet begun to understand the strange powers of the mind that might indeed set in motion forces strong enough to manipulate the ghostly machinery of a full-fledged phantom. The great British Seer, John Pendragon, told me of a strange but true tale in which the evil that a man did lived on after him.

This is a weird story from the distant days of the First World War, a war that was far more productive of ghostly manifestations than World War II.

The place where the "Phantom Hun" was seen was well behind the British lines between Laventie and Houplines to the northeast of Bethune. The year of the phenomena was 1916, but the actual site, a farmhouse, was completely wiped out when the Germans made their last bid for victory two years later.

The tale was made public in the 1930s when Mr. Edwin T. Woodhall (late of Scotland Yard and the Secret Service), wrote his reminiscences.

It was the practice during 1916 to earmark numerous isolated sites for reserve dumps of explosives that could be drawn upon in an emergency. Such dumps were usually in abandoned villages or farmhouses, well away from the range of enemy guns, and were guarded by one or two soldiers, the guards being changed weekly. From the guard's point of view such jobs were "cushy," though the loneliness of a deserted ruin could often be rather irksome.

One such dump was located between Laventie and Houplines, and the explosives were hidden in the basement of a ruined farmhouse close to a derelict village. The guards were given rations for a week, plenty of fuel, cooking utensils, books and magazines and perhaps a dartboard.

The men used to say that it wasn't so bad during the day, but nights were apt to be eerie. From far away there came the rumble of the guns and the frequent ascent of Verey lights. Occasionally an airplane droned over. Although they were in the midst of war, it seemed strangely remote to those in the ruined farmhouse near Laventie.

Then, gradually, stories began to circulate about the site. It seemed, according to reports, that at the time of the full moon strange sounds were heard, as if the guards were not the only inhabitants of the shambles of the farmhouse. Unaccountable footsteps were heard on the cobbled road that ran past the dump, and one man reported that when the moon was full he had seen a figure some twenty-five yards from where he stood. He challenged the figure and, receiving no reply, fired his rifle. But to his amazement the figure vanished.

Since it was suspected that an enemy agent was at work, the Intelligence Service was informed, and an officer—Mr. Edwin T. Woodhall on the first occasion—was sent with a French policeman to augment the guard. The *gendarme* was chosen in case the arrest of a civilian was necessary.

The first night passed uneventfully enough. The man had a good fire, plenty of candles, food and a couple of packs of cards, and after they had amused themselves for a while, they arranged to take turns to keep watch.

It was on the second night's vigil that the first strange manifestation occurred. Mr. Woodhall was taking the first two hours watch while the gendarme and the soldier slept. The latter soon settled themselves and fell

asleep, but a little over an hour later they found Mr. Woodhall shaking them awake and telling them to listen.

The awakened men listened as they silently reached for their weapons. Above the cellar hideout there came the unmistakable sound of iron-shod boots on the road that ran a few yards away.

Clump, clump, clump, clump, clump…

So heavy and so definite were the footfalls that the vibration caused one or two pieces of plaster and earth to drop from the ceiling of the cellar.

With Mr. Woodhall leading, the three men crept to the top of the steps and into the moonlight. Instantly they saw a figure move from its place near a wall and vanish into the deep shadow cast by the buildings.

For an hour or more they searched the area, but found nobody—not even a stray animal disturbed by the uncanny silence that had fallen upon the moonlit ruins.

When daylight came a more thorough search was made, but again there was no indication of any unauthorized person being on the site or in the village beyond.

The following night brought spectacular events. Again the watch was kept, but the men who were resting did not slumber. They were too expectant and tense. At 2:55 a.m.— a little later than on the previous night —there came once again that characteristic sound.

Clump, clump, clump, clump, clump…

Silently the three men crept to the top of the steps and, remaining in the shadows, gazed to the right toward a moonlit wall.

A few yards from where they stood, their weapons ready, a German soldier knelt by the wall turning over the fallen bricks that had been scattered at that point.

Spellbound, they watched him. There was no doubt in their minds that he was as earthly as themselves. His spiked helmet gleamed in the moonlight. There was, nevertheless, something rather odd about the appearance of his uniform. It was heavily smeared with clay as if it had been buried.

For more than a minute they gazed at the figure as it turned over the bricks. Then they challenged it.

It responded by half rising and turning to look at them.

Then it was that all three spectators realized that before them was not flesh and blood but a skeleton. From beneath that spiked helmet a skull nodded while the bony hands dropped the bricks they held.

Three firearms rang out, and instantly the phantom vanished.

The men kept watch until dawn, but the spectral Hun did not reappear.

It must be said that the Intelligence staff investigated the case very thoroughly, but not before the explosives were removed from the dump—this being done on the day following the report being made.

Acting in collaboration with the French authorities, the British pieced together the history of the village as it was at the declaration of war in August 1914. Although many of the inhabitants were dead, a number were traced and questioned, and from their various reports the following strange story evolved.

In the late summer of 1914, the vast German army under the command of General Von Kluck swept toward Paris and the Channel ports. German infantry reached the village and overran the place, taking whatever they required, but not harming the inhabitants unless they resisted.

The farmhouse was occupied by a sergeant major and about twenty or more men. The farmer had gone, leaving his wife and an infant, together with several villagers who had decided to remain.

The cellar, which had later been occupied by the British guards, was then used as a wine store. The wine was promptly taken by the soldiers, who settled down to a night's revel—the sergeant major, in particular, pestering the farmer's young wife with his attentions.

The situation became so threatening that she left the house and sought the advice and protection of an aged priest, who had remained behind with his people. He said that he would remain with her until the Germans left, their departure being expected on the following day.

Shortly afterward the Allies began to shell the village, forcing the Germans to flee. All was confusion. The shouts of the men, the neighing of their horses and the crash of the exploding shells made the place hell.

The sergeant major, according to the report of witnesses testifying later, was angry that the young mother had sought the old priest and he denounced her as a spy.

Drunkenly he shot first the child, then the mother and finally the old priest.

The woman and the child died instantly, but the cleric lingered for a few minutes, and pointing at the German he said: “Evil man, your spirit will live on, and you will return when your hour comes to haunt this place until God sees fit to absolve your soul!”

Then, in the presence of witnesses, the priest died.

Running unsteadily to join his company, the sergeant major was caught by a splinter from an exploding shell and died on the cobbled road.

The Germans departed and the few French peasants buried the woman, the child, and the priest in one grave, and the soldier in another. All the graves were close to the wall at the spot where the phantom was seen.

Apparently, the old priest’s curse worked only too well. The skeleton seen by the British troops was the sergeant major come back at his appointed hour.

Death Spell for Rejected Lovers

The September, 1953, issue of *Fate* magazine carried the most unusual tale of Arthur Grimble, who for some years was stationed on the central Gilbert Island, off Abemama, as a district officer in the British colonial service. He was sitting at his desk one day when an eerie sound penetrated the sultry heat. It was a thin, high-pitched cry coming through the palms from the direction of the lagoon. The cry mystified Grimble, for it contained neither rage nor pain, but seemed instead a “changeless, reedy not of insufferable dreariness.”

Grimble’s curiosity mounted, and he found he could no longer remain in his office; he had to search out of the source of the strange city. He wound his way through the jungle to the leaf-and coconut-rib dwelling of a native constable, where he saw a native girl of about seventeen, sitting stiffly upright without any clothing. Her eyes stared vacantly into space; her irises were enormously dilated. He mouth seemed frozen into an open position, and from it came the ceaseless moans. Furthermore, from the arch of her ribs downward, the girl’s body was so swollen her skin shone in the afternoon heat “like taut silk.”

Arthur Grimble was horrified at his macabre sight, yet eager to assist the suffering girl in any way he could. He was told by the family that the swelling had begun just prior to dawn.

"My good man, why did you not call for help?" Grimble asked, astonished.

The girl's father shook his head. "We knew it was useless. Nothing can stop the work of *Raku-nene*."

Grimble felt rising exasperation begin to match his curiosity and sympathy. When he asked who Raku-nene was, the family hesitated. Grimble pressed them, and he was told the following story:

Raku-nene was once a mortal man who, when he died, became the collaborating spirit of men courting female hearts. His specialty, however, lay in avenging rejected suitors. He made these unhappy men and their affairs his special domain.

Should a man be rejected by his loved one, he must follow a prescribed rite to solicit the aid of Raku-nene. First he must manage to obtain a single strand from the unresponsive girl's hair. This he then binds around his thigh for three days. On the fourth day, he removes it and burns the hair in a fire of leaves. As he watches the hair burn, he invokes the spirit of Raku-nene.

That night, Raku-nene visits the unfortunate girl in a dream, and this marks the end of her sanity. By morning, her body has begun to swell and she mumbles constantly about bad dreams. Thereafter she falls into a moody silence and refuses to don clothing.

Before long the girl begins to moan, quietly at first, but with gradually increasing strength and violence. By the next morning, the sixth day after the spell had been cast, the girl is quite mad, tearing at her own flesh and snapping at all who approach her. This disturbing behavior continues until the next day, when the girl suddenly cries out, "Raku-nene! Raku-nene!" some half dozen times. The cries fade; the girl becomes rigid and dies.

Arthur Grimble heard this story with the arched eyebrow of skepticism, yet a flickering glance at the suffering girl before him proved that some kind of phenomenon was at work. Determined to rid the villagers of their superstition, Grimble gave the girl a sedative.

The villagers said scornfully, “You cannot fight a spirit with medicine.”

It was evident that something more than superstition was making the spell work, for the sedative had no effect whatsoever. In the ensuing twenty-four hours, Grimble watched with helpless confusion, as the girl passed through every stage that had been described to him.

The next day, after uttering the fearful cry of “Raku-nene!” the girl lay dead. Within ten minutes her body resumed its customary shape, but an expression of terror remained etched upon her face.

The case was only the first of many that Grimble witnessed in the Gilberts. He called the disease “Raku-nene madness.” Grimble’s research of the phenomenon led him to the following conclusion:

“There is among the island women a sudden form of madness accompanied by physical disfigurement which in the mind of the victim is invariably associated with the name of Raku-nene. Is it possible that this is induced by some malicious external agency, working from a distance with the aid of a strand of hair and an incantation?”

Several years later, after witnessing the horrible end of a Monouti woman afflicted with this insanity, Grimble heard of interesting supportive evidence regarding the efficacy of the curse. It was within a year after this particular woman had died that an acquaintance of hers, a man, fell extremely ill. Upon his deathbed he confessed that he had contrived the spell that had killed the woman.

In a painfully weak voice, he described how, after he had fallen in love with her, he had made repeated advances to her to win her favor, all of which were rebuffed. His ego damaged and his anger roused, the man had secured a hair from her head. Five days after he had initiated the rite, the woman was dead.

The man was firm in his belief that the woman knew nothing of his intended sorcery. Grimble notes that the man could have been deceiving his confessor on this point, but Grimble records that the man died professing Christianity, believing that he must confess his crime for the peace of his soul.

The Seer Who Was Hanged

What fearful power exists in the curse of a dying man? Can the hatred of a mind about to be put to death direct terrible psychic forces against its executioners? This is the question we must ask about a report of an incident on a British ship in the 1700s.

"If you hang me, you will drown!"

These were the dying words of a sailor when he was about to be hanged at the yardarm of *The Association*, the flagship of the Hastings-born Sir Cloudesley Shovel, an eighteenth-century admiral.

Officers and crew heard the unknown man's prophecy when the flagship was returning with the fleet from Gibraltar in 1707. Although the weather was good, a great catastrophe was at hand. The doomed man had earlier begged an officer to change the course of the vessel, saying that if this was not done, it would be wrecked.

The officer refused, so the man retired to tell his tale to the rest of the crew, who listened with interest, for he had the reputation of being clairvoyant.

Again the man asked for the ship's course to be altered or, said he, all aboard would perish.

Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel happened to overhear the seaman's words and he ordered him to be hanged for disturbing the crew with tales of possible disaster.

The man was hanged.

The crew dumbly watched and waited in the sunshine of the autumn day. The body was cut down and then sewn up in an old sail. A heavy weight was placed at its feet to insure its sinking. It was placed on a plank and pushed overboard. The shrouded corpse struck the water with scarcely a splash.

No sooner had the body been cast overboard, when a high wind sprang up, and the waves were capped with "white horses."

To the great terror of the crew, the corpse did not sink, in spite of the weight at the feet. Somehow, it became unwrapped from the old sail and it dipped and bobbed in the wake of the vessel.

There could not be, they muttered, a more awful omen of impending death. Some cursed, some prayed, some stood mute with fright.

The Association struck the Gilston Rock off the Scilly Isles and sank almost immediately. Eight hundred, including Sir Cloudesley himself, perished.

Three other vessels of the fleet also struck the rock, and the total number of dead exceeded two thousand.

The battered body of the Admiral was washed ashore. It lay on the shining sands until the inhabitants of the Scilly Islands roughly buried it.

Was it a judgment that no grass ever grew on his grave? Grass flourished all around, but not a blade would live on the grave itself.

The Admiral's body was later disinterred and taken to Westminster Abbey, but the site of his former resting place remained bare.

The Curse That Destroyed a State Capital

The lovely young girl finally stopped laughing at the man long enough to reply to his question. "Marry you?" she echoed his words with the sting of mockery. "Do you really think that I would come live with you in some wigwam in the woods? I'm no squaw!"

The stoic features of the Algonquin chieftain sank into a mask of sorrow. He had been attracted to the beautiful French girl from the very first time that he had ventured into Kaskaskia, the first capital of Illinois. Now, his offer of marriage had been spurned.

"I will offer your father many ponies in addition to the furs that I have brought today," the Algonquin said hopefully, ignorant of the ways of the white man's frontier, which allowed a girl to choose her own husband. Perhaps in the Old Country the girl's father might have been tempted by such an offer to "buy" his daughter. But here, in the New World, a father no longer arranged his daughter's marriage.

"Take your smelly old furs away and stop bothering me!" At her angry shout, the girl's husky brother and a number of villagers began to move menacingly toward the rejected Indian suitor. The fledgling government had ordered that they attempt to live in peace with Indians, but surely no government official of that era would condone an Algonquin trying to molest a white woman.

The chieftain, infuriated by the rejection of his proposal, leaped onto his pony and glared at the villagers. He knew that there was not enough

time to reclaim his furs, but he would have plenty of time to pronounce a malediction on the village of Kaskaskia.

With an angry shout, he cursed: “May the filthy spot on which your church stands be destroyed, may your homes and farms be ruined, may your dead be torn from their graves, and may your land be a feeding place for fishes!”

A rock struck the Algonquin on the forehead, and he swayed dizzily on his mount. He touched his fingers gingerly to the wound and frowned at the blood on his hand. He leaned forward on his pony and spat on the ground; then he raced out of the village.

Because the Algonquin pronounced his curse in 1819, it is unlikely that he lived to see it fulfilled. But, in 1881, the flooding Mississippi River acted as the agent that carried out the Indian’s curse, item for item. The violence of the waters completely destroyed the Church of the Immaculate Conception. The flood drowned the crops of the French settlers and scooped out the dead from their graves. Nearly all of the houses in the village were carried away by the rampaging waters.

As the ultimate fulfillment of the curse, the turbulent waters created a new channel, placing the original village of Kaskaskia in the middle of the stream—a true “feeding place for fishes.”

The Horror of Crowley’s Curse

The fact that Aleister Crowley delighted in being called the most wicked man in the world should tell us a great deal about his character and general personality. Crowley was the last of the great devil worshippers and an ostentatious practitioner of black “magick.” This man, who named himself “the Beast,” lived a life filled with incredible and vile excesses of every sort imaginable. It amazed his personal physician that he had ever lived to see the age of seventy-two.

But now, in 1948, “the Beast” lay dying on his bed in Hastings, England. He was suffering from excruciating pain and he begged his doctor, William Brown Thomson, to renew his prescription for morphine.

“It is out of the question, Crowley,” Dr. Thompson answered brusquely.

“But morphine squelches the pain,” Crowley pleaded. “Please, doctor. I must have it.”

Dr. Thompson clicked his stethoscope together in his left hand and dropped it into his bag. “Crowley,” he began coldly, “I am not renewing your prescription because you have been obtaining morphine from some other source.”

“That’s not true, Dr. Thomson,” Crowley protested. “I swear by…”

“You needn’t bother swearing by any of your black gods,” Dr. Thomson told him. “You cannot hide the truth from me. You have been taking morphine in doses that are far too dangerous for your weakened system. If I have been chosen for the dubious honor of preserving your life, then I must take the course of action that seems best for you. You shall surely die if you inadvertently give yourself an overdose of morphine.”

“But the pain, doctor,” Crowley moaned. “The terrible pain. Have you no compassion?”

“Compassion is cheap enough,” the physician told him. “It’s your life that you should be holding dear right now.”

“Damn you!” Crowley cursed. “The pain is unbearable! Renew my prescription. I command you!”

“I’m not one of your obedient disciples, Crowley,” Dr. Thomson sighed. “I’m withdrawing your prescription entirely. You can continue to get morphine illegally from your supplier. I’m certain that your lines of connection are still open.”

With a great grimace of pain and a supreme effort of will, Crowley managed to prop himself up on his elbows. “Thomson!” he shouted in a horrible croaking voice. “You miserable pill-peddling charlatan. If I should die of pain, I swear upon the name of the Great Spirit *Taphtatharath* that you shall die within twenty-four hours of my own death.”

A hooded disciple of “the Beast,” who had been standing by Crowley’s bedside in respectful silence throughout the entire exchange between the two men, shuddered and gasped. The Great Spirit *Taphtatharath* was the name of the black one on whose name Crowley had called in countless ceremonies of ritual magic.

Crowley died that week. Within eighteen hours, Dr. William Brown Thomson was also found dead. The physician’s death certificate attributed his demise to natural causes. Those familiar with the curse that “the Beast” had pronounced upon the stubborn doctor felt quite differently about the real reason for Thomson’s sudden death.

Land of Zombi and Voodoo

Haiti, according to many, is a magical island heavily populated by devil dolls, zombies, evil sorcerers, and adherents of a blasphemous, pagan cult…Voodoo.

What, in fact, is Voodoo? Those anthropologists who have undertaken the study of jungle rituals tell us that Voodoo is a strange admixture of African beliefs and rites with Catholic practice. The early slaves, who were snatched from their homes and families on Africa's West Coast, brought their god and religious practices with them. Plantation owners, who purchased the slaves for rigorous labor, were compelled by order of the lieutenant general to baptize their slaves in the Catholic religion. The slave suffered no conflict of theology. Slaves accepted the white man's "water" and quickly adopted Catholic saints into their old jungle family of nature gods and goddesses.

The connotations of evil and fear that are associated with Voodoo originated primarily from the white's obsession with the threat of slave revolts. The plantation owners and their overseers were outnumbered sixteen to one by the field hands whom they worked unmercifully in the broiling Haitian sun. As the black population increased and the white demand for slave labor remained unceasing, Voodoo began to take on an anti-white liturgy. Several "saviours" occurred among the blacks, who were subsequently put to death by the whites in the "big houses." A number of laws began to be passed forbidding any plantation owner to allow "night dances" among his Negroes.

In 1791, a slave revolt took place under the leadership of Toussaint L'Ouverture, which was to lead to Haiti's independence from France in 1804. Although Toussaint L'Ouverture died in a Napoleonic prison, his generals had become sufficiently inspired by his example to continue the struggle for freedom until the myth of white supremacy, along with the whites, was banished from the island.

After the Concordat of 1860, when relations were once again re-established with France, the priests who came to Haiti found the vestiges of Catholicism kept alive in Voodoo. The clergy fulminated against Voodoo from the pulpits but did not actively campaign against their rival priesthood.

The people seemed devout enough; the Catholic clergy concluded that, with the passage of time, Voodoo would be forgotten.

In 1896, an impatient Monseigneur tried to organize an anti-Voodoo league without success.

It wasn't until 1940 that the Catholic Church launched a violent campaign of renunciation directed at the adherents of Voodoo. The priests went about their methodic attack with such zeal that the government was forced to intercede and command them to temper the fires of their campaign.

Now, Voodoo is tolerated in Haiti. Enterprising members of the priesthood have even taken to staging watered-down rituals for the tourists who want to see some "real Black Magic." Perhaps this self-mockery, more than the zeal of Church or regulation of State, will decrease the influence of the "religion of the people."

A male practitioner of Voodoo is called a *hungan*, his female counterpart, a *mambo*. The place where one practices Voodoo is a series of buildings called a *humfo*. A "congregation" is called a *hunsi* and the *hungan* cures, divines, and cares for them through the good graces of a *loa*, his guiding spirit. It costs a *hungan* a great deal of money to set up practice; however, he does not have the problem that a conventional doctor often faces in convincing delinquent patients to pay their bills. If someone he has cured refuses to pay, the *loa* quickly causes a relapse.

The worship of the supernatural *loa* is the central purpose of Voodoo. They are the old gods of Africa, the local spirits of Haiti, who occupy a position to the fore of God, Christ, the Virgin and the Saints.

The Haitians adamantly refuse to accept the Church's position that the *loa* are the "fallen angels" who rebelled against God. The *loa* do good and guide and protect mankind, the *hungans* argue. Certainly there are devils, but a decent *hungan* has nothing to do with Black Magic.

The good will of the *loa* is not obtained for nothing. The person on whom he smiles must not fail to oblige him with numerous sacrifices and offerings at regular intervals.

The *loa* communicates with his faithful one by incarnating himself in the person's body during a trance or by appearing in the person's dreams. The possession usually takes place during the ritual dancing in the *humfo*. Each participant eventually undergoes a personality change and adapts a

trait of his or her particular *loa*. The adherents of Voodoo refer to this phenomenon of the invasion of the body by a supernatural agency as that of the *loa* mounting his "horse."

There is a great difference, the *hungan* maintains, between possession by a *loa* and possession by an evil spirit. An evil spirit would bring chaos to the dancing and perhaps great harm to the one possessed. The traditional dances of Voodoo are conducted on a serious plane with rhythm and suppleness but not with orgiastic sensuality.

Twins are believed to be endowed with supernatural powers in Voodoo. Some people go so far as to claim that they are as powerful as the *loa*. Voodoo adherents expect that the parents of twins will have an especially rough time. Just discipline is accepted by the duo, but they determine in their own infantile minds just what is just or unjust. A spanking by a hasty parent may result in sudden illness or failing strength that can only be restored by placating the offended children. If another child follows the twins, this child is regarded as having even greater powers. A child who precedes the twins is not looked upon with any difference at all.

All Voodoo ceremonies must be climaxed with sacrifices to the *loa*. Chickens are the most common "victims" of these sacrifices, although the wealthy may offer a goat or a bull. Participation of all in the taking of the blood is required. Often spices are added to the vital fluid, but usually it is drunk "straight."

The zombi, those dread creatures of the Undead who prowl about at night doing the bidding of Black Magicians, are, of course, a well-known element of jungle sorcery and folklore.

Some impressionable writers and tourists have perpetuated the myth of the zombi after they have witnessed an elaborate Haitian funeral. At the conclusion of a series of rituals, the *hungan* waves away spectators and approaches the corpse alone for the purpose of setting the *loa* free from its servant. The *hungan* straddles the corpse; and, at his sharp command, the cadaver raises its head and shoulders in a convulsive shudder.

Sincere eyewitness accounts have testified to seeing a dead body suddenly sit up and release its *loa*. Other reports have mentioned seeing the *hungan* jerk the body upright by his own hands. Mystical hanky-panky on the *hungan's* part is not intended, some authorities maintain. The entire act is to be regarded as symbolic.

Voodoo lore actually has two types of zombi: the Undead and those who died by violence. Haitians are most cautious in their approach to a cemetery, for it is there that one is most likely to meet one of the unfortunate wraiths who died without time for proper ritual. Another spirit classified as zombi is that of a woman who dies a virgin. A terrible fate awaits her at the hands of the lustful *Baroh-Samedi*, Master of the netherworld.

For the Haitian peasants, zombies, the living dead, are to be feared as very real instruments of *hungan* who have succumbed to the influence of evil *loa* and become sorcerers. It is a terrible thing to become a zombi as it is to become its victim. The dead are meant to rest, not prowl about at night as the slaves of Darkness.

The people of the villages believe that the sorcerer unearths a corpse and wafts under its nose a bottle containing its soul. Then, as if he were fanning a tiny spark of life in dry tinder, the sorcerer nurtures the spark of life in the corpse until he has fashioned a zombi.

The deceased are often buried face downward by considerate relatives so the corpse cannot hear the call of the sorcerer. Some villagers take the precaution of providing their departed with a weapon, such as a machete, with which to ward off the evil *hungan*.

Haiti is filled with terrible tales of the zombi. Even among the educated, one hears “eyewitness accounts” from those who have discovered friends or relatives, supposedly long-dead, laboring in the field of some native sorcerer. One story even has the zombied corpse of a government executive—officially dead for fifteen years—as having been recognized toiling for an old *hungan* in a remote village in the hills.

Upon investigation these zombies usually turn out to be idiots, imbeciles or persons suffering from other mental problems. It would not be difficult for an unscrupulous *hungan* to take advantage of someone with severe mental problems or deficiencies and turn them into virtual zombies.

Then, too, it is quite likely that the *hungan* has discovered the secret and utilization of many powerful native drugs in the course of his magic. Modern science owes a heavy debt to native sorcery for some of its most effective painkillers and tranquilizers.

It seems very possible to this writer that a *hungan*, who is seeking his own vengeance or that of another, could mix a powerful drug into his

victim's food and produce a deep state of hypnotic lethargy. This, too, could easily be the blank-eyed, shuffling, obedient zombi.

One last word on zombies—and this in the nature of a warning. If you should be confronted with what you feel is the genuine article—not a lunatic, not a moron, not a drug-enslaved wretch—be assured that the zombi is generally docile unless you should happen to give it some salt. Even a single grain of salt will penetrate the sorcerer's mist, and the zombi will suddenly realize that it is a corpse without a grave. With this terrifying knowledge bursting in its shriveled brain, the zombi goes berserk in its attempt to return to the tomb. According to legend, nothing can stop it—and certainly not you!

The Curse of the Shark Goddess

Long before time was measured, an old Hawaiian legend goes, a handsome Hawaiian youth saved the great Shark God from death. The god, grateful for the youth's gesture, made a pact with him, pledging that as long as all Hawaiians remained at peace, no shark would ever disturb a human being in the island waters.

The people honored the pledge and kept peace with themselves and their neighbors. They served the Shark God faithfully and were thankful that they need have no fear of him in their own lagoons.

As time went on, the Shark God fell in love with a pretty Hawaiian girl who lived on the shores of Wai Momi, that water of pearl. He changed her into a shark and crowned her the queen of what is now known as Pearl Harbor. She became the Shark Goddess, and upon assuming her royal responsibilities, renewed her husband's policy of peace with the people. She, too, promised to protect human beings in her waters, as long as they devoted their lives to peaceful pursuits within her domain.

For centuries, the story goes, the program for peace was followed by the Islanders, and Hawaii existed happily in harmony and tranquility.

Then, in 1909, United States warships came and violated the peaceful waters of Pearl Harbor. The Hawaiians remembered the old pact and there were those who viewed the ships with fear for the future. Misfortune was sure to follow such a radical departure from the peaceful ways. The Shark Goddess would surely appear and avenge herself for this insult from foreigners who worshiped faraway Gods of War.

The United States Navy, having successfully rounded the corner into the twentieth century, dismissed the natives' apprehension with a wave of the hand. It was fine for the Islanders to have quaint myths, but they should not be allowed to stand in the way of progress. The navy proceeded to prepare the harbor for the future role it would play as the Pacific fortress of the American continent.

One day, not long after the American Navy had arrived in Pearl Harbor, an old fisherman came to the water's edge bearing a basket of freshly-caught fish. He told the seamen that he bore offerings for the Shark Goddess.

He dove underwater and placed the sacrificial fish in a crevice in a submerged rock near the shore.

When he had completed this rite, the fisherman returned to shore and talked with the sailors. To his horror, he learned that the Americans were planning to build a dry dock in the harbor. A look of fear crossed his face as he implored the workers and engineers to abandon the project at once.

"Shark Goddess get angry. Bring plenty of trouble!" he cried.

The old man's ravings were a temporary source of amusement to the workers, as they gathered around to listen to his harangue. Finally the commanding officer ordered them back to work and the old fisherman was ignored.

Thereafter, the old fisherman came to the harbor every day for four years. Each day he would bring placating offerings for the Shark Goddess, and each day he would implore the Navy to depart from the holy spot that they had sullied before they suffered the terrible consequences that were sure to befall them.

Each time he talked to the seamen, the old man was rebuffed, more rudely with each passing day. And each day he would walk away from the harbor muttering the same words under his breath: "Shark Goddess bring plenty of trouble!"

Work on the dry dock progressed, and one day the old man did not come. Someone heard that he had died. Then, a few weeks after the fisherman stopped coming, the dry dock was declared ready for testing.

Many people gathered on the test day, and they watched with fascination as the pumps began emptying out millions of gallons of water, just as they were supposed to do. When but a few feet of water remained,

the workmen entered and began to dash about for the gasping fish left upon the drydock floor. There was a great deal of laughing, splashing, and cavorting in the water as the test turned into a gay fishing contest, for catching fish by hand is a skill that the Islanders enjoy.

Suddenly above the shouts of glee came a sharp, panicky command: "Get out! Get out at once!"

Within moments, just as the last man was climbing hurriedly up the ladder, the entire Pearl Harbor channel thundered with the sickening sound of cracking and creaking cement. In just four minutes, an incredible pile of rubble was all that remained for four years' work and a four-million-dollar investment in the drydock

Relieved of the water pressure, the bottom of the dock had buckled. The sides had weakened correspondingly and they had fallen in. Huge beams had snapped like twigs.

When it was nervously suggested that perhaps the Shark Goddess had had something to do with the catastrophic collapse of the structure, the Navy expressed its opinion in a single word: "Nonsense!" More engineers were employed, new plans were drawn up, and the Navy started all over again from scratch.

Ten years after the project had been originally begun, the drydock was finished and the date was set for the dedication.

The Governor of Hawaii was invited to the ceremony. He suggested that it would be both courteous and reassuring to the Hawaiians if the Navy would invite one of the Kahunas, or native priests of the Islands, to take part in the elaborate ceremony. The Navy agreed and made arrangements with a female Kahuna to attend.

As the hour of the program drew even closer, however, the dignitaries looked about in concern. The Kahuna had not yet arrived. Would the people take it as an ominous sign? To avoid any disturbance, a young ensign was sent to the Kahuna's home in Waikiki to escort her.

While the Kahuna was en route, those assembled for the ceremony witnessed a most unusual phenomenon. Without a warning, a geyser had shot up out of the rock wherein the old fisherman had left his sacrificial fish.

The geyser abated, but the crowd had become apprehensive. They suspected seriously that the goddess would in some way sabotage the new

drydock just as she had the last.

The Kahuna arrived at that point, though, and commenced her part of the ceremony. She knelt on the shore and scattered crumbs and ashes on the surface of the water in the drydock, muttering ancient incantations, which had been handed down orally from one generation of Kahunas to the next. When the Kahuna had finished, she decreed that the Shark Goddess was placated and would cause no more trouble. There were many old Hawaiians gathered on the shore, however, and they were not quite prepared to accept the mollification of their goddess.

The rest of the ceremony proceeded, and the pumps once more went into action, drawing out all the water in the drydock. Every eye, trained and untrained in the feats of engineering, was peering anxiously at the structure watching for the slightest indication of a recurring disaster.

This time the Goddess truly seemed to have been quieted, though, for the drydock proved sound and strong.

Then a gasp of astonishment went up from within the crowd.

Over the very place where the old fisherman had so often dove with his sacrificial fish, from the same spot where they had seen the geyser issue forth only a short time ago, the people could now see the skeleton of a very old shark.

Years later, when the Hawaiian population was largely Westernized, and there were only a few left to remember the old gods and pacts made between these deities and the people of the island, one final act of revenge was visited upon the lovely waters of the pearl. On December 7, 1941, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, leaving behind a twisted mass of metal and human flesh. The old Hawaiians shook their heads sadly. The pact was truly broken, and the Goddess no longer protected the once-peaceful waters. They believed that peace will never return to the Pacific until Pearl Harbor is demilitarized and the people once more pledge to the Shark Goddess their promise of peace.

Tut, Tut, King Tut

The Egyptian natives called the pet canary of Howard Carter, English archaeologist, the magic bird. They delighted in watching its bright yellow form dart around the cage and in hearing its charming song. Carter was director of the expedition that had stumbled on the steps of the tomb of the

ancient Egyptian king Tut-Ankh-Amon. Realizing the archaeological importance of the find, he had gone back to Cairo to get some extra equipment, leaving the pet canary behind.

During his absence, several of Carter's servants were relaxing in the garden of a small home near the evacuations. They had brought the "magic bird" with them, but after a while their attention had turned from the bird to their own conversation.

Suddenly one of them stood up and pointed at the cage. He could not speak at first, but the expression of horror on his face forced the others to look at the cage.

"The ancient snake of the pharaohs!" one of them said, fear trembling his voice.

They watched as the black snake moved slowly inside the cage with the bright yellow bird. The serpent rolled on its side as it passed between the rungs of the cage, and the bird, sensing the danger, began fluttering madly about, trying to escape the wire trap.

Fearing for their own lives, the servants were unable to help the canary as the small, hooded cobra glided into the cage. It had been the symbol of power for the pharaohs of the ancient land.

When Howard Carter returned from Cairo, he found that all his servants had abandoned him and that he no longer had a pet canary. Wild rumors circulated around the excavations that the curse of the ancient pharaoh was on them—the pharaoh power had destroyed the Englishman's magic bird and would destroy anyone who disturbed the ancient tomb.

Just native superstition? It would be comforting to pass off the thought of ancient curses and warning as superstition, but the events following the opening of the tomb of King Tut-Ankh-Amon may take this famous curse something more than mumbo-jumbo.

The English archaeologist expedition came on the famous tomb by accident on November 4, 1922. What they had discovered was the ancient pyramid of the famous king of ancient Egypt. King Tut-Ankh-Amon died at the age of eighteen, more than 3,300 years ago.

The religious practices of the Ancient Egypt made the pharaoh at once king and god. Believing in immortality of the body and the soul, these ancient kings had to prepare for death almost from birth to assure the existence of the Ka (soul) throughout eternity. Though the embalming art

was lost with the death of the ancient Egyptian culture, the tombs themselves show the craftsmanship of the Egyptian artisans. The Ka of the dead king was provided with much gold and silver and many fine gems, so it could spend eternity in luxury. Thus the rich tombs of the ancient pharaohs became the target of grave robbers, who relieved the dead kings of their riches.

Great precautions were taken to insure that the tombs would not be pilfered. Slaves, who broke their backs building the royal sepulchers, were put to death. Priests, who held the funeral services, were sworn to secrecy; and the men, who had worked so diligently decorating the tombs, had their eyes put out as their reward. The final protection placed on many tombs was the curse.

Some have argued that the tomb of King Tut did not have a curse placed on it at all, but Professor J. C. Mardrus, a French Egyptologist, not only declared that there was a curse, but maintained that he translated it from a tablet found at the entrance of the tomb. The "Stela of Malediction" read: "Let the hand raised against my form be withered! Let them be destroyed who attack my name, my foundations, my effigies, the images like unto me."

What has come of the ancient curse? Howard Carter's canary was eaten by the cobra a few days after the opening of the tomb. Lord Carnarvon, the sponsor of the expedition, was bitten on the face by an insect shortly after the opening of the tomb and was dead within three weeks of pneumonia, which had complicated the infection. An Egyptian present at the opening of the tomb, Sheik Abdul Haman, was dead within a few days after he had left the excavation site. Jay Gould, a tourist and friend of Lord Carnarvon, who had visited the tomb, died shortly after the Egyptian, Haman. Woolf Joel, who kept a yacht on the river Nile and had become a friend of some of the men of the British expedition, died six months after visiting the tomb. A man, who did not visit the tomb (Sir Archibald Douglas Reid) but was about the X-ray the mummy, died before he had a chance, in February of 1924. Six years later, in 1929, Lady Carnarvon died of an insect bite exactly as had her husband.

When the rumor of the curse began to spread, it was immediately communicated around the world. People in England, who had kept Egyptian artifacts in their families for centuries, readily turned them over to

the British Museum. The ship on which the body of Lord Carnarvon was to be transported back to England with his wife had an almost complete cancellation of its passenger list.

The tally on King Tut's curse did not end with the immediate deaths of the several people mentioned above. The grim record of deaths continued. Professor Casanova, the College of France, and Georges Benedite, of the Louvre in Paris, were associated with the excavations. They both died in Egypt soon after, along with many others associated with the opening of the tomb.

Are these deaths the result of a series of strange coincidences, or does the mummified body of the young king project the icy fingers of death on those who enter his sanctuary? There is little reason to doubt that the pharaohs placed curses on their tombs to frighten away grave robbers from the fabulously wealthy treasures buried with them. But more than one observer has declared that perhaps the art of embalming was not the only thing that was lost with the Ancient Egyptians.

Dr. J. C. Mardrus, Oriental scholar and authority on the Near East, while declaring he did not ascribe these deaths to the occult has said: "I am absolutely convinced that they (the Egyptians) knew how to concentrate upon and around a mummy certain dynamic powers of which we possess very incomplete notions…. The Twentieth Century has treated as nonsensical superstitions those beliefs which existed during the thousands of years of civilization, which were the most intellectual that ever flourished on the globe, and forgets the profound words of our master, Pasteur, on the occasion of his reception at the Academy: 'He who only possesses clear ideas is assuredly a fool.'"

Chapter Nine

Monsters and Robots from UFOs

Senor Moreno! Senor Moreno, wake up!”

Antonio Moreno rolled over and blinked into the darkness until his eyes reluctantly made out the form of his ranch hand standing in the doorway of his bedroom.

“What is it?” Moreno mumbled. “What’s wrong?”

It was 9:30 p.m. on the evening of October 21, 1963, and seventy-two-year-old Antonio Moreno and his sixty-three-year-old wife, Teresa, had gone to bed early. Neither of them was pleased to have their sleep interrupted by the excitable young employees who was probably upset over some matter that could easily have waited until morning.

“There seems to have been an accident on the railroad tracks,” the young man said.

“An accident?” Senora Moreno questioned, wrapping a housecoat around her nightgown. “But I am a very light sleeper. The railroad tracks are only a half mile away. I would surely have heard a noise if there had been an accident.”

“But there is a very strange light on the tracks, and men are working at something,” the young man protested. “See for yourself. You should be able to see the light from your bedroom window.”

The Morenos did as their nervous employee requested and were surprised to see a brilliant light floating above a number of men, who seemed to be inspecting the railroad tracks.

“What a bright light,” Senora Moreno said, narrowing her eyes as if she were looking into an arc light. “What are those men doing, Antonio?”

“It is indeed peculiar,” Moreno frowned. “Why would anyone be inspecting the railroad tracks at this time of night?” Moreno’s ranch was near Tranca, in Cordoba province, Argentina. The area was not so isolated that railroad crews needed to put in overtime to perform maintenance duties.

“That great light moved!” the employee shouted. “It moved at least twenty feet down the track.”

Moreno put a forefinger to his lips. “Don’t shout,” he admonished the young man. “Senora Moreno’s sister and her children are asleep in the next room. There is no need to awaken them for such a silly reason. The light is obviously on some elevated railroad flatcar.”

“My curiosity is aroused,” Senora Moreno said, reaching for the flashlight that she kept beside her bed. “I’m going to walk down the tracks and see what those men are doing.”

Moreno started to protest, then shrugged his shoulders. He knew that it was useless to argue with his wife once she had decided upon a particular course of action.

Senora Moreno did not get very far. At the sound of the closing screen door, the men at the tracks were seen to suddenly direct their attention toward the ranch house. Almost at once, a disc-shaped object, about twenty-five feet in diameter, swooped down on Senora Moreno. The startled woman retreated into the ranch house, and the entire household alerted by her screams, watched in terror as the glowing disc hovered at treetop level and began to direct a beam of white light at the house.

Senora Moreno gasped in surprise and horror, and her body trembled with a “tingling sensation” when the beam of light entered a window and struck her. One of her sister’s children woke with a scream as the beam moved over his body.

“We are being invaded by monsters from outer space!” the young ranch hand cried.

Senora Moreno quieted him. “Help my sister move her children to places where the light can’t strike them. We must be quiet.”

Peeping out through a window, Antonio Moreno was horrified to see four other saucers glide up to join the disc that was shooting the strange beams of light at their house. Only one of the new arrivals participated in the attack, however. The other three seemed contented to hover in the air

about 210 feet away. Each of the others was identical—about twenty-five feet in diameter with a row of windowlike openings, brightly-lit, running up the middle.

Members of the besieged household took refuge behind furniture and avoided the window. Whenever anyone attempted to move, a beam of the tingling light would send him or her scurrying for cover.

"What do the things want with us?" Moreno asked no one in particular. "Why must they do this to us? And what are those men in shiny suits doing to the railroad tracks?"

Senora Moreno managed another peek out of a window and saw that one of the discs had begun to project a reddish-violet beam while the other maintained the white shafts of light. "The house then became an oven," the Morenos later told a correspondent for the Clarim at Tranca, Argentina.

"They are trying to drive us out!" Senora Moreno's sister began to wail hysterically. "They are trying to smoke us out of our home as if we were animals!"

"Well, we shall not be budged," Senora Moreno announced with determination.

For forty minutes, the beleaguered ranch house withstood the rising temperature created by the mysterious hovering saucers. At last, the ranch hand noticed that the "men" at the railroad track had begun to board the disc that had provided them with light for their inspection tour. Within seconds, the terrible beams of light were extinguished, and the discs that had surrounded the ranch house began to move away.

At the moment of the discs' departure, the Morenos' three watchdogs began to raise a terrible fuss, howling, barking, and snarling. "Where were the dogs before?" Moreno puzzled. "It was as if they were stunned."

The entire Moreno household was still "stunned" when correspondents from newspapers arrived to interview them. They told the reporters that a "thick, mist-like smoke, which smelled like sulfur, hung over the trees for several minutes after the departure of the strange aircraft."

The reporter for *Clarim* informed his readers that the smell of sulfur had still permeated the ranch house when he conducted his interview two days later. The October 4, 1963, issues of both the Rio de Janeiro *Tribuna Da Imprensa* and the Buenos Aires *La Nacion* carried extensive accounts of the hour of terror endured by the Moreno household.

Although the tale of hovering saucers, which directed alternating tingling and suffocating beams of light, seems to smack more of fantastic fiction than of reality, the Morenos' story was not without corroborating testimonies and other eyewitness accounts, which tend to make the whole incident rather uncomfortable to contemplate.

Senor Francisco Tropuano told a correspondent for the France-Press wire service that he had been only a mile away from the Moreno ranch when, about 10:20, he saw six discs traveling across the sky in close formation. Although he knew nothing of the terrible hour that the Morenos had suffered until he read of it in the papers, Senor Tropuano had discussed his independent sighting quite freely with his friends and neighbors.

Two days before the Morenos' besiegement had been publicized, a truck driver's encounter with the tingling rays of light had been reported in the Monte Maix, Argentina, *El Diario* and the *O Jornal* of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

Eugenio Douglas, a commercial truck driver, told correspondents that, on the evening of October 18, on the highway approaching Monte Maix, his entire truck had become enveloped by a brilliant white light. Senor Douglas had only a few moments to speculate about the source of light when his entire body began to tingle like "the peculiar sensation one gets when his foot goes to sleep."

Douglas lost control of his truck and drove it into a ditch. The beam seemed to "shut itself off" and the truck driver, upon clearing his head, saw that the brilliant light had come from a glowing disc, about twenty-five feet in diameter, which blocked the highway. As he blinked unbelieving eyes, he was approached by "three indescribable beings," which he could only compare to "shiny metal robots."

The terrified truck driver vaulted from the cab of his vehicle, fired four revolver shots at the approaching monsters and began to run wildly across open fields. When he at last stopped to catch his breath and look over his shoulder, he saw that the indescribable beings had boarded the disc. He was soon to learn that the "robots" did not take kindly to being fired upon.

After the disc had become airborne, the luminous flying object made several passes over the head of the desperately running truck driver.

"Each time the disc swooped down on me," Douglas told reporters, "I felt a wave of terrible, suffocating heat, and that prickling sensation."

Eugenio Douglas ran the entire distance to Monte Maix. When he arrived at police headquarters, he was in a near-hysterical condition. As painful evidence to support his incredible tale, his body bore several welt-like burns, which the medical examiner had to admit were "strange and unlike any that I have ever seen." Accion reporters from Agrega, Argentina, published an interview with the doctor in which the physician conceded that he could "offer no explanation for the burns."

Saucers have often been sighted along railroad tracks, and, recently, theorists have wondered if the discs and their crews might not be more interested in the high-power lines that follow the tracks rather than in the tracks themselves. In the Exeter, New Hampshire, sightings in September of 1965 the UFOs were most often reported to be hovering above high-power lines. The twenty-five-foot diameter of the saucers is commonly reported by those who have seen the flying discs. And as subsequent cases will reveal, the sighting of "robots" or "men in shiny suits" is by no means limited to the Pampas. Nor, regrettably, is the tingling beam of light which the discs often direct as humans, livestock, and machinery.

In a classic case (first reported in the January 1963 issue of *the APRO Bulletin*) Telemaco Xavier was refereeing a soccer match between two small villages within the Amazon jungle. At the celebration following the game, Xavier's absence was noted.

The next day a rubber plantation worker volunteered a story to the police that only deepened the mystery of what had happened to the still-missing Xavier.

According to the laborer, he had seen a round, glowing object, giving off sparks, descend to the ground. Three men jumped out of the object and grabbed a man, Xavier, who had been walking alone between the trees at the margin of the clearing where the soccer game had been played. Xavier struggled violently, but was unable to break free of his captors. While the terrified laborer watched from behind some bushes, Xavier was bundled into the glowing object, which then took off from the ground and sped through the sky at a fantastic speed.

It has been suggested that Xavier was the obvious choice for the beings to capture, as Xavier, being the referee, would appear to be the person in authority.

Whatever it was that Hans Gustafsson and Stig Rydberg encountered, you may be certain that they are glad it didn't get them!

The two men were driving from Hoganas to Heisingborg in southern Sweden, just before Christmas, in 1958. A thick fog had reduced their road speed to twenty-five miles per hour. Just before 3:00 a.m. they came to a clearing in the forest that lined both sides of the road.

Noting a light, the two decided to step out of their car and investigate. What they saw next was enough to feed the most fearless man nightmares for a month.

They had gone by a few paces when an odd shape loomed up out of the mist. It was a disc approximately twenty-five feet broad and a yard high. It was perched on legs about two feet long and, strangest of all, it seemed to be composed of light.

Then before the horrified eyes of Gustafsson and Rydberg, four little "things" began to leap about the saucer in a macabre dance. They looked like animate clumps of mist, darker than the fog, and they had neither arms nor legs.

Hypnotized, Rydberg and Gustafsson watched the bizarre movements of these "jelly-bags." Then, without warning, three of the jelly-bags fastened themselves to the two young men; the nightmare struggle had begun.

A tremendous force began to drag the two toward the strange vehicle, and they tried not to visualize the horror that awaited them should the jelly-bags succeed in pulling them inside the glowing craft. At last Rydberg managed to free himself. He made a dash for the car and lay heavily upon the horn in the hope of summoning someone to their aid.

The effect was instantaneous. Gustafsson, who had been clutching desperately at a post and was stretched out horizontally in the air as a result of the drag exerted upon him, suddenly fell to the ground. The jelly-bags leapt to their vehicle and entered it. With a high-pitched whistle, the saucer took off.

It was three days before Rydberg and Gustafsson had the courage to tell anyone of their experience. After a barrage of questions and tests, the two were able to lead police officers to the clearing where the marks made by the vehicle were still visible. Psychologists asserted that the two men were telling what they believed to be the truth, and that their statements

were based on an actual occurrence. A test under hypnosis confirmed an opinion that the two had been caught in a strong magnetic field.

Rivalino Mafra de Silva was not quite so lucky as Rydberg and Gustafsson. Manha, in Rio de Janeiro, twelve-year-old Raimundo de Aleluia Mafra, of Duas Pontes, Brazil, swears that his father, Rivalino was kidnapped from his house by two strange, ball-like objects on the morning of August 20, 1962.

The events, according to the newspaper, began the night before when young Raimundo was awakened by the sounds of weird footsteps in the house. He cried out to his father, who arose and lit a candle.

The thing illuminated by the flickering flame was impossible for the boy to describe. It was not quite a shadow, more like a strange silhouette. It seemed to float in the room just above the floor.

"It was half the size of a man and not shaped like a human being," Raimundo later told the police.

The shadow looked at Raimundo and his father, then went to where Raimundo's two brothers were sleeping.

"It looked at them for a long time without touching their bodies," Raimundo reported. "Afterward it left our room, crossed the other room, and disappeared near the outer door. Again we heard steps of someone running and a voice said, 'This one looks like Rivalino.'"

Rivalino called out to the thing, and it asked if he were indeed Rivalino. When Rivalino confirmed this, the thing left. Later, both father and son could hear voices outside, stating clearly their intent to kill Rivalino.

The next morning a frightened Raimundo went outside to get his father's horse. He sighted the two balls floating mid-air, side-by-side, about three feet above the ground.

"They were big," the boy reported. "One of them was all black and had a kind of irregular antenna-like protuberance and a small tail. The other was black and white, with the same outlines, with the antenna and everything. They both gave out a humming sound and seemed to give off fire through an opening that flickered like a firefly, switching the light on and off rapidly."

Raimundo cried out in terror to his father, who then stepped outside. At that moment the two balls merged into one. The now bigger ball rose from the ground and discharged a yellow smoke that darkened the sky. Emitting strange noises, the ball crept toward Rivalino.

Then all at once it was upon him, enveloping him with the yellow smoke until he disappeared within it. An acrid stench filled the air. When the smoke dissolved, the balls were gone. And Rivalino Mafra de Silva had vanished.

Raimundo rushed to the police department and told his story to Lieutenant Wilson Lisboa, demanding that the officers find his kidnapped father before it was too late. The police investigated thoroughly, but other than a few drops of blood found 150 feet away—which could not be said definitely to be Rivalino's—no trace of the man was found.

In an effort to find a motive for the "crime," police investigated Rivalino's past. Unwittingly, this investigation only deepened the mystery for them.

It seems that on August 17, shortly before his disappearance, Rivalino had been on his way home from work when he spotted two small, three-foot-tall men digging a hole in the ground near his home. They ran away into the bushes when he approached. A red, glowing object, shaped like a hat, rose from behind the bushes and disappeared into the sky at a terrific speed.

Rivalino had told this story to some of the men with whom he worked. They chose not to believe him, even though Rivalino did not have a reputation as a spinner of tall tales.

Father Jose Avila Garcia also chose not to believe the story. He told the police that he felt Rivalino had been murdered and that Raimundo had simply made up the story about the balls of light.

Yet Antonio Rocha, a friend of the priest, had been fishing near the Rivalino home when he saw two ball-shaped objects hovering over the house. After hearing Raimundo's description of the balls he had seen, Rocha was convinced that the two had sighted the same objects.

As if to confirm the fears of Rivalino's family and friends, within four days of the kidnapping more than fifty people observed a strange object cross over the town of Gouveia, a few miles south of Diamantia. The object's color was white and its shape was like that of a soccer ball. The

entire thing was encircled by a fluorescent glow. It was observed that the object changed course from north to northwest during its two-minute transit.

The disappearance of Rivalino Mafra de Silva remains an unsolved mystery to this day, and even though the vast majority of Diamantia district residents retain their skepticism regarding the remarkable story, those closest to Rivalino's home say an extra prayer at night before seeking an uneasy sleep, and the people there walk in groups, never alone.

On July 17, 1967, a group of young French children left the village of Arc-sous-Cicon shortly after 3:00 p.m. to go for a walk through fields dotted with bushes. They had been walking upward along a gentle slope leading to a pine forest when one of the little girls who was in the lead began to sob, and ran back toward her home as quickly as her legs would carry her. She told her mother that she had surprised several "little Chinamen" who had been sitting behind a bramble bush and that one of them had gotten to his feet with the apparent intention of grabbing her.

A few moments later, two teenage girls claimed to have seen a strange little entity with a protuberant belly running from bush to bush. The creature wore a short jacket and appeared to move distinctly faster than a human being. The girls also heard the entities speaking in a "strange, singsong fashion."

Forty-year-old Rosa Lotti (nee Dainelli) lived on a farm in a wooded area near Cennian, a village near Bucine in the Italian province of Arezzo. On November 1, 1954, the mother of four had a solitary encounter with two tiny entities who emerged from a small craft.

It was 6:30 a.m., and Rosa carried a bunch of carnations to present at the altar of Madonna Pellegrina. As she entered a clearing, she saw a barrel-shaped object that immediately attracted her curiosity. It looked to her like a "spindle," barely more than six feet in length. It appeared as if it were two bells joined together, with a peculiar, leather-like exterior.

Two beings suddenly emerged from behind the craft. They were "almost like men, but the size of the children." They wore friendly expressions on their faces and were dressed in one-piece gray coveralls that covered their entire bodies, including their feet. Their outfits also included

short cloaks and doublets, which were fastened to their collars with little star-shaped buttons. Helmets crowned their small but "normal" faces.

The little men were vigorous and animated, and they spoke rapidly in a tongue that sounded to Rosa very much like Chinese. They use words like "liu," "Lai," "loi," and "lau." They had magnificent eyes "full of intelligence." Their features were, in Rosa's testimony, normal, but according to her more recent appraisal, she said that their upper lips seemed slightly curled in the center, so that they appeared always to be smiling. Their teeth, although big and broad, seemed to have been filed down and were somewhat protuberant. To a country woman such as Rosa, their mouths appeared "rabbitlike."

The older-looking of the two beings continually laughed and seemed concerned about making contact with her. He startled her, however, when he snatched away her carnations and one of the black stockings she was carrying. The surprised Rosa remonstrated with him as best she could despite her timidity, and the being gave her back two flowers before he wrapped the others in the stocking and threw the bundle into the spindle.

As if in exchange for the stocking and the carnations, the little men stepped away from Rosa to fetch two packages from inside the vehicle. Before they could return with their exchange gifts, Rosa took advantage of the moment to escape. The frightened woman ran through the woods for several seconds. When she at last turned to look back at the entities, they and their strange craft had disappeared.

Rosa told her story to the village police, her priest, and others who knew the woman to be "absolutely free of any sort of foolish fancifulness of empty reveries."

Eighteen years later, an Italian UFO study group revisited Rosa Lotti and secured a number of fresh details in what has become a classic UFO encounter of the third kind.

Writing in *Flying Saucer Review*, Sergio Conti stated that Rosa wanted to emphasize that she had not felt fear when confronted by the entities. Alarm had come later, after she had fled the scene. She had begun to run when the older of the two beings produced what she felt was a camera. For some reason, she did not want her picture taken by them.

Conti comments that the presence of these extraterrestrials seemed to create a state of tranquility in Rosa, a manifestation consistent with other

contact reports. It appears as though atavistic fears manifest themselves only after the percipient has begun to consider the unknown phenomenon from a distance. Psychological disturbances are seldom felt by the percipients while they remain with the "visitors."

Many reports of confrontations with entities from UFOs seem to follow the pattern mentioned by Conti. When a craft lands and beings emerge, the viewer generally becomes panic-stricken and may even enter a state of shock. But when the creature comes close to the percipient, the witness often experiences a state of tranquility, especially while communicating either telepathically or verbally with the alien. When the extraterrestrial returns to its craft, the percipient lapses back into his or her former state of fear.

Such a pattern of fear-tranquility-fear has led to the conjecture that the UFO entities are able to transmit tranquility to the percipient only when in close range. Perhaps it is a feeling that exudes from the entity's aural body, rather than a telepathically transmitted message. Many a contactee has fled the scene on seeing a craft land—even though hearing his or her name being called by the aliens—without ever having experienced the peace that might have come.

The Monsters That Came in a UFO

"It looked worse than Frankenstein," was the way Mrs. Kathleen May described the alien being that she and seven other Flatwoods, West Virginia, residents had seen on September 12, 1952.

Mrs. May had had her attention called to the saucer by a group of excited children, including her sons, Eddie, thirteen, and Fred, twelve. The children had been at a nearby playground with Gene Lemon, Neil Nunley, Ronnie Shaver, and Tommy Hyer when they spotted a "saucer spouting an exhaust that looked like balls of red fire." According to the boys, the saucer landed on a hilltop above the May house.

"I told them that it was just their imagination," Mrs. May said to reporters, "but the boys kept insisting that they had seen a flying saucer land on a hilltop above the May house.

"I told them that it was just their imagination," Mrs. May said to reporters, "but the boys kept insisting that they had seen a flying saucer

land behind the hill."

Gene Lemon, a husky seventeen-year old, found a flashlight and said that he was going to investigate. At the urging of her children, Mrs. May agreed to accompany the teenager, and the small party of West Virginians set out into the night.

"Up on the hill, I could see a reddish glow," said Mrs. May. "I changed my mind about it all being their imaginations, and I was glad that Gene was in the lead."

After about half an hour of tramping through the brush that covered the narrow uphill trail, Gene Lemon's courage left him in a long scream of terror. The intrepid band of saucer-hunters fled in panic from the sight that Lemon's flashlight had illuminated.

When Lemon flashed the beam on the glowing green spots, he had thought them to be the eyes of an animal. Instead, the flash spotlighted an immense, man-like figure with blood-red face and greenish eyes that blinked out from a pointed hood. Behind the monster was "a glowing ball of fire as big as a house" that grew dimmer and brighter at intervals.

Later, Mrs. May described the monster as having "terrible claws." Some of the children, however, had not noticed any arms at all. Most agreed that the being had worn dark clothing, and fourteen-year-old Neil Nunley specified the color to be a "dark green." Estimates of the creature's height ranged from seven to ten feet. The party was in definite agreement about one characteristic of the alien, however, and that was the sickening odor that it seemed to emit. Mrs. May told reporters that it was "like sulphur," but really unlike anything that she had ever encountered.

Lee Steward Jr. of the *Braxton* (West Virginia) *Democrat*, arrived on the scene moments ahead of Sheriff Robert Carr. Although most of the party was too frightened to speak coherently and some were receiving first aid for cuts and bruises received in their pell-mell flight down the hill, the newsman persuaded Lemon to accompany him to the spot where they had seen the being.

Stewart saw no sign of the giant space traveler or of the pulsating red globe of light, but he was able to inhale enough of the strange odor to declare it "sickening and irritating." He later wrote that he had developed a familiarity with a wide variety of gases while serving in the Air Force, but he had never been confronted by any gas with a similar odor.

Each of the party later testified that the monster had been moving toward them, but they also agreed that this might have been due to the fact that they were between the creature and the large, globular object that evidently served as its spacecraft.

Neil Nunley said the alien "didn't really walk. It just moved. It moved evenly; it didn't jump."

On the evening of August 21, 1955, aliens allegedly made the backwoods jump again when they visited Kelly-Hopkinsville, Kentucky. The landing and the subsequent sightings of two to five aliens was witnessed by eight adults and three children. The Air Force, local authorities, the police, and area newspapers conducted an extensive and well-documented investigation of the incident. The adults involved were rather staid, reserved people not likely to have invented the entire adventure simply for the sake of sensational publicity. Some even went so far as to leave town when the curiosity seekers and cultists began to arrive, and they remained consistently reluctant to speak about the ordeal with Air Force officials and other investigators.

It was Sunday evening, and company had gathered at Gaither McGehe's farm, which was currently being rented by the Sutton family. Teenaged Bill Ray Sutton had left the farmhouse to get a drink from the well. As he drank the cool refreshing water from a chipped cup, he was startled to see a large, bright object land about a city block away from the farmhouse.

Billy Ray's announcement of the strange arrival was met with a pronounced lack of response. The family's interest was considerably heightened, however, when, according to several reports, they saw "little men, less than four feet tall with long arms and a large, round head" approaching the farmhouse.

Preserved in Air Force files are drawings that the witnesses made for the investigators. The Suttons testified that the creature's eyes had a yellow glow. The orbs were extremely large and seemed very sensitive to light. It was the outside lights of the farmhouse that seemed to prevent the creatures from advancing into the home rather than the bullets from the farmers' rifles, which were fired in great abundance.

“Bullets just seemed to bounce off their nickel-plated armor,” said one of the witnesses.

Although the farmers made several direct hits on the aliens, they seemed to “pop right up again and disappear into the darkness, away from the light.”

A man named Taylor told investigators: “I knocked one of them off a barrel with my .22. I heard the bullet hit the critter and ricochet off. The little man floated to the ground and rolled up like a ball. I used up four boxes of shells on the little men.”

Sutton blasted one of them point-blank with his shotgun. The alien simply somersaulted and rolled off into the darkness.

As with the monster at Flatlands, West Virginia, the witnesses claimed that the aliens did not walk but “seemed to float” toward them.

The farmers battled the seemingly invulnerable creatures for nearly four hours before they drove in panic to the Hopkinsville police station for reinforcements. Chief Greenwell was convinced by the hysteria of the three children and the obvious fright of the eight adults that they had definitely been battling something out on the farm. And everyone knew that the Suttons “weren’t a drinking family.”

Led by Chief Greenwell, more than a dozen state, county, and city police officers arrived to investigate and, if need arose, to do battle with the little supermen. On the way to the farm, the officers noticed a “strange shower of meteors that came from the direction of the Sutton farmhouse.” One officer testified later that the meteors had made a “swishing sound” as they passed overhead.

The investigators found no trace of a space ship or the little men, but they found “several peculiar signs and indications” that something extremely strange had taken place that evening on the Sutton’s farm. Whatever had invaded the Suttons on that Saturday night in August, the bullet holes in the walls bore mute testimony that the farmers had thought the creatures real enough to shoot at them.

The Vegetable Man

It was a beautiful summer day in July 1968. Jennings Frederick had been hunting woodchuck with a bow and arrow, but he had bagged nothing by sundown and headed for home. He was deep in thought when suddenly

he heard what he described as “a high-pitched jabbering, much like that of a recording running at exaggerated speed.”

According to the writer Gray Barker, a journalist who interviewed Frederick, the voice seemed to be saying, “You need not fear me. I wish to communicate. I come as a friend. We know of you all. I come in peace. I wish medical assistance. I need your help!”

But who, what, was giving this message? And did Frederick hear it externally or pick it up through telepathy?

Suddenly, there it was, a being with semi-human facial features, long ears and yellow slanted eyes. Its arms were no bigger around than a quarter, and they terminated in hands that had three seven-inch long fingers with needlelike tips and suction cups. Its body resembled the stalk of a plant in shape and color, for it was slender and green.

At first Frederick thought his hand had become entangled in a briar patch, but he soon realized that the humanoid had gripped his hand and was drawing blood from it. Suddenly the creature’s eyes turned from yellow to red and seemed to rotate as spinning orange circles. Frederick’s pain immediately stopped as the hypnotic effect of the eyes caused him to freeze in his tracks.

The requested medical assistance, in the form of a transfusion, seemed to last only about a minute, after which the creature released him and ran up a hill, covering more than twenty-five feet with each step.

The pain returned to Frederick’s arm, and he headed for home. Soon he heard a humming sound that made him think that the Vegetable Man might be taking off in his flying saucer, or whatever craft he had arrived in.

Frederick returned home, but he decided that, rather than face ridicule, he would tell his family that he had been scratched by a briar. The story did not come out until he related it to his friend Barker some months later.

UFOs were not new to Jennings Frederick and his family. His mother had encountered one when Jennings was still in school.

After getting her husband off to work and the children ready for school, she washed the breakfast dishes. She glanced out the kitchen window and saw what she thought was a child playing in the field near a hillside. She was concerned that the youngster might touch the electrified cattle fence, and she decided to go to the porch to warn the youngster.

When she got there, however, what she saw was not a child, but a small black or dark-green creature. It was stuffing dirt and grass into a small bag it was carrying. Just beyond the creature was a saucer craft, with an elevator extending to the ground. The small creature was attached to the craft by what appeared to be a cable of some type.

The craft was about ten feet in diameter, five feet high, cream-and-silver-colored, with rows of windows under the dome. The machine seemed to rotate in a clockwise direction, while emitting a humming sound.

The little humanoid appeared to be more animal than human. It was naked, and had pointed ears and a tail. She could detect no facial features.

Mrs. Frederick ran into the house, jumped into the bed, and covered her head with the blanket, hoping that whatever it was would disappear. A few minutes later she looked out the window, just in time to see the creature enter the craft and take off. The humming got louder as the craft rose into the air "as light as a feather."

Mrs. Frederick told no one of the event until her son, Jennings, came home from school. A UFO buff, he knew what evidence to look for and immediately went to the area of the landing.

He found a depression in the ground where the stem of the craft had rested, and from the description of the craft and the soil consistency he estimated its weight to be at least a ton. He also found clawlike tracks, from which he determined that the creature weighed about forty-five pounds. Frederick took hair specimens from the depressions, together with plaster-of-Paris impressions of the tracks, and sent them to the Air Force. Such evidence convinced Jennings that his mother had actually seen the creature and the saucer, and that she had not been dreaming.

According to Gray Barker, the Air Force offered "an inane explanation—a weather balloon—and never returned their physical evidence."

Jennings Frederick's close encounters did not end with the Vegetable Man, although he experienced none during his tenure in the Air Force. After his discharge he was living with his parents once again, and one morning between one and four o'clock he was awakened by a flash of red light.

He instinctively drew his .38 service revolver from under his pillow and started to investigate. He thought at first that the source might be the

gas bouncing around the living-room floor. Suddenly, a hand grabbed him, and he felt the prick of a needle in his left arm.

He was confronted by three men dressed in black turtleneck sweaters and dark slacks, with ski masks on their faces. One of them said, "The dogs have been darted and everybody gassed!"

"What about this one?" another asked.

"He's going out soon—he's half asleep," came the reply. "Don't worry about the needle. It will make his arm sore for a day or two, that's all."

Just as the canister was about to reach Frederick the men put on gas masks, and the last thing he remembered was seeing one of the men put the canister in his pocket.

The men, according to Frederick, pulled something over his face and began asking him questions about UFOs and what he thought they actually were. They also asked what time it was and what he thought of the future. At that point Frederick apparently passed out, for he remembers nothing more until the next morning, when no one else in the house reported anything strange from the previous night. He assumed that fumes from the canister had "put them out."

Thinking about his interview with Frederick, as he drove home through the rolling West Virginia countryside, Gray Barker theorized that Frederick was a man possessed, not by insanity, not by Christian devils, but by the UFO enigma.

Giant Robots in France

On January 9, 1976, near St. Jean-en-Royans, France, Jean Dolecki was driving his pickup truck on a side road about seven o'clock when he suddenly saw a brilliant ball in the dark night sky. It was Friday night, and Dolecki was hurrying home after a tiring week. He paid little attention to the ball in the sky—at first.

But suddenly the object began to lose altitude, and it appeared to be coming toward him. He slowed his truck down and watched it closely. He studied the object with the care his years as a Baltic seaman had taught him.

“I had the impression that it was a big globe,” he told investigators. “It shone as if it were covered with silver paper. I certainly thought it was going to crash onto my truck or right in the middle of the road.”

He hit the brakes on his truck hard and pulled over to the right side of the road. He was fascinated by the light of this strange globe. He turned off the ignition, but as he left the truck he decided to leave the lights on to get a better look.

The brilliant globe landed in a field about 340 feet away. He estimated the craft to be forty to fifty feet in diameter, with the upper part slightly larger than the bottom.

“I don’t believe the machine rested on the ground,” he commented, “because the bottom emitted a bizarre light which did not diffuse around.”

Dolecki admitted that he was afraid, and he said that he retreated several feet. He did not get back into his truck, however. Apparently his fascination was stronger than his fear.

Next he saw a door open at the upper part of the sphere; he estimated that it was about six and a half feet high. Three forms, dressed in silvery suits, appeared at the doorway.

“They were not men! I can assure you of that,” he emphasized. Rather, according to Dolecki, “They were robots! Giant robots! Of the same height as the door!”

Their motions were stiff, with no suppleness, as they rapidly descended from the UFO.

“I saw then that they had small legs, and, for arms, telescopic poles that made me think of fishing rods.” He described their heads as “square,” but difficult to characterize beyond that.

The three robots moved away from the craft, but only a short distance. They walked like mechanical toys, in jerks and jumps, wagging their arms—or poles—up and down as they moved along.

“I did not move—I could barely breathe! I could only think that the headlights on my truck, which I left on, would surely attract them. But, no, they didn’t even notice me,” Dolecki said.

About ten minutes passed; then the robots re-entered the craft. The door closed and the lights went out, with the exception of those on the very top of the sphere. The machine then took off at a fantastic speed.

"I got back in my truck. Once in the cab, I made the sign of the cross. I was trembling so I couldn't get started. But there was only one thing I wanted to do—to get home," Dolecki admitted.

When Dolecki finally arrived home, he found that his wife and daughter had started dinner without him. They could tell by his manner that something was wrong. Dolecki told them the entire story. In spite of their skepticism, he telephoned the local police to make a report of the evening's events.

The police investigator was far less skeptical than Dolecki's family. He no longer made jokes about UFOs. UFOs had been serious business to him since the day in 1974 when two of his men witnessed a mysterious object over St. Nazaire-en-Royans.

To add to the credibility of Dolecki's account was his long-time acquaintance with the investigator, the brigade commander for that region, who knew that he was not prone to hallucinate and that he was a sensible man who would not perpetrate a hoax.

Further investigation of the incident revealed that the reported sighting took place just a short distance from the Alphonse Carrus farm. On that evening, January 9, the Carrus family had been watching television. On several occasions during the evening numbers and letters had flashed across the screen; at other times the picture disappeared. The time of the sighting reported by Dolecki and the time of the Carruses' interrupted television watching coincided. However, another farm family near the site of the incident noticed nothing unusual on their TV screen during that same period of time on January 9.

The investigation of the Dolecki case seems to end here, but there were other similar reports in that region of France—so many, in fact, that local authorities say there were too many to record accurately.

One such case, involving ten-year-old Jean-Claude Silvente, who lived near Domene, had taken place a few days earlier, on the nights of January 5 and 6. The lad told of a "giant" dressed in a one-piece suit of brilliant color that came out of a mysterious machine. The boy was terrified. Twice the giant had walked toward the boy, who ran as fast as he could.

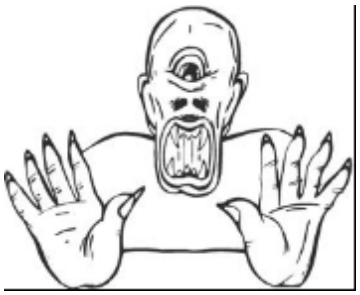
Jean-Claude was not the only witness to the machine and its giant occupant when it came the second time on January 6, and landed in the same spot, covering about five feet of ground. Those with Jean-Claude for

the encore performance included his mother, his seventeen-year-old sister, Elaine, and a friend of Elaine's, twenty-year-old Marcel Solvini.

The machine, a sphere that looked like "a big red headlight," came down from the sky as though it were going to land on all four of them. The witnesses fled the scene, hoping they'd never see that object or its extraterrestrial occupants again.

Chapter Ten

Tomorrow's Monsters



How will tomorrow's world identify their monsters? Will the men and women of 2007 and the following century still be sighting abominable snowmen, sea monsters, phantoms, and were-animals?

Quite likely, for there seems to be something basically archetypal in the very need for monsters. It has been said that humans, themselves, have the potential of being the greatest "monsters" on the planet. Although it would be naïve to ignore the dark potential within our species, I prefer to regard humankind in the worlds of Shakespeare:

> What a Piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form of moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a god!

It may well be that we are animals, but we are animals with something extra. Our roots may be in the earth, but our souls are in the stars.

Hawthorne, the moralist, observed that when humans are brutes, they are the most sensual and loathsome of all brutes. We have the violent and tragic lessons of history to demonstrate the truth of that somber assessment.

Perhaps in the total view of things, I agree more with Pascal, the great French philosopher, who saw humanity as a chimera, a confused chaos, a study of contradictions. Humankind is the professed judge of all things, and yet "a feeble worm of the earth." Humankind is the great depository and guardian of truth, and yet "a mere huddle of uncertainty!"

Humankind is, Pascal decided, both the "glory and the scandal of the universe!"

Let us pray that humankind shall opt for becoming the "glory" of the universe, and set the goal of "scandal" aside forever.

Our science stands now on the brink of being able to create a profusion of true monsters through the mechanism of genetic engineering. Already we have heard rather serious talk of the laboratory genesis of what amounts to living robots—gilled mermen to farm our seas; squat, apelike creatures to pilot our experimental space craft; reptilian crews to hibernate during long space voyages. In addition, we learn of proposals for sperm banks, which would perpetuate the genes of our geniuses, and cloning procedures, which would replicate our leaders *ad infinitum*.

Tomorrow's world may have a greater number of real monsters than the superstition-haunted Middle Ages. And their effect on the collective human psyche may have far more staggering repercussions than the mythical monsters could ever have had.

As noted much earlier, some theorists have attributed the various sightings of monsters to the descendants of Atlantean experiments in the fashioning of servile creatures with animal-like features. According to this belief, the superscientists of Atlantis cracked the DNA code, enabling them to shape heredity. Such control, resting as it did in some rather unethical hands of those called the "Sons of Belial," created a profusion of "things" to serve as virtual slaves.

Great internal conflicts and debates arose over the "things" that the scientists had birthed in their laboratories. Were the creatures little better than robots and machines; or were they, too, imprisoned Souls containing the divine spark of the Great Creator?

Our world of tomorrow may reflect the pattern of Atlantis. And whether or not you may regard the lost continent as pure myth, it may become an extended allegory for our civilization as we face what may truly be cataclysmic changes and challenges. As had the Atlanteans, we have split the atom; we have confused the natural evolution of our planet with pollutants; we have cracked the DNA code and can duplicate it in our laboratories; we have developed devices of destruction so powerful that one thimbleful of bacteria can destroy all life forms on Earth.

Within a very few years, according to the more bold-thinking of our genetic engineers, we may have to face the same question regarding our own laboratory created "monsters": What is human?

And perhaps we should have been asking that question more seriously all along in regard to the centuries of reported encounters with humanoid things: What is human?

Consider the answer provided by the following scenario:

Somewhere in the jungles of New Guinea a member of a British anthropological expedition makes a startling find. Near the dig he discovers the skull of a creature that is apparently halfway between human and ape, perhaps the very embodiment of the much sought-after "missing link."

The tremendous excitement that such a find generates is soon completely eclipsed when, upon closer examination, it is seen that the skull is not a fossil at all but, on the contrary, is not more than thirty years old.

Then the expedition remembers the night of their first encampment: they were pelted with stones by some mysterious and shadowy assailants.

Exploration in their vicinity soon locates a tribe of several thousand "missing links"—an encampment of abominable snowmen, half-human, half-ape, who chip stones, make fire, bury their dead and communicate by means of a limited number of articulate cries.

The scientific implications of the discovery are almost too much for the anthropologists to enumerate, but the moral question of how the creatures must be regarded and treated is a problem that cannot be long ignored.

The scene above has not yet found its counterpart in reality, but the question of whether or not an abominable snowcreature should be considered human or animal is dealt with most provocatively in You Shall Know Them, a work of speculative fiction by the French novelist Vercors' narrative and see how he dealt with the problem in his novel.

As Douglas Templemore, the journalist accompanying the expedition in the novel, observes: "It will jolly well have to be decided one day whether they are apes or men…."

The matter of deciding whether or not the apemen popularly known as "tropis," are human is hurried along considerably when an Australian textile manufacturer wishes to import several of the creatures and train them

to run machines in the mill as the ultimate in cheap labor. The manufacturer argues that, after all, the tropis are four-handed creatures and therefore cannot be considered human.

An anthropologist of some reputation, who is notoriously corrupt, writes an article under the rather obvious sponsorship of the manufacturer. In the article, which receives wide attention, the anthropologist argues that if the tropis are accepted as human, then an entirely new hierarchy of *Homo sapiens* must be constructed. It will have to be made to show that there is no human species, "There is only a vast family of hominids."

In order to force the issue, Douglas Templemore allows his semen to be used to impregnate the female tropi through artificial insemination. When the child is born of its mother, Templemore has it christened and draws up a birth certificate on its behalf. The mother is officially listed as a "native woman."

Once these legal amenities of society have been observed, Templemore kills the infant with an injection of Strychnine chlorhydrate. The doctor summoned by Templemore to fill out a death certificate is aghast at the coolness of the man who has slain his own son, until he examines the tiny corpse and discovers its second pair of hands and certain other anomalies. The doctor considers it all in very poor taste, but the child has been registered and christened as a human, and therefore, the police quite agree, Templemore has committed murder.

Now the issue has been forced. In order to convict Templemore, the prosecution must prove that the tropi female and her kind are human, which, in turn, will prove that the child was human; then the Australian manufacturer, the zoos, the laboratories and all other potential exploiters of the tropis will no longer be able to regard the strange New Guinea jungle dwellers as animals.

Templemore has, of course, offered himself as a kind of sacrifice to the "cause." If the tropi should be judged human—and this is what Templemore is hoping will occur—then he will certainly be guilty of murder in the first degree.

The bulk of the novel is concerned with the law—and various other factions acting out of prejudicial self-interest—attempting to satisfactorily demonstrate "What is human?" And it turns out to be no easy matter, as

both simple and complicated definitions are open to dispute by "experts" who hold divergent options.

The judge's wife points out that the tropis do not have ju-jus, charms, and therefore must be animals. Why, she reflects, even the most primitive tribes of man have their ju-jus, their gods, their myths. The judge is intrigued by his wife's observation and resolves to pursue the notion that "…this constancy in time and space might…denote a specifically human trait."

The first trial ends with dismissal, as the members of the jury declare themselves unqualified to determine whether or not the tropi is human and, therefore, whether or not Douglas Templemore has committed murder. Sir Arthur Draper, the judge, is not free to pursue the matter of the tropis' possible spiritual propensity as an independent agent.

While Templemore is awaiting his second trial, Parliament, on the basis of careful study and evaluation, passes a bill containing three articles that define the nature of humanity. According to the articles, man is "distinguished from the Beast by his spirit of religion." The signs of this "spirit of religion" manifest themselves in faith in a Supreme Being, various creeds, rituals, and philosophies. Any animate being that displays one or more of the signs of the "spirit of religion" is thereby admitted to the human community by order of Parliament.

Through a bit of intellectual detective work and the reconstruction of certain actions in which the tropis engage while in their natural habitat, Sir Arthur and the members of the discovering expedition prove that the New Guinea creatures practice a ritual of fire worship. Parliament votes in favor of admitting the tropis to the human race, four hands, anomalies, and all.

What would the discovery of a primitive ju-ju, around the neck of bigfoot or a yeti, that will one day, inevitably, be shot by a hunter, do to our concept of what is human? Would that evidence of the bigfoot's spirit of religion at once admit it into the human community? And would that frightened hunter become, *ipso facto*, a murderer? Or perhaps our zoologists and anthropologists would not suffer the difficulties defining *Homo sapiens* that beset and befuddled the scientists in Vercors' novel.

On the contrary, current research expeditions seem even now to be hotly debating "What is human?" with renewed fervor.

According to the orthodox view long nurtured by scientists, *Homo sapiens'* ability to make and to use tools is what differentiates them from their primitive ancestors. As a result of Englishwoman Jane Goodall's five-year sojourn among the chimpanzees in Tanzania's Gombe Stream Reserve, eminent anthropologist Dr. Louis S. B. Leakey said: "We must either redefine man—redefine tools—or accept chimpanzees as men."

Jane Goodall began her self-imposed exile among the chimpanzees in July 1960, with the encouragement of Dr. Leakey. Chimpanzees, the animals judged most like humans, had never been studied for any prolonged period in their natural habitat. Miss Goodall won the confidence of the potentially dangerous chimps and was able to gain from her relationship with them what anthropologists deem important results.

"The fact that these chimps use twigs and grasses when feeding on termites was one of the most exciting discoveries I made," Miss Goodall reported. "It was known that some wild animals use natural objects as tools—but the chimpanzee, when he strips leaves from the twig, is actually modifying a natural object to suit it to a specific purpose…he is thus making a tool."

The chimpanzees were also observed crumpling leaves in order to fashion "drinking sponges." Miss Goodall noted that the crumpling of the leaf increased the absorption and provided that much more water for the chimp. Chimpanzees are also fastidious when in their natural habitat. Leaves are used to wipe sticky food off their hands and mud off their feet.

Miss Goodall's discovery that the chimpanzees occasionally hunt and eat small monkeys seem to support the natural-killer theory (i.e. that *Homo sapiens* arose from carnivorous apes and first used their chipped rocks and pointed sticks as weapons, not tools.)

However, in *National Geographic* magazine, she writes: "In some scientific circles a controversy turns on the question of whether early man first used objects as tools or weapons. One certainly cannot draw concrete conclusions from this chimpanzee community. But the examples I have given amply demonstrate that these chimps, though seldom using objects as weapons, have reached a high level of development in selecting and manipulating objects for use as tools."

Generally, Miss Goodall observed, the chimps work off their aggressions in energetic and noisy displays, rather than in actual combat.

According to the textbooks, about thirty to thirty-three million years ago a gibbon-like creature with long, swinging arms, called *Propliopithecus*, was the first step toward modern man. Tooth features peculiar to humans and the great apes appeared in *Proconsul Man* about twenty-five million years ago. These primates were followed by what has come to be considered the immediate predecessors of *Homo sapiens*: *Paranthropus*, a vegetarian; *Australopithecus*, a hunter and toolmaker.

Mrs. Louis S.B. Leakey dug up Proconsul in Kenya in 1928; her husband discovered bones of *Paranthropus* in 1959 at a dig in Olduvai Gorge in Africa. *Paranthropus* has been reconstructed as having had a jaw three times heavier than that of modern man. He walked erect on two legs, stood about five feet tall, and had a beetled brow ridge and a receding profile. Dating techniques set the bones of Dr. Leakey's find from about 1.86 million years ago to half a million years ago. Dr. John T. Robinson, of the University of Wisconsin, reports that similar remains have been unearthed in India, South Africa, and Java.

Dr. Leakey was a man unafraid of heated controversy, and he risked his reputation by insisting that *Paranthropus* is distinctly human.

The outspoken anthropologist had declared that four types of early man lived in Olduvai Gorge, perhaps as many as three species existing there concurrently. First, Dr. Leakey said, came *Australopithecus*; then came the coexisting *Paranthropus Homo habilis*, and Homo erectus. These three species, in Dr. Leakey's view, were constructing tools and hunting game over a million years ago. It was Dr. Leakey's contention that *Homo habilis* was the ancestor of *Homo sapiens*, modern man.

Such positive statements about our ancestry would naturally be opposed by anthropologists holding differing views. Dr. Leakey, however, insisted that textbooks must be junked. In an interview with *Science Digest*, he said:

> It was popular about forty years ago to think that man arose from the ape, that there would be a "missing link," that one line of evolution would lead to man.
>
> It comes from a religious attitude, too, that man was a special creation.

> At Olduvai in Bed II, we have four kinds of giraffe, one very much like today's and three that were specializing away from that. Only one survived. There are six kinds of elephants and four kinds of pigs. Why should there only be one line of man? It's a prejudice.

When questioned about his contention that *Homo habilis* was our direct ancestor, Dr. Leakey remarked: "We must now look at the origin of man with fresh eyes. There have been too many preconceived ideas masquerading as facts."

Dr. Leakey went on to illustrate that the most remarkable thing about *Homo habilis* was the ability to rub thumb and forefinger together and control that action with the brain. By contrast, he pointed out, the ape and chimpanzee can only grasp at something, like someone with mittens on, with little control and a great deal of arm movement.

In addition, the Leakeys have uncovered a crude stone dwelling that indicates that *Homo habilis* was a homemaker. "Around that stone windbreaker, we have found the bones of at least three hundred animals," Dr. Leakey said. "They were killed and eaten on the site, apparently by only one family and obviously over a long period of time. No animal besides man does that."

Modern dating methods indicate that Homo habilis lived from two million to 750,000 years ago. Anthropologists such as Dr. Leakey keep pushing the beginnings of man further and further back. Neanderthal Man, popularly thought of as the ultimate caveman, is a virtual newcomer on the scene, living in Europe between 110,000 and 35,000 years ago. What is more, certain anthropologists are protesting that Neanderthal Man has been much maligned. They maintain that this cartoonist's delight with the stooped shoulders and beetle brow was the first true representative of *Homo sapiens*.

A Neanderthal burial site was excavated in the Shanidar Cave, 250 miles north of Baghdad, in the late 1950s and early 1960s by Dr. Ralph Solecki, of Columbia University. The remains have been completely covered with several varieties of flowers. It would have been impossible for the many different kinds of flowers to have accumulated accidentally at one spot. The mourners had to have made conscious and deliberate efforts to gather the flowers from the mountain slopes in order to make a colorful and

fragrant bed for their loved one's long sleep. The discovery that Neanderthal Man practiced such elaborate burial rites was pronounced "completely unexpected" by all but a small minority of anthropologists who have long argued that the much-slandered subspecies had had rituals in common with more highly evolved species.

Neanderthal Man was not the gorilla-visaged hulk that so often pleases illustrators' imaginative pens. Modern reconstruction of Neanderthal skulls de-emphasize the massive jaw. The average size of the Neanderthal brain chamber, however, is embarrassingly somewhat larger than modern man's—1,600 cubic centimeters compared to 1,450 cubic centimeters.

Neanderthal Man appears to have used his brain. In 1917, Swiss scientists entered a cave that had quite obviously served as a place of worship for a Neanderthal cave-bear cult. For the purposes of hunting and defense, Neanderthal Man fashioned stone axes, knives, and spear points. Skeletal evidence found in Neanderthal cave sites gives testimony to the effectiveness of these primitive weapons. Bones of the hairy, monstrous mammoth and skulls of the cave bear are to be found in great abundance on the floors of the caves.

If adaptability is an important indicator of intelligence, then we must appreciate the accomplishments of Neanderthal Man. Instead of migrating south in front of advancing ice sheets, he successfully survived the frigid environment of the ice ages.

In the October 1968, issue of *Science Digest*, Daniel Cohen writes:

What is Neanderthal Man then? Today the general belief—held even by those scientists who want to consign Neanderthal to that dustbin of evolutionary history—is that he was so similar to modern man…that the two could interbreed and produce fertile offspring….Thus while Neanderthal's scientific name once was *Homo neanderthalensis*, which marked him off as a species separate and distinct from man, he is now generally classified as *Homo sapiens neanderthalensis*, a subspecies of *Homo sapiens*.

Why, then, did Neanderthal Man become extinct? A growing number of anthropologists contend that it is more logical to assume that Neanderthal

Man simply mixed with more advanced human types and eventually ceased to exist as a separate group.

But now to return to our frightening hunter who has just popped off a specimen of Bigfoot in, let us say, Minnesota. Has he committed murder? Is the Bigfoot a human being?

If the abominable snowman is shown to be a remnant of Neanderthal Man, as Professor B.F. Proshenev believes it is, then the hunter is a murderer. Reread the above discussion: Neanderthal Man is now generally classified as a subspecies of *Homo sapiens*, modern man.

If another abominable snowman could be captured and made to demonstrate mental qualities that would allow it to be considered a "reasonable creature," then our legal system might judge its rationality to be synonymous with that of a "human being."

If the abominable snowman is found to bear enough physical characteristics similar to *Homo sapiens*, some zoologists and anthropologists might consider it a human.

And if the abominable snowman walks like a human, lives in family units, and shows a certain reverence for thunder and lightning, does it then have a spirit of religion and a sense of morality? Might it not then be considered to have a soul? The church might agree that it does.

The question of what is human is likely to be multiplied many times over as we trek across the vastness of space and encounter beings from other worlds. We will have to have developed an easily read measure of what is human—or who are our peers—by the time we set foot on other planets capable of supporting life. And, by the same token, we must be able to comprehend that any extraterrestrial capable of making the voyage across millions of immeasurable miles of space to visit our world has to be considered a bit more than our equal at this moment in our intellectual evolution, and certainly could not be considered monstrous.

And, as we perfect our own genetic sciences here on earth, the question of what is and is not human becomes ever more pressing, and the possibility of an experience similar to that described in *You Shall Know Them* becomes ever more likely. We as a race of human beings should tread warily into the future. Perhaps it behooves us to examine, as Dr. Leakey did, where we have come from and what we are now. Before we decide what tomorrow's monsters are, we should know what we are today.